

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849.

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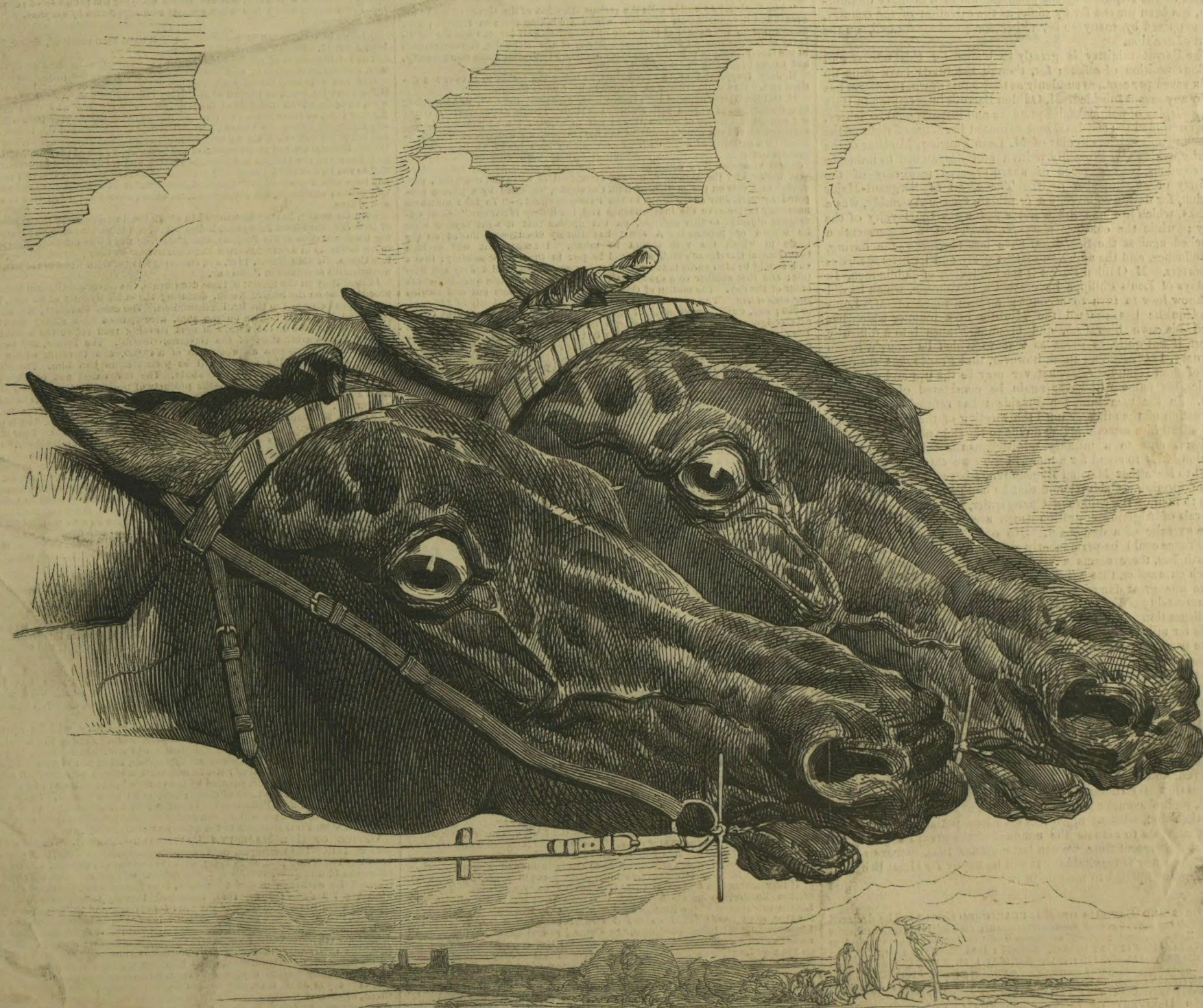
## THE STATE OF EUROPE.

THE Emperor of Russia has issued his ukase, explaining to his people, and through them to Europe, the motives and the objects of his intervention in Hungary. In this document he states the "mission" of Russia to be "the extinction of rebellion, and the destruction of audacious and evil-intentioned men." He explains the commotions of Western Europe to be caused by "guilty delusion enticing the thoughtless crowd with dreams of that prosperity which can never be the fruit of wilfulness and obstinacy;" an explanation which, as far as we can understand it, seems to point to French Socialism. His armies have marched into Transylvania: the Hungarians are armed to the teeth to resist his forces, either separately or combined with those of Austria. Germany, from one end to the other, is labouring in the throes of a new revolution, which only requires a few mistakes on the part of the Brandenburg Ministry, or a de-

feat of the Hungarians, to eventuate in a Teutonic Red Republic. The Frankfort Parliament is bearding the King of Prussia, and all the other Potentates who resist its powers. The King of Prussia is making a desperate effort to destroy the revolution in his own hereditary dominions, as well as throughout Germany; while in Italy the Romans are showing a determined front, in the name of their own independence and in that of the whole Peninsula, against the extraordinary alliance of the Roman Catholic Powers to force upon them the old superannuated Theocracy which they have cast off. But amid all these great events, the eyes of Europe are principally directed upon France. The culmination of the social and political crisis of our time is seen to be there. It is felt that the triumph of Conservatism in France will strengthen the cause in every part of Europe; and that the victory of the Ultra-Revolutionists, whether they call themselves Red Republicans, Socialists, Communists, or Mountaineers, will light a flame throughout France, Germany, and Italy, of which the extinction will not be achieved

until Europe shall have paid the penalty of a war of principles—a war in comparison with which all the wars recorded in modern history will read hereafter like child's play among the nations.

Nor is this paramount interest which all politicians take in the fortunes of France in the slightest degree unwarranted. France is the mistress of the movement. She took the lead in revolutions, and will maintain it, either as a reactionary or as a revolutionary power. It was hoped by all the friends of order, by all the enemies of extreme opinions, and by all that numerous class who love, above all other forms of Government, a powerful *status quo*, whatever its principles may happen to be, that the elections for the new Legislative Assembly would have shown a preponderance of the Conservative element. This has not been the case, to anything like the extent anticipated. France has shewn in a very significant, if not decisive manner, that she has no sympathy with moderate Republicanism; she has shown, in fact, that the "sentimental" Republic is at a discount, both in Paris and in the departments.



IPSON RACES.—THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN" AND "HOTSPUR."—(SEE PAGE 333.)



While in the old Assembly there was a large body of men who were neither Legitimists nor Reactionists on the one hand, nor Red Republicans or Socialists on the other, the class which they represented has been, to a great extent, absorbed by one or other of these extreme parties. It would seem that Republicanism, in the Lamartine sense, had become impossible amongst our excited neighbours; and that, in the anticipation of a final struggle between the two principles of military despotism and Socialism, each principle had beaten up for recruits among the hitherto moderate men, and drawn them off either to one side or the other, leaving no longer that array of neutrality and indecision of which the existence was always sure to prevent the quarrel of the Ultras from premature and violent explosion.

The elections, so far as the results are yet known, show a clear gain to both of these parties, at the expense of the *juste milieu*. Legitimists and Bonapartists muster strong. All that conglomeration of politicians who disagree in most things, but unite in support of the sword as the only emblem of Government, and in hostility to Socialism and Red Republicanism, have gained by the new elections. The Red Republicans, Socialists, and Mountaineers have gained even to a greater extent: they have returned M. Ledru-Rollin and nine Communists for the capital, including a sergeant-major and a sergeant; while, in the provinces, they have shown a strength which has surprised even themselves, and carried dismay into the ranks of those who love peace and a fair trade better than all the theories in the world, and who prefer slavery with quiet to liberty with commotion. General Cavaignac has had but few supporters; M. Thiers and M. Molé, and that class of politicians, have been repudiated altogether; while M. Lamartine—a sincere and moderate Republican, who at one time did more for the cause of order in France than any man living—has not been deemed worthy of a seat in the new Assembly. M. Armand Marrast, the venerable Dupont (de l'Eure), and a host of others whose Republican badge is not red, but tricolour, are in the same predicament. The extreme Republicans and Socialists have, therefore, plucked up courage. The blow struck at them by the suppression of the insurrection of June, 1848, seems, in their opinion, to be half avenged by this triumph. They are already talking loud, and preparing for the further prosecution of their projects for the regeneration of society à la Cabot or à la Proudhon. The expiring Assembly, with a shameful recklessness not to have been expected from it, has done its part to increase the alarm which the successes of the Socialists have excited. It has sought popularity among the multitude by repealing the duties on wines and spirits, amounting to 100,000,000*fr.*, or £4,000,000 per annum, without even so much as hinting at a substitute; and by hostile votes against General Changarnier, and, on the now famous circular of M. Leon Faucher to the departments, has led to the resignation of the Barrot Ministry. The consternation created by these events caused the French funds to fall 12 per cent. within the week; and such has been the state of feeling, that the final attempt, which most people suppose M. Louis Napoleon and the Generals of Algiers will at some period or another be compelled to make, to put an end to the Republic by the proclamation of a military dictatorship, has been prayed for by some, as the salvation of the country, and supposed by many to be, either for good or for evil, on the point of decision.

The Barrot ministry is greatly to blame for this uneasy and perilous position of affairs; for, though the funds have gone up again seven per cent., as suddenly as they came down, the alarm has not by any means subsided. M. Odillon Barrot's intervention in Italy was a display of political false pretence and international treachery, which wounded the self-love, and affronted the sense of right of the French people. The circular of M. Leon Faucher, Minister of the Interior, which was avowedly written and despatched to influence the elections, was a piece of sharp practice unworthy of the ministry or any member of it. The arrest of Sergeant-Major Boichot, for daring to become a candidate for the Assembly, was a mistake, which has had the worst effect upon the loyalty of the army; while the constant alarm expressed at, and persecution launched against the Socialists, have but increased the daring, the influence, and the ambition of that party and its heterogeneous supporters. M. Odillon Barrot is the unluckiest of public men. In the days of Louis Philippe he created a Revolution, which he did not know how to turn to account; and in those of M. Louis Napoleon he has enacted the Minister in a manner which has belied his own liberalism, and brought France into a difficulty almost, if not quite, as great as that to which he brought her in February, 1848. We expect, however, that France has seen the last of him; and that, whatever may be the ups and downs of politics, his name will never again be considered of use to any body. In the meantime, the President has refused to accept the resignation of the ministry until the meeting of the new Assembly shall afford him something like a clue to the state of parties. Public opinion points to a military ministry, as the only possible combination likely to stand for a month; and we should not be surprised to learn that Marshal Bugeaud had been entrusted with the task of forming a Cabinet; and that he had given the various portfolios to men of the calibre of Changarnier, Bedeau, and the other Generals of Algerine education—men accustomed to *razzias* and to the exercise of a despotism. No one, however, can imagine that France could be permanently governed under such a system. Nevertheless, there seems a very general idea, to use the current French expression, that "*il faut passer par là*."

The one great danger which now menaces Europe through the instrumentality of France is that the clamours of the Socialist party, the disposition of the army, and the general predilection of the people for military renown, will force the President, as a means of escape from the internal difficulty of his position, into foreign warfare. War with Austria for the liberation of Italy is the cry of the Ultras. Such a war would be the war of principles to which we have already alluded—the war predicted by the Emperor Napoleon as the inevitable consequence of the existence in Europe of two such powers as France and Russia, each representing a principle of Government and ranging other nations under its banner. We are not inclined to act the part of alarmists, but we must confess that the state of Hungary, Poland, Italy, Germany, and France on the one hand, and of Russia and Austria on the other, is so full of difficulties that may refuse themselves to any solution save that of the sword, and of complications that may be cut but that can scarcely be untied, that, without much more wisdom, patience, and forbearance than seem to actuate the conduct of the great leaders of nations at the present time, we can but consider that, sooner or later, a European war is inevitable. It will be happy for Great Britain if she be not compelled to meddle in it.

**IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURED GOODS.**—The declared value of all the manufactured goods of a metallic character imported into the United Kingdom, and retained for home consumption, in 1840, amounted to £14,396; in 1841, £13,813; in 1842, £16,867; 1843, £20,781; 1844, £23,200; 1845, £31,620; 1846, £36,919; 1847, £33,160; 1848, £32,030. The declared value of British manufactured goods exported was as follows:—1840, £3,014,344; 1841, £3,178,175; 1842, £2,920,128; 1843, £3,448,451; 1844, £4,123,670; 1845, £4,413,407; 1847, £5,041,735; 1848, £3,928,634.

**RAPID DELIVERY OF LETTERS.**—GENERAL POST-OFFICE, MAY, 1849.—The Postmaster-General is desirous of calling attention to the greater rapidity of delivery which would be obviously consequent on the general adoption of street-door letter-boxes, or slots, in private dwelling-houses, and indeed wherever the postman is at present kept waiting. He hopes that householders will not object to the means by which, at a very moderate expense, they may secure so desirable an advantage to themselves, to their neighbours, and to the public service.

## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

The general elections \* have falsified the expectations of those who thought that the Socialists would be in a contemptible minority. So far from that being the case, in Paris, out of the 28 representatives, 10 are Socialists; while, on the whole election in the departments and in the capital, the official returns give us the result, 217 Socialists, 511 Moderates, and 22 not classified.

The men of order had need to look to their tactics in time. Disturbances had occurred both at Montpellier and at Orléans during the elections; but they were soon put down. Several arrests were made in the former town, chiefly of the Montagnard party. At Orléans the Procureur-Général was killed by a pistol-shot. On Monday there was a grand review in the Champ de Mars, in the presence of the President of the Republic. The object of the review was to ascertain the real feeling of the troops, with respect to the Government, it having been so currently reported that the Socialists had succeeded in withdrawing many of them from their allegiance. The number of troops on the ground was upwards of 40,000. Their appearance was magnificent. Among the troops the cries were generally of a loyal character, but the crowds of lookers-on were very cold in their reception of the President. On leaving the Palace of the Elysée, and again on his return, Louis Napoleon was warmly received. Immediately after the review, the Prince addressed a letter to General Changarnier, requesting him to tell the soldiers how gratified he was with their appearance, &c. "With such soldiers," adds the Prince, "our young Republic will soon resemble its elder sister of Hohenlinden and Marengo, if foreigners should force us to show the resemblance. And at home, if the anarchists should raise the flag, they would quickly be rendered powerless by this army, so faithful to duty and honour. In praising the troops their chief himself is praised. Be so good, Mon General, as to remit the punishments."—LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The continued hostility of the National Assembly; the results of the elections; a certain want of unanimity amongst Ministers themselves, and various other causes, have combined to bring the Cabinet to the belief that they ought to resign, and accordingly it was understood in the course of the week that they had tendered their resignation to the President, but that he had hesitated to accept it. Nothing certain, however, was known on the matter—all was but rumour—the general impression being that the President's intention was to form "a strong Government," whose chief reliance should be upon the army, Marshal Bugeaud being Minister of War and President of the Council.

In the National Assembly, on Tuesday, M. Sarrans brought forward his promised interpellations respecting the affairs of Rome and Hungary. He said, that the latest accounts from the former city satisfied him that General Oudinot was about to make a second attack upon it; and as to the latter, the Russians had entered its dominions. He thought that, under such circumstances, France could not remain a passive spectator. He, therefore, suggested that a league should be formed with their traditional allies; for he had no doubt that Russia, having 315,000 men in motion, who would shortly be concentrated in Germany, it was the intention of that power to invade France.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that an envoy had been sent to the French head-quarters at Rome to conform to the resolutions of the Assembly. Respecting the interference of Russia in Hungary, the gravity of events had attracted the serious attention of the Government, who had determined upon forwarding remonstrances to the Courts of London, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. He regretted to say that he could add nothing further upon these subjects.

M. Joly expressed himself dissatisfied with the explanations given. For his part, he preferred war to the degradation of his country and the destruction of its liberties. He should, therefore, move the following resolution:—

"The National Assembly, considering that the manifesto of the Emperor of Russia, and the treaties concluded between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are an attempt against the principle of the public law proclaimed by the French Constitution, and ratified by the vote of the National Assembly, protests, in the name of the French people, against that new coalition which menaces the liberties of Europe, and enjoins the Government to adopt immediately the most energetic measures to enforce respect for the principle of the independence and nationality of the Roman Republic."

General Cavaignac stated that he had objected to the French expedition, because he disliked Rome to be attacked. France might respect the Roman Republic, without supporting it. He suggested that the motion should be modified thus:—

"The National Assembly calls the serious attention of the Government to the events and the movements of troops which are taking place in Europe; and, forewarned by the danger of that state of things, as well for the welfare of liberty as for the interior and exterior interests of the Republic, it recommends to the Government to take the measures necessary to protect them energetically, and passes to the order of the day."

M. Joly disapproved of this resolution, as being too feeble to answer the desired end. He should, therefore, persist in his former motion.

M. Odillon Barrot opposed both resolutions, especially the first, as amounting to a declaration of war—a policy which the Ministry could not accept. It could not engage in a policy of which it was not to support the responsibility. He therefore moved the simple order of the day, which, on a division, was negatived by a majority of 469 to 53. The Assembly then broke up in a state of great excitement, the whole proceedings having been characterised by the greatest violence. The consideration of the two resolutions was resumed on Wednesday, and the Assembly, after a great deal of noise and confusion, proceeded to divide on the motion of Gen. Cavaignac, modified by a phrase proposed by MM. Joly and Bastide to the following effect:—"To take measures necessary to preserve the independence and the liberty of nations." Gen. Cavaignac objected to this addition, on the ground that it went beyond what he wished or proposed. A short but stormy discussion followed on the mode in which the vote should be taken. Ultimately it was decided that General Cavaignac's motion should be put to the vote separately; that a vote should be afterwards taken upon the phrase proposed by MM. Joly and Bastide; and that another vote should then be taken on the whole question of the order of the day. The motion of General Cavaignac was then put and carried *par assis levé*. The additional phrase was rejected by a majority of 346 votes to 269; and, finally, the *ensemble* of the order of the day, as proposed by General Cavaignac, was adopted, on a *scrutin de division*, by a majority of 436 to 184. The alarm which the division of Tuesday had created in Paris subsided considerably on the result of Wednesday's discussion becoming known—the fear of war being for the nonce removed.

The Emperor of Russia has recognised the French Republic, and has accredited Baron Kisselief to Paris as Minister Plenipotentiary. Three representatives elected to the new Legislative Assembly have died since the commencement of the elections:—M. Lacave Laplagne (elected for the Gers), M. Loloet (for the Nord), and M. Roger (du Loiret).

## SPAIN.

There is no political intelligence of interest from Madrid. On the 17th inst. the long expected and extraordinary spectacle of a fight between a bull and a Bengal tiger took place in presence of the Queen and a vast number of spectators. The bull appeared to be in the full force of health, whilst the spirit of the tiger was subdued by a long imprisonment. The bull approached his antagonist with his head lowered. He stopped a moment to look at the tiger, and then rushed at him. The tiger made a spring forward, but the latter laid the tiger dead with one thrust of his horns. The victor, after walking triumphantly through the arena, was led away. It was calculated that 90,000 persons were present, and that the bet amounted to full £100,000.

## ITALIAN STATES.

TUSCANY.—The Austrians, upon having forced an entrance into Leghorn, proclaimed the city in a state of siege, and shut all the insurgents who had fallen into their hands.

ROME.—Accounts *via* Turin announce that Bologna was entered on the 15th by the Austrians, after a sanguinary contest.

From the "Eternal City" we learn that M. Lesseps had arrived there on a mission from the French Government; and that on the 15th, accompanied by Signor Accursi, he repaired to General Oudinot's camp, at Palo. On the night of the 13th, also, a deputation from the city came to the General's quarters. The nominal object of these proceedings was to treat respecting an armistice; but as an armistice already existed in fact, it was supposed that the establishment of preliminaries for a final pacific arrangement was the real object in view.

## GERMAN STATES.

FRANKFORT.—The National Assembly, in the sitting of the 19th, after rejecting by different majorities several propositions relative to the Vicar of the Empire, and a modification of the Government, resolved, by 126 to 106 votes, that a Lieutenant-General should be elected in the room of the Archduke John. The text of the resolutions is as follows:—1. The Assembly shall nominate a new Lieutenant-General of the Empire (*Reichthalter*), taken, if possible, from among the reigning Princes, who shall exercise the functions of Chief of the Empire until the Diet shall assemble. 2. After having taken the oath to the constitution before the National Assembly, he shall take in hand the government of the empire. 3. After his ascension, he shall cause all to swear to the constitution. 4. He shall proceed to the elections for the Diet, and to the convocation of the Diet. 5. Until the convocation of the Diet, the National Assembly shall exercise all the power belonging to it. As to the number of members necessary to deliberate, the resolution of the 30th April shall continue to preserve the force of law (that is, that 150 members must be present to render a vote valid). 6. If insurmountable obstacles should prevent the nomination of a Chief of the Empire, as provided for by the resolutions of the 4th of May, the Lieutenant-General of the Empire shall continue to exercise his functions until the Diet shall have decided on the Government of the Empire. 7. When the Lieutenant-General shall be elected, the Central Provisional Government shall cease to exercise power, and the authority of the Chief of the Empire shall fall on the new Lieutenant-General of the Empire. The Assembly further declared that it would oppose any attack on the Governments which have recognised the constitution, and would invite them to lend their co-operation to realise the constitution, and to maintain order; and also adopted a resolution to the effect that if the present Vicar of the Empire should, as the Ministry had threatened, resign his powers into other hands than those of the National Assembly, the act should be considered null and of no effect. Baron Gagern and all the Conservative Moderates resigned their seats on the 21st inst.

BAVARIA.—The inscription in the Palatine of Bavaria has not been checked, but the accounts last received state that the chiefs display as much energy

\* By a typographical error in last week's paper, the general elections were stated to have been held on Monday instead of Sunday.

against anarchists as they have done in throwing off their allegiance to the Government.

In the other minor states matters continue in a very effervescent state.

## AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

The Emperor has published a new proclamation to the Hungarians, in which his Majesty sums up his old complaints, and declares that the interests of the nationality and of the liberty of the Hungarians is but a pretext made use of by the anarchists. That party, he says, seeks its support from the league of foreign countries; it has taken into its pay men without fortune, and the enemies of tranquillity and of order. That is the reason why the Emperor of Russia has united himself to the Emperor to combat against the common enemy.

The last accounts from Pesth state that the Hungarians were still engaged in bombarding Buda, and were determined to take it, even if the Austrians should destroy Pesth. It was reported at Vienna that they had succeeded in their efforts.

General Bem is said to have obtained a victory over the Russians; but nothing certain is known on the subject.

## SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The fortress of Fredericia has been more closely invested by the troops of Schleswig-Holstein. On the 15th, 16th, and 17th inst., several bombs were thrown into it, more to alarm the Danes than with any expectation of bringing them to surrender.

In the neighbourhood of Duppel there has been some severe fighting.

General Neumann, the aide-de-camp of the King of Prussia, has gone to Copenhagen, charged with a mission relative to the negotiations for peace with Denmark.

## CANADA.

Accounts which have been received this week, *via* the United States, represent the state of matters as reformed to comparative tranquillity. An address which had been agreed to at Montreal, urging the maintenance of peace, and a resort only to legal and constitutional means for a redress of what may be considered grievances, was signed by influential men of all parties, and had produced a tranquillising effect.

At Kingston, the resolutions in favour of a recall of Lord Elgin were moderate in tone, but decidedly adverse to the Rebellion Losses Bill. These resolutions also regret the outbreak at Montreal, and pledge the citizens to a preservation of order.

Although great excitement continued to prevail, and the worst spirit was manifested against Lord Elgin upon every occasion when he appeared in public in Montreal, yet no further disturbances had taken place; whilst in various parts of the country meetings and addresses sustaining the course of the Government were numerous.

Upon the occasion of his Excellency attending at Government House, Montreal, to receive an address from the House of Assembly, on the 30th ult., he was again grossly insulted. He arrived under the escort of the Light Dragoons, the mob yelling and groaning, and throwing eggs at his carriage. The streets were greatly crowded, and numerous bodies of troops stationed near the Government House, but no disturbance took place. Regret and indignation at the burning of the Parliament House, and the fine library, are the prevailing feelings throughout the country.

## UNITED STATES.

In the intelligence from the States which has been received this week there is no feature of domestic interest.

## WEST INDIES.

By the mail steam ship *Conway*, we have advices this week from the islands. The news from Jamaica is to the 21st of April. It is of the same cheerless routine nature that has characterised our advices from this quarter of the globe for a considerable period. The sugar crop will be much shorter than was originally supposed. It is calculated by competent authority, that the gross aggregate cannot exceed 35,000 hogs-heads.

The idea of an alteration in the constitution of the council of the island still occupied the thoughts of the colonists. A very large and influential meeting was held in the town of Falmouth, on the 14th of April, at which some able speeches were made, and a series of resolutions passed in support of that object. Rain was much wanted for all branches of agriculture in Jamaica.

Our accounts from Demerara extend to the 21st ult. In conformity with the tenor of our advices by the last packet, the Combined Court met on the 11th ult., and the estimates were entered upon during several days' sittings, after which the Court adjourned, but not before carrying the principle of retrenchment to a length which had taken even its own supporters by surprise.

## INDIA.

Advices in anticipation of the Overland Mail have been received, dated Bombay, April 17, and Calcutta, April 7.

The intelligence is of special importance. It announces the close of the Sikh war, and the annexation of their country, the Punjab, to the British territory.

Our last summary closed with the arrival at Attock of General Sir W. R. Gilbert and his army, in pursuit of the flying Dost Mahomed, Ameer of Cabool, who, vanquished on the field of Goojerat, was making his way towards the Khyber Pass, *en route* to his own capital. He entered the Khyber Pass without any obstruction from the natives, just as General Gilbert crossed the Indus, and had made his way to Jellalabad before the latter reached Peshawur. When the British General arrived at the capital of the province, he found that the Afghans had destroyed the villages and suburbs around, and set fire to the cantonments, and to the former residence of Maj. r-General Lawrence. The gates of the city had been closed against the "Cabool marauders." It is said, at the Dost's own suggestion; otherwise, the place would, no doubt, have been given over to sack and pillage.

Lord Dalhousie, having determined to await the intelligence of the expulsion of Dost Mahomed from Peshawur, before taking the important step of proclaiming the annexation of the Punjab, the gratifying news was officially conveyed to his Lordship in a despatch from the Commander-in-Chief, dated Headquarters Camp, the 25th March, 1849, and enclosing a letter from General Gilbert, announcing his successes in Peshawur.

Immediately on the receipt of those documents, the Governor-General issued a proclamation on the 30th of March, declaring the Sikh dynasty at an end, and the Punjab annexed to the British dominions. The chief secretary, Mr. Elliot, proceeded straight to Lahore on the 26th, accompanied by a strong escort of troops. He arrived on the 28th, and next morning read before the assembled durbar the determination of the Governor-General. The Prince, no longer Sovereign, is to receive an allowance of £40,000, and to reside within the British dominions. His mother will be permitted to join him. Poonah, it is said, will be the place of their abode. The few chiefs not convicted of treason are to retain their estates—the property of those who have appeared in arms against the Government is all confiscated. The Sikh soldiers are not to be entertained in our service. The Government is to be managed by a council of three—Mr. J. Lawrence, Mr. Mansell, and Colonel Sir H. Lawrence, of which the last is president, with a salary of £8000 a year—the others have each £4800. Four commissioners, with a large array of deputy commissioners, act under these. Our new dominions comprise 100,000 square miles of ground, yielding a revenue of about a million, and containing a population of above three millions. For some time to come it will in all likelihood prove a heavy drain on our finances, its revenues falling short of its military expenditure—the charges of Government devolving on India. Thirty-three thousand troops have been ordered to remain for the present within the country; thirty-eight thousand more are maintained close at hand. Lord Gough left Lahore for Simla on the 3d ult., whither he had been preceded by Lord Dalhousie from Ferozepore the same day.

Sir Willoughby Cotton has resigned the office of Commander-in-Chief at Bombay. It is said that he is not pleased with Sir Charles Napier (an officer his junior) being placed over his head.

## AUSTRALIA.

**ALLEGED DISCOVERY OF A LARGE FIELD OF GOLD.**—Papers from Melbourne, Port Phillip, to the 8th of February have been received, which announce the alleged discovery of a large field of gold in the Pyrenees by a shepherd's boy; and as specimens of the ore weighing from 22 to 24 oz. each had been purchased and exhibited, the excitement of the colonists is said to have become intense. Great numbers of persons, although unacquainted with the exact spot, had set out in search of the mine.

**MOURNING PORCELAIN BROOCH.**—This beautiful brooch has just been introduced by Mrs. Brougham, of Burslem. It consists of the white porcelain design, as flowers, &c., placed upon a jet-black ground, the effect of which is novel, ingenious, and striking.

**VAUXHALL GARDENS.**—This place of olden celebrity will be opened on Whit-Monday, under an entirely new proprietorship. Among the novel attractions will be the band of the Garde Mobile, of Paris; horsemanship by Hernandez and the Anriols; and a concert by English, Irish, and French vocalists. The gardens have been revived: the Italian Walk has been continued all round the grounds, and will be illuminated by the electric light; there will be a beautiful picture-model of the Lake of Como; and, at the open theatre, a representation of the far-famed Fountains of Versailles, with real water. In the refectory department there will be considerable reduction of charges, with, it is promised, scrupulous attention to the quality of the refreshments.

**OFFICE OF HER MAJESTY'S PAYMASTER-GENERAL, WHITEHALL, MAY 22, 1849.**—The Exchequer Bills dated in the month of June, 1848 (per act 11 Vic. c. 16. £17,946,500, anno 1848), with the interest due thereon, will be paid off on the 14th of June, 1849, when the interest will cease. Such bills will be received for exchange at this office daily, from half-past ten till three o'clock, until the 7th day of June, 1849, inclusive. Printed forms, containing instructions for the preparation of the lists (or claims), and the arrangement of the bills, may be obtained on application at this office. The bearers must endorse each bill with their usual signatures, and they must insert their names and addresses in each list or claim; and where the names of holders are inserted in the bills, the indorsement of such holders must also be obtained previously to their claims being left for examination. New bills, bearing interest at the rate of penny halfpenny by the day, upon every one hundred pounds, and dated the said 14th day of June, 1849, may be obtained in payment of the principal of the whole, or part, of the Exchequer bills issued under the act above mentioned, on the claimants specifying, in their claims (or lists), the amount of new bills required by them. The new bills, together with the interest on the bills left for exchange, will be issued on the 15th day of June, 1849; the bearers must attend at this office to sign receipts for the payment of principal and interest. Payment, in money, may be obtained at this office for any of the said Exchequer bills, previously to the said 14th day of June, 1849, up to the claimants leaving the bills for examination one day prior to that on which such payment is desired. N.B.—All Exchequer bills dated prior to June, 1849, have been previously advertised to be paid off.







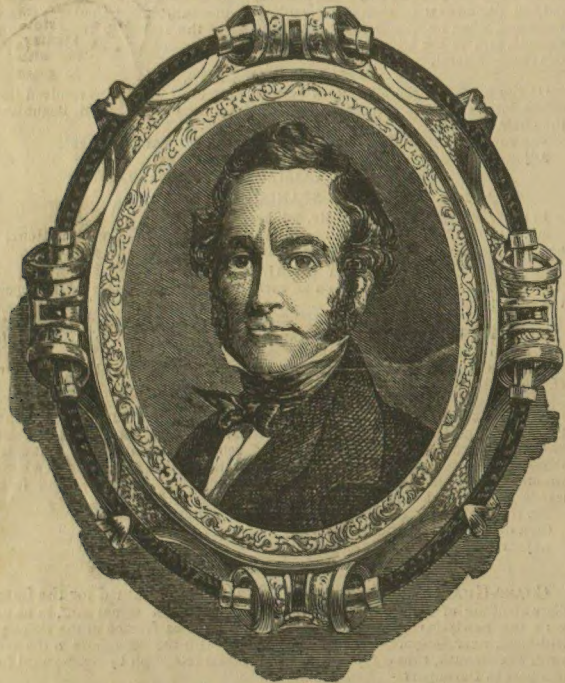


PESHAWUR, FROM A DRAWING BY G. T. VIGNE, ESQ.

which should not be overlooked. Previous to his time, the hospitalities of the town-hall were confined to the "merchant princes" of the modern Tyre. Sir Joshua, liberal in all matters, would not see his townsmen of minor commercial rank excluded from the municipal festive board over which he presided; and his invitation brought the shopkeepers of Liverpool, for the first time, as guests to the table of their chief magistrate on all occasions of public festivity: a worthy example which has been since duly followed.

It was during his mayoralty, on the occasion of the Queen's marriage, that he received the honour of Knighthood.

At the general election of 1841 he unsuccessfully contested Liverpool. In 1847 he was returned for the borough of Leicester, but was unseated, on petition, towards the close of the session of 1848. At the commencement of the present year, when the borough of Bolton became vacant, by Dr. Bowring's accepting the office of Consul at Canton, Sir Joshua presented himself as a candidate for the suffrages of the electors, who at once recognised his claims on a Liberal constituency, and returned him as their representative.



SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY, M.P. FOR BOLTON.

In the House he is not a frequent speaker. We cannot call to mind any set speech of his since he has transferred the scene of his labours to the Legislature. His talents, however, are rather of an administrative character, and, in that respect, are of a high order. But he is by no means wanting in ability as a speaker, as he evinced on Tuesday last, at the great meeting of the Metropolitan Financial and Parliamentary Reform Association, at which he occupied the chair in his capacity of President of the Association.

Sir Joshua Walmsley is the son of Mr. John Walmsley, of Liverpool, and was born in that town, in the year 1794. He was educated at Holt Hill, in Lancashire, and subsequently entered business in his native place as a corn-merchant, which occupation he has relinquished for several years past. In 1815 he married Adeline, the daughter of Mr. Hugh Mulleneux, of Liverpool. The living of St. Luke's there is in his gift.

#### PESHAWUR.

THE intelligence just received from India announces the occupation of Peshawur by the British troops, the precipitate retreat of the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan and his followers beyond the Khyber Pass, and the consequent dissolution of the Afghan confederacy. Major-General Sir R. W. Gilbert, in detailing these brilliant results, announces himself in possession of the city of Peshawur and its Bala Hissar. General Gilbert's despatch then states:—

"The Afghan army, under the command of Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, retreated from Peshawur on the 19th instant, and is to-day (March 21st) reported to have reached Dakka, on the western side of the Khyber Pass. The city I found untouched by the Afghans, the Ameer having directed the gates to be closed against his troops; but most of the garden houses in its neighbourhood have been burnt, or otherwise rendered uninhabitable; and the Sikh cantonment at Alli Mardan Khan's Bagh has been burnt to the ground. The fort of Jamrood is also reported to be destroyed.

"By the expulsion from the province of Peshawur of the Ameer and his army

I have carried to a successful conclusion the whole of the instructions of the right honourable the Governor-General of India, conveyed to me through his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, with your letter of the 3d March inst.

"The Sikhs have been humbled, and their power crushed; the British prisoners released from an irksome captivity; and the rich province of Peshawur freed from its Mahomedan invaders. To my troops I am indebted, under Providence, for these glorious results. Since the 1st of the month they have marched from the Jhelum to the Indus and Peshawur, crossing both rivers under many disadvantages, and overcoming all the obstacles of the road, which are naturally great, and were much enhanced by our large train of stores and baggage—the necessary incumbrances of a force like this. To both officers and men I am deeply indebted for their cheerful endurance of the fatigues and privation to which all have been exposed."

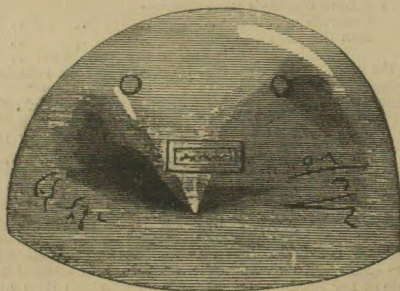
We are enabled to present our readers with the accompanying fine view of the city and fortress, from a drawing by Mr. Vigne.

Peshawur, or Peshawer, is the capital of the province of the same name, usually considered part of Afghanistan, a very fertile and valuable territory, lying between the Indus above and below Attock and the Khyber mountains, through which is the great Khyber Pass, twelve miles east of the eastern extremity of which is situated the city. Thornton tells us that, "In the early part of the present century, when visited by Elphinstone, it was a flourishing town, about five miles in circuit, and reported to contain 100,000 inhabitants. Twenty years later, Runjeet Singh, after defeating the Afghans in the decisive battle of Noushera, took Peshawur, demolished the Bala Hissar, at once the capital and state residence—destroyed the fine houses of the chief Afghans, desecrated the mosques, and, cutting down the groves and orchards about the city, laid waste the surrounding country. The subsequent exactions and oppressions have effectually prevented its revival. The houses, built of mud, or un-

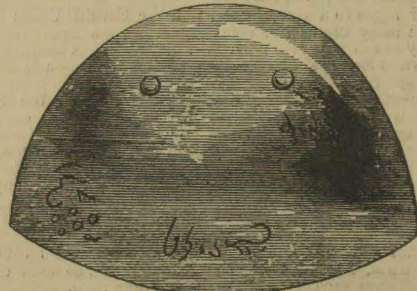
burnt brick, have flat roofs, on which the inhabitants spend much of their time. The whole city has rather a melancholy appearance, presenting numerous ruins of great dimensions, the result, not so much of gradual decay, as of sudden and recent violence. The numerous mosques—many built in a splendid style of Oriental architecture—have been intentionally polluted by the Sikhs, and are going to ruin. A vast and magnificent caravanserai has been converted into the headquarters of the Sikh governor. It is called Gorkhutra; it has quadrangular outlines, each side measuring two hundred and fifty yards, and contains extensive accommodation for all departments of government, as well as a spacious house for the Governor. The fortress, recently erected by the Sikhs on the site of the Bala Hissar, is a square of about two hundred and twenty yards, and is strengthened by round towers at each angle, every curtain having in front of it a semi-circular ravelin. There is a fausse braye all round of substantial towers and curtains, with a wet ditch. The height of the inner walls is sixty feet—of the fausse braye, thirty—all constructed of mud. Within are capacious and well-constructed magazines and storehouses. The only gateway is on the northern face, and it is protected by towers. Court, about fifteen years ago, estimated the population at 80,000—a mixed race of Afghans, Kashmirians, and Hindoos. It is believed to be now about 50,000. Peshawur was built by the Mogul Emperor, Akbar, who affixed the name, signifying 'advanced post,' in reference to its being the frontier town of Hindostan towards Afghanistan."

#### THE KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND.

THIS famous Diamond, forfeited by the treachery of the Sovereign of Lahore, and now under the security of British bayonets, in the fortress of Govindghur, (engraved in No. 365 of our Journal), will, in all probability, be brought to Eng-



RUBY IN RUNJEET SINGH'S NECKLACE.



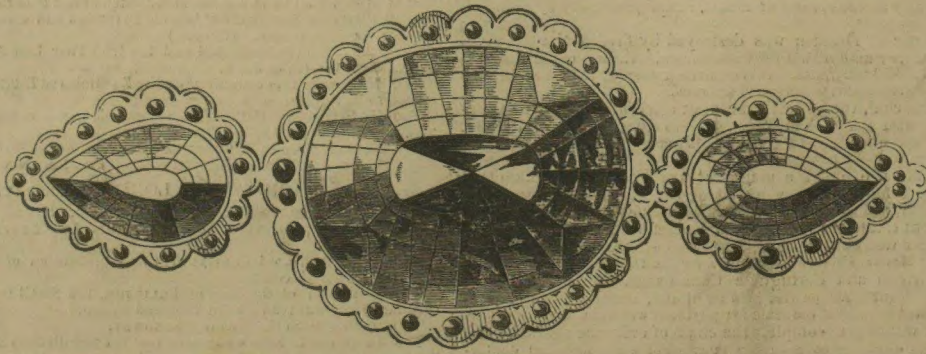
land in attestation of the success of our arms in India; and it has been suggested that the mischievous superstition attached to the possession of this unique diamond might be utterly crushed by this retributive consignment.

We have taken some pains to obtain a Sketch of the *Koh-i-noor*, or "Mountain of Light," and of Runjeet's ruby; and our illustrations are from a drawing copied from originals, by Juan Ram, the Lawrence of Bengal, to whom Runjeet Singh sent them for the purpose, at the request of Lord William Bentinck. The diamond was formerly the property of Pandoor Rajah, then chief of all India, Cabul, and Cachmere, from whom it was taken by Timur, and subsequently from Mohammed Shah by Nadir Shah. Runjeet Singh was accustomed to wear this diamond on his right arm, set, as we have engraved it, in gold, surrounded with small rubies. It has been valued at 25 crore of rupees, or 25 million pounds sterling. Tavernier, who saw it in the possession of the Great Mogul, states its weight to be 279 9-10th carats; before cutting, it weighed 900 carats; it was found in the mine of Colore, to the east of Golconda, about the year 1550. It is said to have formed one of the eyes of the jewelled peacock of the famous Musnud or throne of Aurungzebe, the *Tukh-i-taous*, or peacock throne. Its twin jewel is numbered among the crown jewels of Russia. Runjeet Singh, Rajah of the Punjab, plundered the "Koh-i-noor" from the ex-princes Shah Shujah-ool-Moolik and

Shah Feroz. At the death of Runjeet, the diamond fell, by "lot of inheritance," to Shah Soojah; and, at his death, was bequeathed to the hideous idol of Orissa! The recent war in Mooltan, and disturbances in the Punjab, induced the British resident at Lahore to secure, as a hostage, the person of the boy King, Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and at the same time to seize the Koh-i-noor. The "Nassuck" diamond, plundered during the Mahratta war from a Peshwah, or feudal chieftain, is a kindred exploit. Such is but an outline of the countless adventures of this imperial and oriental gem. It is, however, a mistake to suppose this diamond to be the largest and most precious in the world, for it is surpassed by several.

The Ruby, in the accompanying illustration, has been sketched under similar circumstances. In the illustration both sides are shown; the gem is worn in Runjeet's necklace. It belonged to Pandoor Rajah, was taken from him by Timur, and subsequently from Timur's descendants by Ahmed Shah. The names of the six Kings of Delhi are engraved on this Ruby:—Alumzeer II., Shah Karam II., Jehangire, Akbar, Feroze Shah, and Ahmed Shah. Runjeet valued it at 12½ crore of rupees, or twelve millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling.

We are indebted to the courtesy of a Correspondent for the loan of the sketches of these Jewels, taken in Runjeet Singh's lifetime.



RUNJEET SINGH'S DIAMOND—"THE MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT."



GRAND BALL AT THE TURKISH EMBASSY.

His Excellency Mehmed Pacha, the newly accredited Ambassador from the Ottoman Porte, has gained golden opinions by the magnificent hospitality he dispensed on Monday last, at the residence of the Embassy in Bryanston-square. The novelty of a ball under a Mussulman's roof naturally excited very considerable interest among the fairer members of the aristocratic world; and, for some days previous to the event, the projected festivities formed a fruitful subject of fashionable gossip.

The arrangements for the *réunion* were upon the most profuse scale of magnificence. The whole interior of the mansion was festooned with red and white drapery (these being the Turkish national colours), additional rooms were erected, and every device that ingenuity could suggest to add splendour to the scene was adopted with unsparring hand by his Excellency's command. The two principal saloons on the first floor were thrown open into one and formed a very excellent ball-room, the walls being beautifully decked out with the "star and crescent" in gold on a pale blue ground. The reception saloon was magnificently furnished, the prevailing style of decoration being pale blue and gold. There was another small apartment on this floor of the mansion fitted up as a tent, and supplied with mirrors and ottomans, into which the company occasionally retired from the ball-room. The entrance-hall and staircase, as well as all the corridors of the mansion, were festooned as above described, and over the door of the reception-room was suspended the Turkish national flag. Another great feature in the internal arrangements of the mansion was the "Divan," a somewhat small but very beautiful apartment, communicating with the dining-room. Partaking, in its general character, the form of a tent, this apartment presented a scene of truly Eastern magnificence. The walls were covered with splendid mirrors, and hung with "hookahs" of the most superb description, having mouth pieces studded with diamonds and rich precious stones. On one side a portrait of the present Sultan, Abdul-Medjid (*Anglice*, "The Slave of God") was suspended; and, on the opposite side, the monogram of the Sultan, beautifully emblazoned, was displayed, in a handsome frame, festooned with the national colours. Around the apartment ottomans of the richest description were arranged; and in the centre a very beautiful fountain, designed in exquisite taste, poured forth its lucid stream into a marble basin, well stocked with gold and silver fish. The effect of the decorations throughout the mansion was greatly heightened by a profusion of choice flowering shrubs and beautiful exotics, which met the eye in every direction, the entrance-hall being, in fact, a perfect pyramidal greenhouse.

The festivities commenced with a grand banquet, the guests at which were originally intended to have included all the Cabinet Ministers, but, unfortunately, the members of the Upper House were prevented from attending, in consequence of the debate on the Navigation Laws. His Excellency was, however, honoured with the presence of the First Lord of the Treasury and several other Ministers, the circle including Lord John Russell, Viscount Palmerston, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Right Hon. Sir Francis Thornhill Baring, the Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, the Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Addington, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Caboul Effendi, First Secretary to the Embassy; Sadik Bey, Second Secretary; M. Zohrab, First *Attaché*; Taber Effendi, Second *Attaché*; and Capt. John Ford (of the Ottoman navy), had the honour of joining the party.

The dinner was most magnificently served, and at its conclusion the guests retired with their host to the Divan, where tea and coffee were served, and pipes "offered" to the company, though, we believe, the latter luxury was only enjoyed by one gentleman present. Half an hour having been passed very agreeably in this beautiful apartment, his excellency conducted his guests to the drawing-room, where they had scarcely arrived when the company invited to the ball began to set down.



THE DIVAN.

His Excellency did the honours of the reception himself, and most worthily. His remarkably handsome features were illumined by a smile of hearty welcome to all, and the only subject of regret to us was, that his fine face and figure should have suffered, as it did, by the adoption of our somewhat conventional evening dress, and consequent rejection of his own picturesque national costume. The only distinguishing mark his Excellency adopted was the Turkish "fez" (cap), and this he wore in common with all the other natives of the Ottoman Empire present.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Princes Ernest and William of Hesse-Philippsthal, honoured his Excellency with their presence.

The diplomatic circle included all the foreign Ministers at present in town, accompanied by their ladies, and the secretaries and *attachés* of the various legations.

The general company embraced upwards of 500 of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy. The Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Kinnoull, Viscountess Palmerston, and Viscountess Combermere were among the visitors.

Majesty's bravery at Quatre Bras. The Count de Neully and the Princes and Princesses of the ex-Royal Family of France paid a visit to the Queen on Monday, and remained to luncheon with her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage and four, and, in the evening, honoured the performance of the German Opera, at Drury Lane Theatre, with their presence. The nobility and gentry again called at the palace in great numbers to make their dutiful inquiries.

On Tuesday morning the Queen and Prince Albert, with the Royal children, left town for Osborne House.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWINGROOM.

The Queen held a Drawingroom in St. James's Palace, on Saturday, in celebration of her Majesty's birthday. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort arrived from Buckingham Palace shortly before two o'clock, attended by the Royal suite, and escorted by a detachment of the Life Guards. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, their Royal

The ball was opened at eleven o'clock with a quadrille, in which Baron Wiedenbruck (of the Austrian Legation) led off with the Lady Clementina Villiers. Caboul Effendi, First Secretary of the Turkish Legation, danced in the same set with Miss Meyer; M. de Berg (of the Russian Legation) taking the hand of the Lady Adelaide Vane, and M. Zohrab, first *attaché* to the Turkish Legation, dancing with the Hon. Miss Cotton.

The opening quadrille was followed by a waltz, and dancing was kept up with great spirit until one o'clock, when supper was served in the dining-room. The festivities were subsequently renewed, and morning had dawned before the party broke up.

During the evening "the Divan" formed an object of great curiosity to the ladies, and we believe that even the most inveterate haters of the "weed" made a pilgrimage thither before leaving the ball.

Everything connected with the *fête* was admirably arranged, and we never saw a ball pass off more satisfactorily. Although the limits of the mansion were rather confined, there was no inconvenient crowding, even when the guests were most numerous, and the most perfect enjoyment prevailed. His Excellency was evidently much pleased at the readiness with which his hospitality had been responded to, and it is not too much to say that this feeling was fully reciprocated by every guest present.

Cotte and Tinney's band was in attendance.

The magnificent internal decorations of the mansion, including the divan and its appointments, were executed by Messrs. Druce, of Baker-street, on whom they reflected the highest credit.

We have authority to announce that his Excellency will give a second ball on Wednesday next.

COURT AND HAUT TON.

THE COURT

AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Queen and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and the domestic household attended Divine service on Sunday morning, in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace. The Bishop of Oxford preached the sermon. During Sunday the nobility and gentry thronged Buckingham Palace to make their dutiful inquiries after the state of her Majesty. The answer given was "The Queen is well."

The Queen held a Court on Monday, at which his Royal Highness Prince William Henry of the Netherlands had an audience of her Majesty, to deliver the insignia of the Order of the Bath presented to his father, the late King of the Netherlands, by the Prince Regent, in 1814, in consequence of his

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THE BALL.







# GRAND TREBLE NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

With the Present Number is Published a SUPPLEMENT, Containing Eleven Engravings of Beautiful Pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition, and other Illustrations; and a WHITSUN-TIDE HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT, comprising a Large Picture of the River Thames, and other Engravings.

Price of the NUMBER and the TWO SUPPLEMENTS, forming the GRAND TREBLE NUMBER, ONE SHILLING.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849.

THE Overland Mail brings intelligence of the annexation of the Punjab. The announcement will cause no surprise. Even those who are of opinion that our empire in India is already too large, will confess that, as regards the Punjab, the restlessness, treachery, and daring of the Sikhs left us no alternative but the absorption of the Punjab, or a state of continual warfare and ultimate loss of influence, authority, and dominion in every part of India. We could not but choose the former. Writing upon the affair of Chilianwallah, we expressed our opinion so early as the 10th of March, not only that the Sikhs would be signally defeated, but that the Punjab would be annexed, and that the warlike and ambitious sect of the Sikhs would allow us no peace in India until they had been made to feel once for all that they had no chance against us. The proclamation of the Governor-General, announcing the annexation, is dated on the 29th of March, and sets forth in few, but clear and emphatic words, the history of the several aggressions which the Sikhs have made since the death of Runjeet Singh; and the reasons which have induced the British Government, that desired no such conquest, "to resolve upon the entire subjugation of a people whom their own Government has long been unable to control—whom no punishment can deter from violence, and no acts of friendship conciliate to peace." The Sikhs are to be disarmed, and every fortified place not occupied by the British troops is to be destroyed. The property of the few chiefs who have not been engaged in hostilities against the British is to be secured to them; but the property and rank of all who have served against us are to be forfeited. The young Maharajah is to receive a liberal pension, and to be treated with respect and consideration. The territory thus acquired amounts to one hundred thousand square miles. It has a population of three millions and a half, and yields a net revenue of about a million. The Indian journals are of opinion that, as far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, we "gain a loss" by the acquisition of the Punjab: but although present appearances would seem to confirm such an opinion, we must remember that the resources of the Punjab have been grossly mismanaged; that it has had to pay large military expenses, which have thrown it into arrears; and that Sir Charles Napier, who has all along foreseen the necessity, and advocated the policy of the annexation, is of opinion that the Punjab, under a judicious system of fiscal management, may be made not only to pay its expenses, but to leave a surplus. We trust that it will prove so, and that Sir Charles, in devoting his administrative talents to this subject, will entitle himself to the gratitude of India and Great Britain, in a manner quite as splendid as if he had won the final battle which procured us the Indus for our boundary.

The people of Umritsir and of the Punjab generally, with the sole exception of the inhabitants of Lahore, are represented as hailing the annexation with enthusiasm, as a relief from a long-endured and grinding oppression. But upon this subject the people of England will be better enabled to form an opinion hereafter.

Dost Mahomed Khan, pursued by the brave General Gilbert, has managed to escape destruction. The Khyberries, who might have closed their passes against him and so delivered his whole force to annihilation, were persuaded, for "a consideration," to let him through without molestation. Nothing is known as to the ultimate fate of Chuttur Singh and Shere Singh, but it is supposed that perpetual imprisonment, at the least, will be decreed against them. Moolraj, whose defence of Mooltan has excited the admiration of military men, is likely to undergo a more ignominious fate. It is asserted that the murder of Lieutenant Anderson and Mr. Vans Agnew was his act alone, and that the Durbar of Lahore had no part in it. If this be proved, the probability is that he will be executed.

We suppose it may now be taken for granted that the Ministerial bill for the repeal of the Navigation Laws will meet with no further impediment. Lord Stanley, on Monday night, brought forward an amendment in committee, which we may consider the last great effort of the Protectionist party against the measure. Its object was not the amendment, but the destruction of the bill; in fact, to retain the Navigation Laws, giving the Queen power to relax them by degrees with such nations as should offer us reciprocal advantages. The Ministerial bill, as Lord Lansdowne remarked, proposed to remove all restrictions except those imposed by necessity; whilst Lord Stanley, by his amendment, proposed to keep up all restrictions except those which we were forced to abandon by circumstances we could not resist. In introducing his amendment, his Lordship confessed that he had not sufficient confidence that the opinions of the mercantile world had been ascertained; and stated that he could "not speak with confidence upon the details." This confession seems somewhat surprising, if we reflect that the bill has been for two sessions before Parliament, and that no subject in our time, not even the repeal of the Corn-laws itself, has been more thoroughly discussed in all its bearings, than that of the Navigation Laws. The amendment dealt with generalities, and attempted in reality, though not, perhaps, in form, to make the House reject in Committee a measure to the principle of which it had given its assent on the second reading. This was a course of proceeding rather unusual, as was pointed out by several of their Lordships in the course of the debate. The chief supporter of the amendment was Lord Brougham; between whom and Lord Stanley there was, however, some difference of opinion as to the effect of the bill, and the policy of such a country as Great Britain in commercial matters. Lord Stanley defended the reciprocity system from the charge of peddling and meanness which had been brought against it by the Free Traders; and maintained, that, as a nation, we should lose wealth by the measure, and that we had no business to be generous or magnanimous. "If we carried on a commercial business," said his Lordship, "we ought to carry it on upon the commercial principle of giving nothing for nothing." Lord Brougham, on the contrary, was willing to admit that upon the commercial principle we might gain a fraction of a farthing in the price of tea, sugar, or cotton by the bill: nevertheless, as he maintained that "commerce was not everything," he preferred the national defences to the increase of our wealth. But these were only a few of the discrepancies in the arguments of those who opposed the bill, to most of which Lords Lansdowne, Wharncliffe, Clanricarde, and others did ample justice. The amendment was rejected by a majority of 116 against 103. As proxies do not count in committee, these numbers show an increased majority over that obtained on the second reading, which was ten only. On the third reading, when proxies will again count, the majority will probably amount to double or treble that number; and thus a ques-

tion which has excited much difference of opinion, as well as alarm and ill-feeling, will, we trust, be satisfactorily and permanently disposed of.

THE outrage upon her Majesty on Saturday last has excited but one feeling of disgust and indignation against the cowardly miscreant who committed it. The British public, however, rejoices that the assault was excited by no political feeling, and that it sprang entirely from the lunacy of a vulgar ruffian, unprompted by any sentiment more serious than the lust of notoriety. It does not even appear that the pistol was loaded with ball. The unanimity with which the public has decided upon the insanity of the wretched man is a great proof of the love and loyalty of the people, and cannot be otherwise than gratifying to her Majesty and the Royal circle. No one can imagine anything so atrocious as that a sane man should attempt the life of a Sovereign so exemplarily in every public and private capacity as Queen Victoria. It is, nevertheless, very hard upon her Majesty, that she should be subjected to such alarm and annoyance. While the sympathy expressed for the Queen is deep and universal, there is a feeling no less general that for such insanity the only proper preventive, as well as punishment, is corporal chastisement of the severest and most degrading kind.

Some years ago, when an imitative mania was excited by the similar attempts of Oxford and Bean, it was suggested in this Journal, and afterwards by our daily contemporaries, that whipping was the best mode of bringing such vain and miserable creatures to reason, and of preventing their example from becoming contagious. The public came to the same conclusion; and in the bill shortly afterwards introduced into Parliament, transportation or a flogging was made the punishment for such offences. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the framers of the bill did not provide that transportation and a flogging should be the punishment. We have certainly no desire to revive the barbarous punishments of past ages, but we think that a weekly, semi-weekly, or even daily infliction of the cat-o'-nine-tails for three months at the least, preparatory to transportation, would greatly tend to prevent such lunacy as that of the last offender from breaking out into action. In fact, we should like to see the two alternatives of punishment left to the Judges or Magistrates by the present law, blended into one. Insane as such offenders may be, they have sanity enough to understand the logic of the cat-o'-nine-tails; and we would allow no squeamishness or false delicacy to stand between them and the fullest dose of it that their constitutions can bear.

## RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

### MEETINGS.

**SOUTH YORKSHIRE, DONCASTER, AND GOOLE.**—At the special general meeting of the proprietors, on the 18th instant, Lord Wharncliffe in the chair, about 3937 shares were forfeited on which £3 deposit had been paid, and whose holders had refused the payment of the £5 call, and the capital of the company was reduced to that extent.

**MONMOUTHSHIRE.**—At the half-yearly meeting of the proprietors, at Newport, on the 16th, Mr. R. Blakemore, M.P., in the chair, the report affirmed that the improvements in the Western Valley lines would be completed by August next, so that the company will well perform the carrying service of the district. A satisfactory increase in the merchandise revenue had occurred during the last six months. The total revenue had been £21,000, and the expenditure for the half-year, to 31st March last, was £5265. There was due on calls £5000 only. After the adoption of the report, a dividend of £2 10s. per share was declared for the half-year, and resolutions were passed empowering the directors to raise £12,000 by the creation of new shares.

**BIRKENHEAD, LANCASHIRE, AND CHESHIRE JUNCTION.**—At the special meeting, on the 19th, at Birkenhead, Alderman J. Bancroft in the chair, powers were taken in the bills read to the meeting to abandon the proposed line to Stockport; to alter the levels of a portion of the Chester branch; for reducing the capital from £2,550,000 to £1,902,000; and for making a line from Hooton to Welsby. The reduction of capital was proposed to be adjusted as follows:—the £31 shares to be reduced to £24 16s., the £27 10s. shares to £22, and the £22 shares to £17 10s. For further arrangements by the board with respect to these bills, the meeting was adjourned, after a slight opposition, to the 2nd June. The works are being rapidly progressed with.

**STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON.**—At the special meeting, on the 14th, at Darlington, Mr. Stobart in the chair, authority was accorded to the directors for the carrying out of certain improvements, &c. in the enterprise of the company, viz. by an increase of capital; the purchase of the Middleborough Dock; the abandoning of portions of the line in Eaglescliffe and Stockton-on-Tees; and the making a new line in lien, and the leasing of the whole undertaking to the York, Newcastle, and Berwick.

**DUBLIN, DUNDUM, AND RATHFARNHAM.**—At the special meeting on the 15th, in Dublin, Alderman Boyce in the chair, the shareholders determined to pay up the £5 call to enable them to vote at the approaching meeting, where certain reforms in the present board are to be discussed.

**YORK AND NORTH-MIDLAND RAILWAY.**—A special meeting of this company was held in the De Grey Rooms, York, on Thursday, to consider the propriety of appointing a committee of inquiry into the affairs of the company, and also to fill up any vacancies in the direction; Sir John Simpson in the chair. The chairman announced that there were four vacancies occasioned by the resignations of Mr. Hudson, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Plews, and the death of Mr. Nicholson. The directors only wished to promote the interests of the company, and had no objection to the appointment of a committee of inquiry. After some discussion, in which it was denied that the traffic returns had been "cooked," as had been insinuated, Messrs. Kinnear, of Glasgow; Swann, of York; Brook, of Halifax; Lloyd, of London; and Bull, of London were appointed a committee of investigation. A resolution, giving full power to the committee, having been passed, Messrs. Crawshaw, of London; Meek, Lord Mayor of York; Thompson, of Maitland Hall; and Rowntree, of York, were elected directors. A vote of thanks having been given to the chairman, the meeting adjourned to the 12th of July.

The directors of the Great North of Scotland intend forthwith to commence part of their line connecting the more populous districts. The completion of the Aberdeen will render this step necessary for the accommodation of the local traffic.

The new offices opened on the 26th at the Euston Station of the London and North-Western will cost about £125,000 to £150,000. (We shall engrave this new Station next week.)

Captain Huish and the resident engineers of the London and North-Western declare that by reserving an annual sum of £20,700, at 4½ per cent, with compound interest, the permanent way of the whole line, 438 miles long, may be renewed as occasion may require.

The opening of the Hailsham and Eastbourne branches of the London and Brighton Company's line, which we noticed last week, completes the Brighton and South Coast system, at an expenditure, during twelve years, of £7,000,000.

The Aspinwall Company's engineers have, according to a French paper, arrived in Panama, and are making the proposed line across the Isthmus. The line, if this information is correct, might be opened for public use by 1852.

The directors of the Blackburn, Clitheroe, and North-Western have thought fit to issue a printed list of all their shareholders in arrears of calls, in accordance with a resolution of the last general meeting. It appears the names of 144 persons, who hold 4405 shares, total amount of arrears £43,531.

Certain resident Caledonian shareholders in London, headed by Capt. Plunkett, have resolved on a council of investigation. They blame the misdirected expenditure of the present board, and seek to adjourn the special general meeting, fixed to be held in Edinburgh on the 29th, till the company's present condition has been thoroughly examined and declared.

The *Railway Chronicle* fairly enough remarks, that the traffic of the Eastern Counties is worthy of note at this time, and we gladly record that upwards of one-half of the whole weekly supply of the London markets is brought by the line—of 12,099 sacks of flour brought last week, 6796 came by it, and of 7032 quarters of malt, 4307 quarters. Full one-half of the cattle and beasts supplying Smithfield came from the eastern counties, and most probably are brought by the railway. Besides the foregoing, large quantities of wheat, barley, oats, and other agricultural produce have been carried.

Respecting the long-talked-of aid to Irish railways by the Home Government, we hear that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has declared that he will give £500,000 to the Midland Great Western, of which £200,000 is to be applied to the line between Mullingar and Athlone, at five per cent. per annum; and £300,000 for the section from Athlone to Galway, at three per cent. per annum. The directors have asked time to discuss these terms.

The Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin proprietors have petitioned the House of Lords for an inquiry, and a better audit of their accounts.

The Newry, Warrenpoint, and Rosstrevor is to be forthwith opened. Mr. Dargan has excellently well, we hear, performed his contract, and is to have the working of the line.

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.**—The annual meeting of this society will be held on Wednesday next, at Essex-street Chapel, Strand. The sermon on behalf of the association will be preached by the Rev. John Scott Porter, of Belfast; and in the evening there will be a *soirée* at the Freemasons' Tavern. James Heywood, Esq., M.P., in the chair.

## POSTSCRIPT.

### HOUSE OF LORDS.—FRIDAY.

#### THE EXCURSION TO PARIS.

LORD BROUGHAM drew the attention of their Lordships to the newly projected visit of the English to Paris. He wished it to be distinctly understood that this was merely a private visit. He wished again to express his opinion that no communication could take place between the two nations except officially, and he hoped no official countenance would be given to the persons intending to visit Paris.

The Marquis of Breadalbane thought we had nothing to do with the manner in which the French Government might receive the visitors to Paris. Her Majesty's subjects had a right to go where they liked.

LORD BROUGHAM had never said a word to prevent her Majesty's subjects from going over to France, or against any good reception that might be given to them. If the French could afford to treat them, the more they fêted the better, provided they conducted themselves properly.

#### ADJOURNMENT FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The Marquis of Lansdowne moved that the House at its rising do adjourn to Monday se'night.—Agreed to.

#### NAVIGATION LAWS REPEAL BILL.

The report of this bill having been brought up, the Marquis of Lansdowne gave notice that he should move the third reading on Tuesday se'night.—Adjourned.

### HOUSE OF COMMONS.—FRIDAY.

#### THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.

MR. HORSMAN inquired if the noble Lord intended to proceed with his motion with respect to the Ecclesiastical Commission on the 8th of June, and if he was in a position to state to the House any particulars with respect to the rectory of Bishopwearmouth?

LORD JOHN RUSSELL replied that he did not intend on the 8th of June to proceed with the motion in question; he should merely do so *pro forma*. The question of the rectory of Bishopwearmouth had been under the consideration of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and the result of their deliberations had been placed in the hands of the officers of the Crown. When he had received further information he should be happy to communicate it to the hon. gentleman.

MR. HORSMAN inquired if the bill for amending the constitution of the Ecclesiastical Commission would be introduced during the present session?

SIR G. GREY replied that he feared there was not a reasonable prospect.

#### THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

In reply to Mr. Disraeli, LORD J. RUSSELL intimated that next week he should propose to proceed with the Committee of Supply. Until the House had made some progress with the miscellaneous estimates, the statement referred to would not be made. He calculated that it would be made about the middle of June.

#### THE HOLIDAYS.

On the motion of Lord J. Russell, it was ordered that the House at its rising should adjourn to Thursday next.

In Committee of Supply, several votes in the Army and Navy Estimates were taken on account; after which the House rose at half-past nine o'clock.

**THE QUEEN DOWAGER.**—The Queen Dowager is about to honour Worthing with a visit. Her Majesty has engaged a suite of apartments at the Sea-House Hotel, and intends to leave London for Worthing on Monday next.

**CONSECRATION OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CAMDEN TOWN.**—On Thursday, with the usual formalities, the Bishop of London consecrated this beautifully constructed building. The Marquis of Camden was present; and after the hour of eleven no seats were obtainable. The sittings amount to 1193, of which 506 are free. The Marquis of Camden munificently gave the ground, and, in addition, the communion plate and the sum of £500.

**THE INDISPOSITION OF MR. JOSEPH HUME.**—There is no truth in a paragraph which has been extensively circulated, that the hon. member for Montrose has had a severe attack of water on the chest. He has recovered from the attack of influenza under which he had been suffering; and the hon. gentleman has gone to Norfolk to recruit his strength, and will, it is believed, resume his place in Parliament in about a week.

**MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE.**—We are happy to announce that Mr. Duncombe took his seat in the House on Thursday evening. The hon. representative for Finsbury appeared in excellent spirits, though he bore about him the traces of ill-health, and coughed a little. He was shaken most cordially by the hand by several members of her Majesty's Government, and by all the well known Reformers in the House.

## LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

### FRANCE.

Towards the close of the week, Paris was filled with vague rumours about the probability of a *coup d'état* being attempted by the authorities, with the connivance of the President of the Republic, the supposed object being the proclaiming of the Empire.

According to the *Presse*, the National Assembly will declare itself *en permanence* on Saturday (this day), under the Presidency of General Lamoricière, until the President of the new Assembly, by right of age, shall take the chair, which will be on Monday. By this means any *coup d'état* will be prevented. There appeared to be no rational grounds for those apprehensions.

### HUNGARY.

On the 14th, Buda (the capital) surrendered at discretion to the Magyars. The booty which has fallen into the hands of the Hungarians consists of the treasury box, 20,000 muskets, 10 batteries, and a quantity of powder; the garrison, to the number of 3000 men, has been taken to Komorn.

### THE NETHERLANDS.

The cholera has again broken out at Rotterdam with increased virulence. No less than eighty cases proved fatal last week. The consternation is great among all classes.

## CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

### CAMBRIDGE.

The Morrisonian Professor of Divinity has given notice that his lectures in Michaelmas Term, 1849, will commence on Thursday, October 18.

### OXFORD.

Mr. C. E. Adams, of Worcester College, and Mr. G. P. Cordeaux, Lusby Scholar of Magdalen Hall, have been elected Scholars of Worcester on Dr. Clarke's Foundation.

Mr. T. Richardson, B.A., Scholar of Jesus College, has been elected a Fellow of that Society on the South Wales Foundation.

**DURHAM CATHEDRAL.**—We have heard that it is intended speedily to appoint a new minor canon in this cathedral, and it will gratify every lover of our cathedral services to learn that no candidate who does not possess considerable power of voice and a thorough knowledge of music is likely to be a successful applicant.

**DEAN AND CHAPTER OF BRISTOL.**—The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol having been called in as visitor to determine a question respecting the mode of performing the choral service in Bristol Cathedral, directed that the decree which he had made on the subject should be entered in the Book of Statutes belonging to the Chapter. This has been opposed on the part of the Dean, Sub-Dean, and other members of the Chapter, who declare that a compliance with the direction of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol would be the conceding a power which that prelate cannot legally exercise, and they pray his Lordship to revise his decree.

**QUEEN ANNE'S BOUNTY.**—The Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty will hold an extraordinary general court at the Governors' house, Dean's-yard, Westminster, on Tuesday, the 5th of June next, at twelve o'clock at noon.

**PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.**—The 148th anniversary of this society was celebrated at St. Paul's Cathedral on Monday last. In the evening, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, Oxford, Llandaff, Lichfield, Carlisle, Hereford, Salisbury, Ripon, and Manchester, &c., dined with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.

**BETHNAL-GREEN CHURCH FESTIVAL.**—On Wednesday last, the foundation stone of the last of ten new churches built at Bethnal-green was laid, and the occasion was commemorated as a festival. In the earlier part of the day sermons appropriate to the occasion were delivered in each of the new churches by the Bishops of London, Winchester, St. Asaph, Ripon, Lichfield and Coventry, Bishop Coleridge, of St. Augustine's Missionary College, the Rev. Thomas Bouldier, and the Rev. H. Mackenzie. The stone was laid by the Earl of Harrowby. The church will be known as St. Thomas's Church, Bethnal-green. After the ceremony was concluded, the Earl of Harrowby, the Earl of Carlisle, the Bishops, and the whole of the distinguished visitors, together with the children of the National and Sunday Schools, to the number of 4000; the district visitors, Sunday-school teachers, masters and mistresses of the schools, and scripture readers, and parents of the children, to the number of 14,000, assembled in buildings kindly lent to the committee by the Eastern Counties Railway, and partook of tea and coffee, &c.

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.**—On Monday evening the annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the above society was held at the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle-street; G. W. Alexander, Esq. (the treasurer of the society), in the chair. From the statement of the accounts appended to the report, it appeared that the total receipts from all sources were £1430, which had been expended in promoting the objects of the society, with the exception of a balance in hand of £34 6s. 3d. The society, however, had incurred liabilities to the extent of £150. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the society were passed, accompanied with appropriate speeches.

Lieutenant E. F. N. K. Wasey, R.N., who distinguished himself in the late affair with the pirates of Morocco in the boat of his vessel, the *Polphemus* steam sloop, and was wounded, is appointed to her Majesty's steam yacht *Victoria* and *Albert* for promotion.

The Collector of Customs on Monday last received upwards of £300 for duty on foreign flour imported into Cardiff.

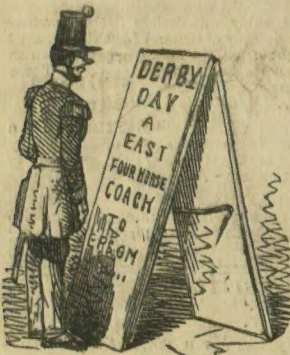




THE ROAD.

## A TRIP TO THE DERBY.

[Translated literally from the French of M. Bonenfant, Captain in the Third Legion of the National Guard, by a member of the ancient and widely-extended Smith family. With fac-simile illustrations, from the Captain's sketches, and various notes by the Translator.]



I took a place on a fast coach (*dragée de grande vitesse*) (c), but was very squeezed; as I think the postilion who drove (d) took more than he ought to have done. On the road near the Hôtel du Château d'Elephant I bought a card of the sport, but was afterwards told it was that of the yesterday; but it was equal to me, as I could not understand it.

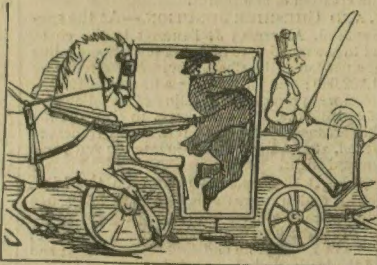
You see accidents the gravest on the road. I witnessed a carriage called a Broom (*balai*) completely rent by the pole of an omnibus behind it, which caused the voyager within to

SI came over, mon cher — (a), by the excursion train (*train du plaisir*) to see the far-famed race of horses at Epsom, I thought you would well desire to have an account of that great national solemnity. You know that I cannot speak very well English: in effect, I know nothing of it beyond the words *muttonchop*, *stote* (b), and *How dayoudo*. But I can use my eyes; and have, accordingly, done that.

My friend, you can form not the least idea of this *sport du turf*, from the races of horses on the Champ de Mars. All the world goes—from Sir Wellington to the dangerous classes; and if a man is seen in London on that day, he at once loses his position.



THE MORE THE MERRIER.



"WHERE ARE YOU DRIVING?"

conductor above and behind you; and, when

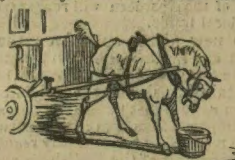


"IT'S ONLY HIS WAY, SIR."

sumption of Bass (*bière pâle ou amère*) is, indeed, more costly than all beverages, and the horses have sometimes a difficulty to get even that, as you may here perceive. The smallest animals draw more people than ever you have seen go to the fête of St. Cloud in a *cocù* on a fine Sunday; and they do not very well balance their weight, as you may perceive; so that, indeed to use a poetical expression, "the horse's feet scarce touch the ground;" but this does not indicate speed—all to the contrary.

be thrust from his seat in fear the most profound. Then, after a loud altercation, the aggressor and the victim turned out on the grand road to arrange their dispute by blows of the fist, where we left them enjoying the pleasure to box. A cab called Handsome (*dite Beau*) was in equal perplexity. It is a carriage the most curious that you have never seen, having the horse kicks, one cannot get out. The voyager was in this predicament, and much gaiety was caused by a horseman went by exclaiming "One for his heels." (*Deux pour ses talons.*) But I could not enter into all the merit of the allusion (e).

The crowd of *voitures* of every description it is impossible to count. And as all the voyagers stop to drink, and the horses to water, at every inn upon the road, the conveyance beyond belief. The wa-



"DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?"



"WHY DON'T YOU FILL YOUR CART?"

Another great sight of the day, which overcomes all the others, is



DOWN WITH THE DUST.

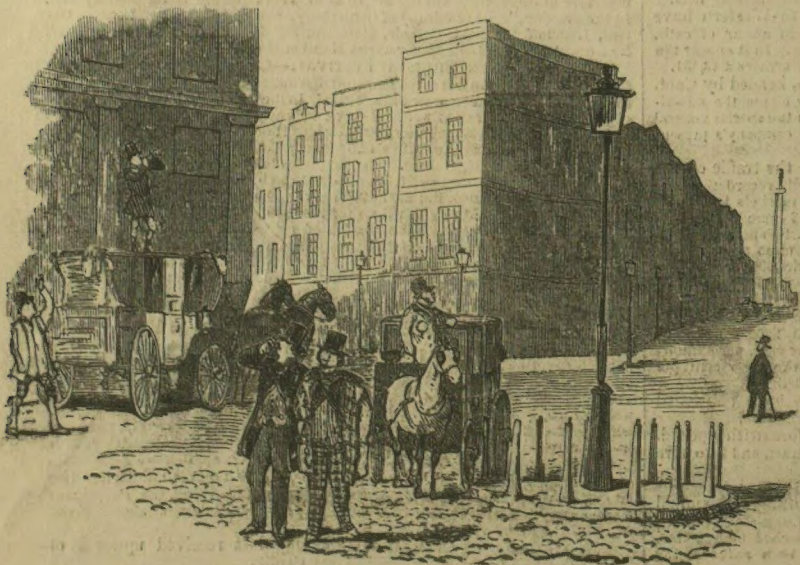
the dust. Sometimes you see nothing for it, which I have here drawn. You remember what it was to be in the *intérieure* of the last of two diligences, racing along the road to Paris in dry weather. Very well—then you will know what the road to Epsom is on a Derby Day. It is so bad that the high nobility, such as Sir Beaumont and other milords, all wear veils—a droll of a sight.

Epsom is a town, considerable enough, celebrated for its salt mines and this Derby Day. When the day is over, all the inhabitants retire to the mines and remain there until next year, in inaction the most perfect.

As with us the Passage de l'Opera is con-



"VERY LIKE A VEIL."



THE TOWN DESCRIBED.



THE MIMOPHANE.





THE RACE.

nected with the funds, so here Her Majesty's Theatre is connected with the betting by Mr. Lumley.

On arriving at the Downs (*les duets*) the road was infested with brigands, who seized on the horses of the voyagers, and, after sanguinary fights amongst themselves, bore them away. This I must confess astonished me, but not so much as the savage manner in which I was seized by another party of marauders on alighting from the *drague*, and brushed within an inch of my life. You, *mon brave*, who know how careful we are



"DARBY STABLES, SIR?—THERE Y' ARE."



HAVING A SLIGHT BRUSH.

of our clothes in Paris, and the fragile texture of our cloth, can understand the horror and fear of this assault.

The sports began with a dog race, who is hurried along the



YA-A-A-A-AH !!!

course by the cries of the society. As he does not run with another, I suppose the accomplishment of the distance in a certain time is the object. The friends of the animal cheer him on with *éclats* of encouragement; and the enemies throw their batons at him, which he is lucky to escape. Then the jockeys appear on their horses, and then the race begins.



"THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRST!"

all, to catch a glimpse of the horses; and it was more curious to observe the number of those who, coming down from London, on purpose to see the race, never saw it all. I was one of these unhappy; having my view quite obscured by the parasols of the ladies, whereby



"I WISH I COULD SEE."

I only heard what was going on, which, from my knowledge of English, was not altogether understood. But I caught some phrases, such as "Here they come!" (*Les voici!*) and "There they go!" (*Les voilà!*) And then the betters (*les melleurs*)—so called because they are of the aristocracy—looked far off to the end of the course, and all

their heads turned on a pivot at once, following the horses as daisies follow the sun, until they looked the other way.



"HERE THEY COME!"



"THERE THEY GO!"

You are not able to imagine the noise extraordinary as the horses go past, and everybody for the moment is mad; the tumult at a barricade in the Faubourg St. Antoine is nothing to it. They cry the names of the horses, at the top of their voices, and each has his favourite; and they climb anywhere to see it. The horse that even on this occasion is called *L'Hollandais Volant*, and has proved that Dutch metal is not so bad. He gains 296,250 francs in the stakes, besides wagers, and belongs to Sir Eglington (g).



"IT'S—NO IT ISN'T—YES IT IS!"

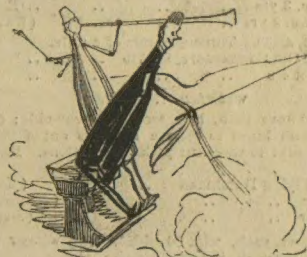
No sooner is the race over than every one begins to eat and drink—the gainers from joy, and the losers to keep up their spirits. Some lose so that they are obliged to sell their wives the next day, as you saw in "*Les Mystères des Londres*," at the Ambigu, where the Lord Mayor of London sold his wife at Blackwall to the great Sir Scheridan (h). Others, who win, have an envy to take wine with strangers in their good-fellowship, until they can no more drink.

When they have finished, they all go home; and then you would not imagine the whirlwind of carriages—the windmill of people that crush away. Again there are grave accidents: horses are killed, wheels are broken, windows are smashed; and, in one case, I saw the hinder part of a carriage knocked away, so that the friends were obliged to hold it up all the way home, to the cheers of the spectators. All the drivers were filled with wine, which they call champagne; but it is of a vintage the most remarkable, grown on purpose for the Derby, and its consumption leads to curious events; but these are only for laughing at, as it is a great national *séte*. And, indeed, whilst our National Assem-



GIVING THEM A LIFT.

bly is in a terrible state, the House of Commons only debate whether they shall have a holiday to go to the Derby.



COMING OFF.

When you write, tell me whether we are to have in France an Empire, a Republic, or nothing at all (i). *Milles amitiés*, BONENFAUT. I have to day a headache, and but a little of money; but they say all of the world is the same on *le lendemain du Derby*.



VARIORUM NOTES.

(a) The friend intimated by the "—" is a *commissaire-priseur*, living; next



SKETCH ON THE ROAD.



door to M. Bonenfant, who has never been out of Paris in his life, further than Vincennes and Versailles.

(b) Query—*stout*?  
(c) M. Bonenfant here makes a mistake by confusing our term "drag" with the French "*drague*," a grapple for under water.

(d) The driver of a diligence is still the "*postillon*."

(e) The similar rule of counting "*le Roi*" at *carté* might have made this clearer to M. Bonenfant. The "*heels*" of French knaves are, however, lighter than those of English ones, and the comparison becomes lost.

(f) Another error, or rather two. Epsom salts do not come from mines; and the esteemed director of the Opera does not keep the betting-rooms.

(g) M. Bonenfant keeps up the French notions of our Nobility, who are only divided into *Milords* and *Sirs*. These they apply vaguely—such as Sir Anstey and Milor Hudson.

(h) The French believe the present Anti-Smithfield movement is in consequence of a wish to abolish the sale of wives always going on there.

(i) M. Bonenfant does not say much about returning just at present. We think he has reason.

#### ARRIVAL AT THE DOWNS.

Vans and busses, overloaded;  
Donkeys, horses, ponies goaded;  
Four-horse coaches, full and fast,  
Hoping that their wheels will last;  
Swells upon the Life Guards' drag;  
Padding coves not worth a nag;  
Rattling dog-cart, one-horse fly,  
Four-wheel chaise from Peckham-rye;  
Cab—a guinea there and back;  
Spavin'd, winded, found'ring hack;  
Gent. in a commercial gig;  
Parties for the thimble-rig;  
(When policemen are not near);  
Betting-men, M.P., and Peer,  
Putting forth their topmost paces,  
All agog for Epsom Races.

#### LEAVING THE DOWNS.

Smashing, crashing, pulling, tearing,  
Jamming, cramming, singing, swearing,  
Each to get before-hand striving.  
"Now, then, sir, where are you driving?"  
"Hold his tail, sir, as you ride;"  
"I say, spooney, get inside;"  
"There's a tailor;" "Mind the bank;"  
"Come, you Hansom, keep the rank;"  
"I say Pikey, ope the gate—"  
"It's all right, five, seven, eight;"  
"Now, you Thomas Hudson, baker,  
Forty-two, Cross-street, Long-acre,  
Look alive, you unbaked muffin;"  
"What's the matter, Joey?" "Nuffin;  
Only broken both the traces."  
"Never mind—it's Epsom Races!"

#### NATIONAL SPORTS.

The sporting sympathies of all classes have for the last week been so completely absorbed by the great event consummated on Wednesday last, that, in whatever company or quarter we have moved, the only words that have caught our ear have been "Dutchman," "the Black-un," "Tadmor" (alias the "Dumpling"), and "Clatterer." Even the Sabbath was not "held sacred;" for, at the Corner, the gathering was quite as numerous, and the excitement quite as intense, as if it had been a regular and a "proper" day of business. The betting gentry, however, are notoriously exclusive in their devotions, and look upon the whole seven as week days.

The races commenced on Tuesday, and, as far as quantity went, left nothing to complain of in the item of sport, albeit its kind was not particularly interesting. On Wednesday the great race was decided; and, to the delight of every lover of fair and honourable racing, was won by that popular nobleman, the Earl of Eglington, with "The Flying Dutchman," a half-bred horse running a very good second, and little Tadmor third; those notables, "Nunnykirk" and "Clatterer," nowhere! The betting men are "hit" very hard, and it is feared the settling will be a bad one.

The meeting was resumed on Thursday, with an average list; the racing offered nothing worth notice.

The turf arrangements for next week embrace—the settling, on Tuesday; Manchester races, on Wednesday and two following days; and Hungerford, on Friday. The first Thames Yacht sailing match will come off on Wednesday.

#### TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—Although this was the last public day at the corner previous to the races, the betting was dull beyond all precedent. It was important, however, from the feeling shown against The Flying Dutchman and Tadmor, and the eagerness to back Nunnykirk and Clatterer: no others were in demand. The Oaks betting was equally flat. Imperatrix alone made any advance.

9 to 4 agst Flying Dutchman	50 to 1 agst Vatican	50 to 1 agst Montague
3 to 1 — Nunnykirk	30 to 1 — Old Dan Tucker	100 to 15 — Totapur
13 to 2 — Tadmor	30 to 1 — Honeycomb	1000 to 5 — Chanterey
6 to 1 — Clatterer (t)	30 to 1 — The Knout	1000 to 5 — Woolwich
25 to 1 — Elthron	50 to 1 — The Old Fox	1000 to 5 — Glenalvon

7 to 1 against The Flying Dutchman winning the Derby and the St. Leger (t)

5 to 1 agst Clarissa	7 to 1 agst Sis to Arkwright	15 to 1 agst Imperatrix
6 to 1 — Glaucia	7 to 1 — Woodlark	15 to 1 — Escalade

#### EMPEROR'S VASE.

4 to 1 agst Van Tromp (t)

#### EPSOM RACES.—TUESDAY.

Sir G. Heathcote's Black Eagle, 3 yrs ..	(Ralph Sherwood) 1
WOODCOTE STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added.	
Mr. Gratwicke's Countess .. ..	(Kitchener) 1
Major Martyn's The Swede .. ..	(S. Mann) 2
The MANOR STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 40 added. The winner to be sold for £300, if demanded, the second to receive back his stake. Heats.	
Mr. Death's Antagonist, 5 yrs .. ..	(Wakefield) 1
Mr. Minor's Miss Bunney, 3 yrs .. ..	(Evans) 2
The HORTON STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 30 added. The winner to be sold for £150. Heats.	
Mr. Drinkald's Pillage, 3 yrs .. ..	(Rogers) 1
Mr. Dawson's Reversion, 3 yrs .. ..	(Watkins) 2
MATCH, £200. Three-quarters of a mile.	
Mr. E. R. Clark's The Old Commodore, 8st 7lb .. ..	1
Mr. Ford's Eunuch, 8st 4lb .. ..	2

#### WEDNESDAY.

The DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs each, h. ft. for Three-year-olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb; the second horse to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs towards the police regulations. Mile and a half. 237 subs.	
Lord Eglington's The Flying Dutchman .. ..	(Marlow) 1
Mr. Godwin's Hotspur .. ..	(Whitehouse) 2
Colonel Peel's Tadmor .. ..	(Flatman) 3

The CAREW STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs., if demanded, &c.

Mr. C. Hornsby's Bokhara, aged .. ..	(Hornsby, Jun) 1
Colonel Peel's Taffrail, 4 yrs .. ..	(Flatman) 2

The BURGH STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added. The winner to be sold for 80 sovs., if demanded, &c.

Mr. Burgess's Hind of the Forest, 4 yrs .. ..	(J. Sharp) 1
Mr. J. Day's Colocynthus, 4 yrs .. ..	(Wakefield) 2

#### THURSDAY.

The EPSOM FOUR YEARS-OLD STAKES of 50 sovs each, &c.

Mr. Holt's Comet .. ..	walked over
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The DURHAM STAKES of 10 sovs each, &c.

Sylvia .. ..	1
Paquita .. ..	2

#### THE GRAND STAND Plate of 200 sovs., &c.

Sword-player .. ..	1
Countess Colt .. ..	2

#### FRIDAY.

#### THE OAKS.

Lord Chesterfield's Sister to Arkwright .. ..	(F. Butler) 1
Mr. B. Green's Lady Superior .. ..	(Robinson) 2
Mr. Wreford's Woodlark .. ..	(A. Day) 3

#### WON BY A LENGTH. 15 ran.

#### MUSIC.

#### CONCERTS.

The annual morning concert of Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, the composer and pianist, was given on Monday, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The proceeds of this entertainment will be given in aid of the funds of the Governors' Benevolent Institution. Mr. Bennett performed his own pianoforte concerto in F minor, No. 4, in masterly style, proving himself to be able to conquer the greatest difficulties, as well as the possessor of a refined touch and classical style. He was greatly applauded by the fashionable assemblage present and by the band. His MS. overture, "Marie du Bas," which is not equal to his "Naiades and Wood-Nymphs," was also executed, as well as Weber's Jubilee overture, in which the National Anthem is interwoven, and Mendelssohn's "Isles of Fingal." Mr. J. B. Chatterton performed Parish Alvars' harp concerto in E flat, ably; and Signor Bricevaldo and Piatti flute and violoncello fantasias with unrivalled mechanism and taste. Mr. Lucas and Mr. Bennett are the conductors, with Dando and Blagrove as alternate leaders of the band. The Hungarian vocalists sang between the acts with the greatest effect. Miss Andrews, a pupil of Sir G. Smart, made a promising debut as a vocalist in the "May Dew," one of Mr. Bennett's elegant melodies. M. Wartel, the celebrated singer of Schubert's songs, made his first appearance in this country, and was warmly welcomed, in a serenade by Weber, and the "Adieu" of Schubert. In this class of songs Wartel is unrivalled; he has a barytone organ of good quality, and his phrasing is perfection. He was formerly on the stage, and was the original Huguenot soldier in Meyerbeer's opera, singing the "Ra-ta-plan" song with fine effect. The other vocalists were Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, who has acquired great popularity already; Miss Dolby, the Misses Williams, Mdlle. Graumann, another clever German singer; Herr Fischek, Mr. Machin, and Signor Marras.

The performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and the overture and music in the second act of Weber's "Oberon," on Monday night, at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hullah, was very creditable to the members of the upper

singing schools, who formed the choral portion. Mr. Willy was leader of a good orchestra; and Miss Lucombe, the Misses Williams, Mr. Benson, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Fischek were the principal singers. Reeves was encored in "Love in her eyes," and Fischek in "Ruddier than the cherry." Two choral songs, composed by Miss Macrone, a very accomplished English professor, were performed, and well received. Mr. Jarrett's horn obligato in the mermaids' song, so sweetly sung by Miss A. Williams, was beautiful. The hall was quite full, and the selection afforded every gratification.

**MUSICAL EVENTS.**—Mr. John Parry repeated his entertainment, last Monday, at Willis's Rooms, and it will be again given on Monday next. We regret to learn that the respected father of Mr. John Parry is very severely indisposed. On Wednesday, Ernst the violinist, and Hallé, again performed at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester. The third classical *matinée* of Miss and Mr. John Day took place on Thursday; on that evening Sir H. R. Bishop gave his lecture on the music of Italy, at the Whitlington Club. On Friday morning was the concert of Mrs. Anderson; and in the evening, the performance of Haydn's "Creation," at Exeter Hall, conducted for the first time by Costa, notices of which will appear in our next week's impression. The sixth Philharmonic Concert will be given on Monday. On Tuesday morning will be the fifth meeting of the Musical Union; and in the evening, Herr Schulhoff's concert. On Wednesday will be the seventh concert of the Amateur Musical Society; and the 25th of the Exeter Hall Concerts. On Wednesday morning will be the second concert at the Royal Italian Opera, with the entire vocal and instrumental resources of the establishment, besides the Hungarian Singers, and the *début* of Dreychock, the pianist, the double-bass playing of Bottesini, &c.: the whole under Costa's direction. Mdlle. Coulon has a morning concert, on Wednesday. On Thursday Mr. R. Blagrove will give the first of his concertina concerts; and Miss Messent has a morning concert. On Friday Mr. C. Salaman will give a morning concert, in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution; and in the evening M. Julien will give the first of his *Concerts Monstres*, at Exeter Hall. French and German Opera, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at the St. James's and Drury-Lane theatres; English Opera nightly, at the Princess's and Italian Opera, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-Garden.

#### THE THEATRES.

##### HER MAJESTY'S.

On Saturday, the performances were "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," followed by the new ballet of "Electra." As soon as the atrocious attempt on her Majesty was known, the performance was stopped, and Mr. Lee, the official speaker of the theatre, made the following address:—

Ladies and Gentlemen.—Under the impression that a portion of the audience may be labouring under anxiety, and as loyalty is here paramount to all other thoughts, I am commissioned by Mr. Lumley to inform you that although her Gracious Majesty and the Royal children were shot at whilst returning to the Palace, they have (thank Heaven!) escaped unhurt.

When it was announced that her Majesty was unhurt, the cheers from a crowded audience were most deafening. "God save the Queen" was sung three times, amidst the loudest applause and a general waving of handkerchiefs.

The house was one of the most brilliant of the season; and the magnificence of the scene was increased by the official personages appearing in uniform.

On Tuesday, the splendid opera of "Semiramide" was performed, with a very powerful cast, comprising Parodi, Alboni, Lablache, and Coletti. The character of the Assyrian Queen was finely conceived by Mdlle. Parodi. "Qual mesto gemito" was given with remarkable effect, by the judicious use of the *sotto voce*; and the duet with Assur, "Se la vita," was sustained with great energy and spirit. The *Arsace* of Mademoiselle Alboni was, as heretofore, a brilliant success; "Ah quel giorno," "Bello immago," "Giorno d'orrore," and "In si barbara sciagura," being so many magnificent displays throughout; the two latter were encored. Coletti was very efficient as Assur; and Oroe impressively given by Lablache. The success of the performance was unequivocal. The overture was unanimously encored. Mademoiselle Parodi and Coletti were enthusiastically called for at the termination of their duet, in addition to the usual calls at the end of the acts.

On Thursday "La Gazza Ladra" was given; Mdlle. Alboni taking the part of Ninetta for the first time in England.

The performance of "Gazza Ladra," on Thursday, far exceeded all expectations. Lablache and Coletti, the great artists of their age, were as full of vigour as on the first day on which they appeared in this opera, and made the parts of the *Podesta* and *Fernando* their own. But, besides, there was Calzolari, eliciting a new spirit from the very small part of *Gianetto*; and the young contralto, Calzolari, pouring out for the first time her fresh, powerful tones in *Pippo*. But what most surpassed expectation was Alboni. This renowned singer was expected to sink below the level in singing this soprano part; and it was particularly feared she would be wanting in dramatic expression. The beauties of her execution and the energy of her acting produced astonishment as well as admiration. Her notes soared up to the highest register of the human voice; and in her intonation and her demeanour there was feeling and pathos nothing could resist. The ovations of triumph were interminable.

##### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The excitement on the news of the firing at her Majesty reaching the theatre during the performance of the prologue in "Lucrezia Borgia," was very great, and the call for the National Anthem was spontaneous, and was immediately obeyed by the entire company, Grisi singing the three verses with fervent feeling. Every allusion was taken up with enthusiasm. The appearance of the house, crowded with rank and fashion—many of the ladies appearing in their Court dresses, and the gentlemen in their uniforms, wearing their orders, was most brilliant. At the end of the opera the Anthem was again called for, and sung.

On Tuesday night the house was crowded to excess, for the only appearance of Madame Persiani in her famed part of *Amina*, and for the *début* of our great English tenor, Sims Reeves, as *Elvino*. Madame Persiani, with the exception of a little uncertainty in the second act, was in excellent voice, and never vocalised with more astonishing brilliancy. Reeves' reception was most enthusiastic; and, although we have heard him in better voice, his success on the Italian boards was unquestionable. The great effort was in the slow movement of the "Tutto è sciolto" ("All is lost now"), which he was compelled to sing twice. Mdlle. Corbali was the *Lisa*; Polonini, *Alessio*; and Tamburini, the *Count*; and the cast was, therefore, first-rate.

On Thursday night was revived that lyric tragedy of deep and powerful emotions, the "Huguenots," of Meyerbeer. The cast, since last season, has undergone several changes. *Valentine*, sustained by Viardot, is now filled by Grisi. Mdlle. Dorus Gras, who "created," as the French term it, *Marguerite de Valois*, in Paris, succeeds Mdlle. Castellani. The *Page Urbain* has gone from Alboni to Angeli. The chivalrous *Nevers* has passed from Tagliafico to Massol, who was in the original Parisian cast, the former artist assuming Tamburini's character of the stern and cruel father of *Valentine*, *San Bris*; and Signor Rommy appears as *Alaric*. Mario and Marini retain their parts of *Raoul* and *Marcello*; and Mdlle. Bellini, Mel, Lavi, Soldi, Rache, Talamo, and Alboni also enact their original characters. But a most important addition to the cast has been made, with the truly artistic feeling displayed by Sims Reeves, who, to add to the powerful *ensemble*, sings the couplets of *Bois Rose*, the Huguenot soldier, in the second act, "Ra-ta-plan." There are likewise some valuable additions in the last act, suggested by Royal amateurs.

The opera was received, by a house crowded in every part, with the utmost enthusiasm. An apology was made for Marini, on the ground of indisposition; but he was encored in the "Pif, paf." Angeli played the page admirably, and was encored in the song (in the second scene of the first act) "No! no!" Mario created a powerful sensation in the septuor of the duel, which was twice demanded, with immense applause. Reeves was also encored in the "Ra-ta-plan," which he gave with astounding effect. The "Conjuration" was another encore. Grisi's success as *Valentine* was triumphant; and Massol, as *Nevers*, was a most valuable acquisition to the cast.

##### GERMAN OPERA.

Beethoven's "Fidelio," the only opera the immortal composer, unfortunately for art, has given to the world, was produced at Drury-lane Theatre on Saturday night, but the execution was by no means satisfactory, the band playing two of the four overtures written for this work—the *Fidelio* and the *Leonora* in C—in a very scrambling style. The principal singers were Mdlle. Walther, her first appearance as the devoted wife, for whom indisposition was pleaded, but who acted with feeling and energy; Mdlle. Babbington, who sings distressingly out of tune as *Marcellena*; Herr Erl, as *Florestan*; Herr Breuer, as *Kocco*, the gaoler; and Herr Stepan, as *Don Pizarro*. The choral singing was not so good as that in "Der Freyschütz," but the earnestness of the chorists secured an encore for the celebrated chorus of prisoners, one of the most pathetic and poetic creations of the composer. On Monday night, Flotow's opera of "Stradella," with two acts of Weber's "Der Freyschütz," were performed, her Majesty and Prince Albert honouring the performance with their presence. The reception given to the Royal amateurs was most enthusiastic; the National Anthem was sung amidst prolonged bursts of cheering. Her Majesty looked remarkably well, and was evidently in excellent spirits. Flotow's work—which an English version was done during Mr. Bonn's management—was respectfully executed on the occasion, Mdlle. Morton being the *Leonora*, Erl *Stradella*, Siepar *Malvolto*, Küchler *Barbarino*, and Breuer *Bassi*. The drinking song for two basses and chorus was encored.

##### FRENCH OPERA.

Boisselot's comic opera, in three acts, "Ne touchez pas à la Reine," was very successfully produced on Monday night, at the St. James's Theatre, in presence of the Duchess of Kent and a great array of fashionable ladies. It is a work better calculated for Mr. Mitchell's forces than any French opera he has before mounted. It is an animated production of the Auberian school, and Scribe's *libretto* is dramatic and effective. The law in Spain, that he who touches the Queen is doomed to death, forms the basis of the story; a young *Cavalier* (Coudere), who has saved the life of the Queen (Mdlle. Charton), having imprinted a kiss on her Spanish Majesty's forehead as she sleeps, being capitally condemned; he is saved, however, by the Queen bestowing on him her hand, heart, and crown. An excellent acquisition to the company has been made in Zelger, from Brussels; he enacted the *Regent*; he has a fine bass voice, and is an admirable actor. Mdlle. Charton's Queen was nicely sustained, and was encored in the bolero with enthusiasm. Mdlle. Guichard's *Estrella* was clever. Coudere and Zelger, with Mdlle. Guichard, are seen to the utmost advantage in the operetta of "Le Rendez-vous Bourgeois." Between the acts of Boisselot's opera, the National Anthem was sung, Miss Messent and M. Octave, the new tenor, taking the solo verses.

Two bustling little farces have been produced, and with entire success—one at the MARYLEBONE, called "It's only my Aunt," and the other at the STRAND, entitled "Taken in and done for." They are both as slight as can possibly be, but sufficiently lively to keep the audience in constant laughter—the acting of Mr. Farren in the latter piece being very excellent.

Mr. Lovel announced, at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, on Monday, that he had a new five-act play, nearly completed, for Mr. and Mrs. Kean to appear in at the HAYMARKET.

Mrs. Nesbitt and Miss Mordaunt commence their engagement at the SURREY on Monday.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Monsieur Coudere's benefit is announced for Wednesday, when will be produced Auber's "La Part du Diable." *Carlo Broschi*, by Mdlle. Charton; *Rafael*, M. Coudere. This will be followed by the first act of "La Dame Blanche."

A new five-act play is in active preparation at the MARYLEBONE; and a grand spectacle is about to be produced at ASTLEY'S.

#### METROPOLITAN NEWS.

**LAMB AND FLAG RAGGED SCHOOLS, CLERKENWELL.**—The fourth annual meeting of these schools took place on Wednesday evening, at the Parochial School-rooms, Amwell-street. There was a very crowded attendance, including a great number of ladies. The Earl of Harrowby occupied the chair, and there were also on the platform the Bishop of Norwich, the Bishop of St. Asaph, Mr. G. Thompson, M.P., &c. From the report it appeared that since the last meeting, the Queen and Prince Albert had become munificent subscribers to the cause, having presented 100 guineas to the Ragged School Union. The number of children on the books of the day-school was 574, and the average attendance was upwards of 206. Of these, 167 could read well, 283 could read by single words and letters; 20 could write very well; 182 could write on slates; 30 understood arithmetic; and 46 of the girls could sew well. In the evening school for adults there were 104, and the average attendance was 60, of from 15 to 50 years of age, most of whom could read a little. The success of the adult schools was much crippled for want of teachers. On the books of the Sunday school there were 250, the average attendance being 150. In all, the number on the books in the past year had been 928, and the average attendance 410. The progress of all was most satisfactory. The annual subscriptions had amounted to £90, but the expense of carrying on the four schools would not be less than £200 per annum.

**GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.**—The annual dinner of this excellent institution came off on Monday, at the London Tavern, Mr. Charles Kean presiding. The attendance was most numerous, every seat in the large room being occupied, and the subscriptions far exceeding those of former years. Admirable speeches were made by the chairman, as well as by Mr. Charles Dickens, General Burgoyne, Mr. Lovell, Mr. Webster, and other gentlemen; and the musical services of Mr. Balfe, Mr. Hobbs, Madame Dulcken, Miss Dolby, and Miss Ransford acknowledged with the loudest enthusiasm. The crowded attendance formed a striking contrast to the anniversary dinners of the friends bearing the names of the two large theatres, which it would be advantageous, if practicable, to amalgamate with the above admirable institution.

**IONIAN BANK.**—The annual meeting of this company was held at the offices in Great Winchester-street on Thursday, Mr. C. Hancock in the chair. The report stated that, owing to the accidental circumstance of a run having taken place on the Bank at Cephalonia, the operations did not present quite such a satisfactory result as for the two previous years. The way in which that run had been met, though it occasioned a loss upon the exchanges to obtain specie, had established the bank on a firmer basis than ever. Notwithstanding the circumstance just alluded to, the directors were gratified in being able to state that the year's business enabled them not only to meet the extraordinary charge entailed on them by the loss on the exchanges, but to write off the bad debts, pay the dividend of 6 per cent., and carry a sum of about £400 to the credit of profit and loss, which would increase the reserve fund to £12,472 18s. The report was unanimously adopted; and the usual resolutions having been carried, the meeting separated.

**ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.**—On Tuesday the annual general meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England took place at the rooms of the society, Hanover-square, for the purpose of receiving the report of the council for the last half-year, and the election of a president, trustees, vice-presidents, council, and other officers for the year ensuing. The Earl of Chichester, the president of the society, occupied the chair, and was supported by the Marquis of Downshire, Earl Ducie, the Earl of Yarborough, &c. The Marquis of Downshire was elected president, and the following noblemen and gentlemen were elected as trustees and vice-presidents for the ensuing year; viz.:—Trustees: Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., M.P.; Lord Braybrooke; the Hon. Robert H. Clive, M.P.; the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., M.P.; Sir Francis Lawley, Bart.; Joseph Neeld, Esq., M.P.; Lord Portman; Philip Pusey, M.P.; the Duke of Richmond; the Duke of Rutland; Earl Spencer; the Duke of Sutherland. Vice-Presidents: Mr. Thomas Raymond Barker; the Earl of Chichester; Earl Ducie; Earl of Egmont; Marquis of Exeter; Earl Fitzwilliam; Sir T. S. Gooch, Bart.; Earl of Hardwicke; Viscount Hill; the Duke of Wellington; and the Earl of Yarborough. After enumerating various experiments which the chemical committee had successfully made, the report recommended that a salary of £200 a year be paid to Professor Way for this purpose, and that £300 per annum be permitted to be expended in chemical inquiries. The council had decided that the ensuing country meeting of the society shall be held at the city of Norwich, commencing on Monday, the 18th of July; and the number of entries for implements at present far exceed the number exhibited at York last year. The principal railway companies throughout the kingdom had granted the same liberal concessions in favour of the society's exhibitions as were made by them last year; namely, the free conveyance of live stock, and a reduction of one-half the usual rates of charge for implements. The authorities of Norwich had granted the free use of St. Andrew's Hall, fitted up at their own expense, for the great dinner of the society and the council dinner. It has been decided that the country meeting of the society for the western district shall be held, next year, at the city of Exeter; and that the district for the year 1853 shall be composed of the counties of Leicester, Lincoln, Nottingham, and Rutland, and be designated the East Midland district. The report as to the state of the funds of the society for the half-year up to the 31st of December last showed that the receipts were £6831 13s. 3d., and the expenditure £5888 7s. 1d. The arrears altogether amounted to no less than £5603; and, if that were obtained, the affairs of the society would be in a most flourishing condition. (Hear.) The course which the committee had recommended was to forward a letter to every member in arrears, containing a copy of the opinion of counsel as to their liability, and requesting immediate payment.

**REPEAL OF THE DUTY ON ADVERTISEMENTS, PAPER, &c.**—On Tuesday evening, a meeting of master printers and persons connected with the newspaper press, was held at the London Mechanics' Institution, "for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning Parliament to repeal the duty on paper, advertisements, and also the penny stamp on newspapers printed for local circulation." Luke James Hansard, Esq., in the chair. The following resolutions, and a petition to Parliament founded thereon, were agreed to:—"That it is the opinion of this meeting that the tax on paper, advertisements, and also penny stamps on newspapers printed for local circulation, forcibly impede the operations of the printing trade, and are otherwise pernicious to the well-being of the community; inasmuch as they obstruct the advancement of the people by improperly raising the prices of books, publications, and newspapers, and prevent the majority from obtaining the practical knowledge and useful information so immediately essential to their happiness, and conducive to the general prosperity of the State."

**THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL.**—On Tuesday, the anniversary of the charity of Magdalen Hospital was commemorated at the institution, Blackfriars-road, on which occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury made a powerful appeal on behalf of the Hospital; and therewith present Lord Skelmersdale (the President), Marquis of Westminster, Earl of Eldon, Lord Brandon, Lord Kenyon, the Bishop of Winchester, Sir Edward Cust, Bart., Mr. W. Egerton, &c., Vice-President, with the members of the committee, the governors, and friends of the charity. A report was presented, from which it appeared that there was a very serious diminution of the income, arising from the applicants being more numerous than during the previous year, and from the circumstance of a loss of revenue by several valuable leasehold estates, having fallen out of the possession of the Hospital, and which had been held for a period of ninety years. The Hospital was capable of affording accommodation to 200 inmates. During the previous year there had been as many as 108 in the Hospital. There were many more applicants, but who were compelled to be refused admittance, as there were not sufficient funds in hand for their support. The benefits to be derived from the charity were elicited from the following facts:—Since the commencement of the institution, in the year 1758, to the 4th January, 1849, the total admissions amounted to 7528; of these, 5163 were sent to their friends, or were provided with situations; 1285 were discharged at their own request; 758 were discharged on account of improper conduct; 110 had died; and 108 suffered from insanity or fits; leaving, at the present time, 104 in the Hospital.

**HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1849.**—The 1033 deaths registered in the week exhibit an increase of 70 on the weekly average; as well as an excess of nearly 90 on the weekly mortality of the previous fortnight. This unfavourable result is due principally to diseases of the respiratory organs. The deaths from hooping-cough were 67, or nearly double the average; those in the preceding week were 46. The deaths from bronchitis and pneumonia were 54 and 86, being 17 and 25 above the respective averages, and also showing an increase on the previous week. The deaths from measles were 32, or 11 above the average; those from typhus exactly correspond with it. The mortality from small-pox is remarkably low; and scarlatina, after spreading its ravages throughout a long period, has subsided to nearly the ordinary amount of fatality. The deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery were 18; only one was caused by cholera. The deaths of two persons, one advanced in life, were accelerated by intemperance; and a woman of 77 years died from immersion in water, and bruises received by falling into a common sewer, when under the influence of intoxicating drink. A man of 58 years died of "cerebral affection produced by mental anxiety," after an illness of twelve weeks. And a boy was accidentally killed by suspension with a rope at the neck, while engaged in gymnastic exercises. The births registered during the week were 1398.

**METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.**—The mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.498. The mean temperature of the week was 54.9. The temperature was a little above the average of the same period of seven years throughout the whole week; and the excess, taking one day with another, was 2.6.



## CHESS.

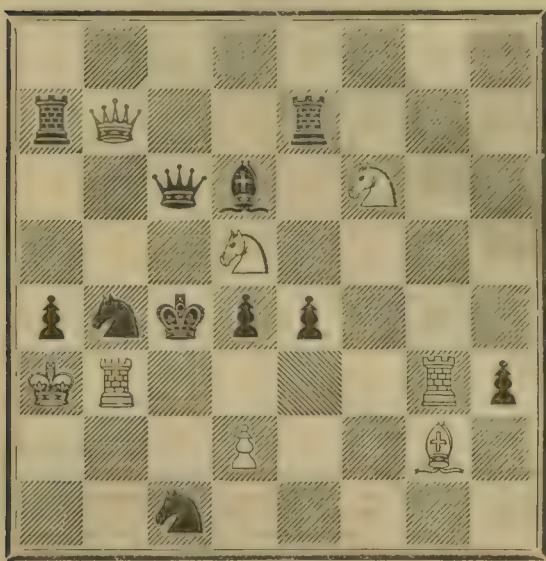
## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "L. K." Paris.—Received safely, and with thanks.  
 "A Constant Reader." Dalton.—You will find the whole of the solutions at pp. 503, 504 of the new Chess work, the Chess-Player's Companion.  
 "E. G. C." Adelaide, South Australia.—We shall be much gratified to learn that your experiment has proved successful.  
 "Arden." "P. T. G." and "H. Secretary."—Send in your names to the publisher of Mr. Kling's Problems, and you will, doubtless, obtain the work as subscribers.  
 "Rusticus."—The subscription to the St. George's Chess Club, for country members, is only one guinea per annum. Apply immediately to the secretary.  
 "G. S." Isle of Man.—Received with thanks.  
 "Bath Unit."—Should write plainer; one-half, at least, of his communications are undecipherable.  
 "W. J. J."—The diagram sent is that of Mr. Bolton's admirable three-move Problem to which we have so often adverted.  
 "E. H. G."—The suggestion shall be submitted to the author.  
 "A. L." Holkham.—Very acceptable at all times.  
 "D. E. C."—A Problem in one move, presenting even the semblance of difficulty, would be a novelty worth recording; your attempt, unfortunately, is palpable to the very humblest capacity.  
 "S. G. S."—We doubt the practicability of mating in 5 moves, if Black mate the proper defence for his second move.  
 "Omicron."—Many thanks.  
 "Ozonensis."—cannot seriously suppose there is anything problematical in the position he sends.  
 "A Wrexham Chess-player."—Ingenious, but very far from original. The same idea occurs in a late Enigma of ours, by "A Brighton Amateur."  
 "Jareph."—is thanked for his indefatigable attention.  
 "W. D."—It is published by Bohn, of York-street, Covent-garden.  
 "P. T. M."—To play well at Chess is certainly a very difficult acquirement; and the paragraph to which you allude in the preface of the "Chess-Player's Companion," which implies the contrary, is a silly misprint, inserted without the sanction or even knowledge of the author.  
 "Derevon."—Try Enigma 444 once more.  
 Solutions by "W. R." "J. L." "St. Albans," "M. E. R." "O. G. V." "J. W. P." "H. P." "Woodstock," "E. G. S." "P. W." "E. G. D." "R. B." "F. G. R." "M. E. R." "E. L." "H. G. S." "Omicron," "S. H." "F. C." "Derevon," "J. L." "J. W. P." are correct. Those by "Juan," "W. D." "C. D." "F. R." "F. W. P." are wrong.

## PROBLEM No. 279.

This admirable piece of strategy is the invention of  
 HERR T. E. RIES, of Stuttgart.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in six moves.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 278.

- |                      |              |                   |            |
|----------------------|--------------|-------------------|------------|
| WHITE.               | BLACK.       | WHITE.            | BLACK.     |
| 1. Kt to Q 3d        | P to B 5th   | 4. P takes P (ch) | K to B 5th |
| 2. R to K B 4th (ch) | P takes R    | 5. B mates.       |            |
| 3. Kt to K sq        | P to K B 6th |                   |            |
- \* This is the author's solution, but he appears to have overlooked a shorter road to victory, e. g.:-
- |                 |            |                      |        |
|-----------------|------------|----------------------|--------|
| WHITE.          | BLACK.     | WHITE.               | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to Q 3d   | P to B 5th | 3. R to Kt 4th—Mate. |        |
| 2. R to Q Kt sq | P takes Kt |                      |        |

## MATCH BY CORRESPONDENCE,

BETWEEN THE CHESS CLUBS OF LONDON AND AMSTERDAM.

WHITE (Amsterdam). BLACK (London).

33. P to K 4th  
 London to play.

## CHESS IN THE METROPOLIS.

The following smart skirmish has just transpired between the celebrated French Champion, M. St. Amant (now on a visit here), and Messrs. G. Medley and Hannah, the two latter consulting together and receiving the odds of the pawn and move.

- |                      |                    |                       |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| BLACK (The Allies).  | WHITE (M. St. A.). | BLACK (The Allies).   | WHITE (M. St. A.). |
| 1. P to K 4th        | P to K 3d          | 12. B takes P         | B takes Kt (ch)    |
| 2. P to Q 4th        | Q to Kt 3d         | 13. P takes B         | Q to K B 3d        |
| 3. Q Kt to B 3d      | P to K 4th (a)     | 14. K Kt to K 2d      | C sties.           |
| 4. P to Q 5th        | Q Kt to K 2d       | 15. P to Kt 4th (d)   | P to Q B 3d        |
| 5. Q B to K Kt 5th   | P to Q 3d          | 16. Castles on K side | P takes Q P        |
| 6. K B to Q 3d       | K Kt to B 3d (b)   | 17. K Kt takes K B P  |                    |
| 7. Q B takes Kt      | P takes B          | 18. P takes Kt        | Q takes Q R P      |
| 8. Q to K R 5th (ch) | Kt to K Kt 3d      | 19. K to R sq         | Q to Q 5th (ch)    |
| 9. P to K B 4th      | P takes P          | 20. Q takes P (ch)    | R takes Kt         |
| 10. P to K 5th       | P to K B 4th       | 21. P to K 7th—Mate   | K to B sq          |
| 11. P to K 6th       | K to K Kt 2d (c)   |                       |                    |

- (a) This opening is not conducted by M. St. Amant with his usual judgment, since he now gives to his opponent a second move in advance.  
 (b) Another error, the result of frequent practice. He should have played Q to her 2d.  
 (c) Why not rather have checked with the Queen, compelling an exchange, and thus have relieved himself from the pressure of such an attack?  
 (d) Well played.  
 (e) The attack is quite irresistible from this point, play as White may.

## NOVEL AND INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE GAME

From the New Treatise called "The Chess-Player's Companion."

(Mr. Staunton gives the odds of his King's Bishop to a Metropolitan Amateur.)  
 (Before playing over the odds, White's K Bishop must be taken from the board.)

- |                      |                |                      |                    |
|----------------------|----------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. Staunton) | BLACK (Mr. —.) | WHITE (Mr. Staunton) | BLACK (Mr. —.)     |
| 1. P to Q 4th        | P to Q 4th     | 13. K Kt P takes P   | P takes P          |
| 2. P to K B 4th      | P takes P      | 14. K R to K Kt sq   | P to K R 4th       |
| 3. Q B to K B 4th    | Q B to K B 4th | 15. P to Q 5th       | Q B takes K Kt     |
| 4. Q Kt to B 3d      | K Kt to B 3d   | 16. Q takes B        | Q Kt to Q R 4th    |
| 5. P to K B 3d       | P to K 3d      | 17. B to Q 4th       | K Kt to B 3d       |
| 6. P to K 4th        | Q B to K Kt 3d | 18. P to K 5th       | K Kt to K R 2d (a) |
| 7. K Kt to K 2d      | Q Kt to B 3d   | 19. K R to Kt 6th    | K to his R sq      |
| 8. Q B to K 3d       | K B to K 3d    | 20. Q R to K Kt sq   | K R to Kt sq       |
| 9. Castles           | Castles        | 21. P to K 6th       | K Kt to B 3d       |
| 10. K to R sq        | P to K R 3d    | 22. Q to K R 5th     | K to his R 2d (b)  |
| 11. P to K Kt 4th    | K Kt to K R 2d | 23. Q takes K B P    |                    |
| 12. P to K B 4th     | P to K B 4th   |                      |                    |

- (a) If he had taken the Q Pawn, White would have answered with Q to K Kt 2d, winning a piece; and if he had played Q to Kt 5th, White would equally have gained the Kt by P to K R 3d.  
 (b) He would obviously have been mated next move if he had taken the Queen with his Kt.

## CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 446.—By Mr. HARRWITZ.

White: K at his Kt sq, Q at her Kt 7th, R at Q Kt 2d, B at Q R 6th, P at Q Kt 6th.

Black: K at Q B 6th, P at Q 5th.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

No. 447.—By Mr. E. A. of York.

White: K at K B 6th, Q at K B sq, B at Q 6th, Kt at K B 2d and K 5th, P at Q B 2d and Kt 2d.

Black: K at Q 3d, R at K B sq, Kt at Q 4th, P at K B 2d and 4th, Q B 2d, Q Kt 4th and 6th.

White playing first, mates in three moves.

## PARLIAMENTARY AND FINANCIAL REFORM.

The first public meeting called by the Council of the Financial Reform Association was held on Tuesday at the London Tavern. The meeting was convened for one o'clock; but long before that hour the large room of the tavern was densely crowded, as also was the gallery. On the platform were Arthur Anderson, Esq., M.P.; R. B. Osborne, Esq., M.P.; J. Williams, Esq., M.P.; J. Wyld, Esq., M.P.; B. M. Wilcox, Esq., M.P.; Colonel Thompson, M.P.; L. Hayworth, Esq., M.P.; George Thompson, Esq., M.P., and others.

The chair was taken by Sir Joshua Walsley, M.P., who explained the objects of the meeting to be to give extended publicity to the principles and objects of the Association, and to promote an effectual reform of our representative system; that reform to consist of—1. Such an extension of the franchise as will confer the right to be registered as an elector upon every man of full age, not subject to any legal disability, who for twelve months shall have occupied any tenement or portion of a tenement for which he shall be rated, or shall have claimed to be rated, to the relief of the poor. 2. The adoption of the system of voting by ballot. 3. The limitation of the duration of Parliaments to three years. And, 4. Such a change in the arrangement of the electoral districts as shall produce a more equal apportionment of representatives to constituents. The hon. gentleman having urged the propriety of observing silence and order during the proceedings, called on the hon. sec., Mr. T. H. Atkinson, who read the report, and stated that—"The Council, upon mature consideration, have decided upon advocating such an extension of the franchise as will give to every male occupier of a tenement, or any portion of a tenement, the right to be registered as an elector; the only condition coupled with that right being, not the payment of rates, but the fact of being rated, or having claimed to be rated, for the relief of the poor in respect of the qualifying premises. The effect of such a measure in strengthening the popular voice in the House of Commons, may be inferred from the fact that the present constituency of the United Kingdom would be increased by the addition of upwards of 3,500,000 voters. The Council seek to invest this extended right of voting with the shelter of the ballot; and, in order to keep actively alive that sense of responsibility, which, in the public business of the nation, as in the private affairs of life, secures the faithful exercise of a power held in trust, they advocate the return to the old constitutional system of triennial Parliaments; while another and not less important change sought for in our representative system will be that which will give a more equal apportionment of members to constituents. District and periodical aggregate public meetings will be held, tracts will be distributed, aid will be imparted to the various metropolitan registration societies now in existence for watching over the interests of liberal voters, and important facilities will be offered for the acquisition of freehold qualifications in the surrounding country."

The Chairman again rose, and having expressed his gratification at the crowded numbers of the meeting, thus adverted to the objects of the Association:—"Gentlemen, the maintenance of order is so necessary, that it would almost be a work of supererogation to say a word in its defence, were it not that men, I am sure, by their zeal rather than by their judgment, have given occasion to the enemies of reform, and the upholders of things as they are, to confound a desire for the removal of abuses with sedition, and a zeal for progressive reform with revolutionary tendencies. (Hear, hear.) We know, and none know better, that, without order, the best intentions and the purest principles are not available for good; and it is this knowledge which, I am sure, will induce the utmost caution and the utmost circumspection in the consideration of any proposition for organic change. (Hear, hear.) But, in avoiding the Scylla on the one side, we must be careful not to rush into Charybdis on the other. We must be careful that we do not, in the fear of innovation, perpetuate abuse. (Cheers.) We must not shut our eyes to the danger which must inevitably follow a continuance of those evils which are fast destroying all confidence between the governors and the governed. (Cheers.) There are few amongst us who do not feel the extreme pressure of taxation; there are equally few amongst us who are not alive to those abuses which are constantly before our eyes; there are few amongst us who do not look with alarm on the wide-spread and deep-seated disaffection which pervades the great body of the unfranchised masses. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, whichever way we look at it, the political and financial state of the country is most unsatisfactory. We see a rapid and continuous increase in our expenditure—we see the grossest abuse of patronage—we see the maintenance in our navy and army of forces totally disproportioned to our wants—we see a system of colonial government which has as many hues as the chameleon, and which has neither reference to the requirements of the colonies, nor to the interests of the mother country—and we see at the same time a dogged determination on the part of the powers that be to withstand every demand on the part of the great body of the people for admission within the portals of the constitution. (Hear, hear.) Under such circumstances, continued the hon. gentleman, I believe it to be the duty of every good citizen to take measures for obtaining that control over the public purse and the public affairs of the country which reason and common sense show to be the basis of good government—to enforce economy and retrenchment in every department—to see that property be made to bear its just share of the burdens of the State (cheers)—that education be placed within the reach of all—that the House of Commons be made the true reflex of the public mind—and that public self-reliance and public economy take the place of discontent and extravagance. We seek these changes by none other than the most loyal and peaceful means; and, strong in the justice of our cause, we call for the support of the rational of every class, creed, and party. (Cheers.) I have only one other point to refer to. We have called this meeting with somewhat of trepidation; but our anxiety is set at rest. (Cheers.) It is our intention to issue reports from time to time of our proceedings, and to enlighten the people, as we can, by giving them all the information we can, and future opportunities will be afforded of discussing the subject in still larger meetings—I hope larger and evening meetings." (A voice, "Yes, at Covent-garden.")

The hon. gentleman resumed his seat amidst enthusiastic cheering.

Mr. R. Taylor moved the first resolution:—"That, in the present contest between the advocates of a searching reform in the national finances and the parliamentary representation, on the one hand, and the upholders of a system which favours the few at the expense of the millions, on the other, it is important to strengthen and give effect to public opinion through the medium of an organised body, uniting reformers of all grades; and that the establishment of the Metropolitan Financial and Parliamentary Reform Association is, therefore, a matter not only of expediency, but likewise of paramount necessity." Mr. W. J. Hall seconded the motion.

Mr. Elliott, who stated that he was a working man, then came forward on the platform, to move an amendment, namely, that the association be called the Metropolitan Parliamentary and Financial Reform Association. He strongly advocated the adoption of universal suffrage.

Mr. Osborne, M.P., said he could have no hesitation in seconding such an amendment as that which had been proposed, and in doing so he could not but exclaim—

"Twice twoedleum and twedledee."

(Laughter.) Referring to the present aspect of the "Reformed House" of Commons, the hon. gentleman grieved to say that there was a lamentable want of feeling on the subject of reform in that House of which he was a member. It would hardly be believed that in the nineteenth century there was no such thing as a popular party existing in the House of Commons. There were certainly true and good men in that House, but he grieved to say that among them disease and sickness had been busy. The great patriarch of reform, Mr. Hume (cheers), he was sorry to say, was grievously ill; the two members for Finsbury, those honest and independent men, were not able to take their seats; and the hon. Baronet for Marylebone, he understood, was also ill. There was great apathy and distrust among reformers themselves, and he repeated again, that, at the present time, there was no popular party, no leader, and no popular principles well expounded in the House of Commons. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) The want of a popular party in this country was mainly owing to the conduct of her Majesty's present Ministry, for that Government, which had climbed to power on the shoulders of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, were the first to throw cold water on those men, and to make the Cabinet the prerogative of the oligarchy which ruled this country. (Cheers.) He had great respect for men in high stations when they exhibited ability and principle, but he could not see why the middle classes could see no wisdom except in a Lord (cheers), and no probity except in an estate gentleman. He thought the tendency was to make the House of Commons a great burrow for titled rabbits. (Cheers and laughter.) The House of Commons was, in consequence, nothing better than a taxing machine, by which a Minister was enabled to raise a greater amount of taxes than was ever imposed by the most despotic monarch of any period. The hon. gentleman, having reviewed the statistics of taxation, to show that it was constantly increasing, concluded by urging the necessity of the middle and working classes possessing themselves of forty shilling county franchises by the means proposed by the council.

Mr. Joseph Sturge regretted that physical-force principles had too often been associated with the name of Chartism. No doubt many who had professed Chartism had been guilty of violence; but as well might they charge Christianity with the evils of the Established Church, or the horrors of the Inquisition, as to condemn Chartism because some of its supporters were made enough to resort to physical force. (Hear, hear.) Chartism was founded on Christian principles, and all that was wanted to secure its success was a revival of the motto of "Measures not men." So soon as good and honest men were found to carry them out, Chartist principles would assuredly triumph. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Phillimore remarked that the object of the association was to obtain the suffrage for no less than 3,712,076 of the people, and surely such a boon was worth struggling for, without objecting that it did not go far enough.

The Chairman then intimated that the amendment proposed to the resolution was of so trivial a nature, that it had been determined to embody it in the resolution itself.

The resolution having been accordingly amended, it was put from the chair and carried unanimously.

Mr. William Williams, the late member for Coventry, was then introduced to the meeting as the mover of the next resolution, which was as follows:—

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the expenditure of the State is characterised by an extravagance the most reprehensible; that to sustain this reckless waste an enormous amount of taxation is required, which, as now levied, presses most unequally upon the different sections of the community; that so large a proportion of the taxes is imposed upon the necessities of life, that no economy nor self-reliance on the part of the poor man can enable him to escape from those burthens; that the effects of such a system are not only cruel, arbitrary, and pernicious towards the industrious classes, but are calculated to produce that wide-spread demoralisation and those flagrant crimes which are the off-spring of poverty and distress; and that, therefore, the whole framework of taxation should be so altered as to adjust its burthens to the respective means of those who are to bear them."

The hon. gentleman also dwelt on the increase of taxation since the passing of the Reform Bill. That increase amounted to £1,000,000, while the expenditure of the country had been augmented by £7,000,000. The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. D. W. proposed the third and last resolution, as follows:—

"That in the opinion of this meeting, the Commons House of Parliament, as it presents itself to the people, represents neither the population, the property, nor the industry of the country; that the election of its members has in numerous instances been the result of bribery and corruption, coercion and intimidation; that the electoral distributions present the monstrous anomaly of a few hundred voters in some districts returning as many members as several thousand constituents in other districts; that the Reform Act has totally failed to realise the expectations of the country, or to harmonize with the spirit of the age; and that, therefore, a large extension of the franchise, a complete independence in its exercise by means of the ballot, a more equal apportionment of representatives to population, and the limitation of Parliament to three years, become not only matters of common justice, but also of prudence and safety."

Mr. Reynolds spoke to the resolution in a somewhat intemperate manner.

Another person in the body of the meeting essayed to speak also, but—

The Chairman stated that the arrangements they had entered into with the proprietors of the room compelled them to close the meeting at five o'clock, which hour had now arrived. He regretted that the gentleman who had last addressed them should have used the word "infamous" in reference to the aristocracy. (Hear, hear.) For himself, he would be no party in applying the term "infamous" either to the productive, the upper, or the middle classes. (Hear.) The motion was then put and carried unanimously.

Mr. Proust moved a vote of thanks to the President, Sir J. Walsley, for his impartial conduct in the chair.

The vote was carried amidst much cheering, and was acknowledged in suitable terms by Sir J. Walsley, who called on all persons present to unite in the movement, and to support the Frechold Land Association as the means of placing the counties in the hands of the popular party.

## IRELAND.

THE OUTRAGE ON THE QUEEN.—On Monday, at a meeting of the Dublin Corporation, the Lord Mayor said he thought it his duty to inform the Council that he had just learned that an attempt had been made against the life of her most gracious Majesty. (Hear, hear.) Such being the fact, he thought they (the Council) ought to seize the earliest opportunity of expressing the horror with which they viewed such an execrable act by convening a special meeting of the Corporation, and giving instant utterance to their indignation. It was arranged that a special meeting of the body should be held on Friday, for the purpose mentioned by his Lordship.

EMIGRATION.—The extent to which emigration continues, even at this advanced period of the spring, is marvellous, and Ulster is now affording its full quota. Three vessels, fully freighted, sailed from Belfast last week, one for Quebec, and two for the United States. The Canadian emigrants were of the most substantial class that have left Ulster for very many years. One of the passengers carried with him £700 in gold, and generally those emigrants took out sums of money beyond their immediate necessities. Although the Poor-law guardians are limited in their power to promote emigration, a considerable number of paupers are about to be sent out to Canada by the Athy, Baltinglass, and other unions, in which a certain charge is to be made on the rates for outfit, and some landlords are liberally contributing. Passages have been provided in Dublin for upwards of one thousand paupers, and many more are to be sent out before the close of the season. Many of the Roman Catholic clergy are preparing to emigrate with a portion of the remnant of their flocks. The *Limerick and Clare Examiner* mentions several new cases, and one in particular, of a parish priest in the diocese of Limerick, whose parish has been depopulated to so great an extent, that the clergyman has been altogether bereft of income. The Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Vicar-General of the Augustinians, is about to proceed to the United States, accompanied by some wealthy laymen, in order to found a colony. It is thus that the failure of the potato is working a revolution in the whole social system of Ireland.

THE IRISH LINEN TRADE.—There is at least one exception to the general depression and despondency that press down all classes and all branches of industry in this country. The linen and yarn trade of Ulster are in a state of comparative prosperity, and this, in a great degree, accounts for the manner in which the northern province has been enabled to sustain itself, whilst the western counties have been utterly prostrated, and the south has suffered most severely, and many parts of Leinster have not escaped the paralyzing effects of the protracted famine.

THE CLEARANCE SYSTEM.—In all directions evictions are still in progress, and, in some instances, by landlords who have been hitherto remarkable for forbearance, as well as an anxiety to improve the condition of their tenants.

DEATH OF MISS EDGEWORTH.—Maria Edgeworth, the celebrated Irish novelist, died at Edgeworthstown, county of Longford, on the morning of Monday last, after a few hours' illness. She had reached an advanced age, and the last years of her life were passed in her native village in tranquillity and peace.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

CHelsea HOSPITAL.—General Sir George Anson, G.C.B., it is understood, will succeed the late Sir Edward Paget as Governor of Chelsea Hospital; and General Halkett, G.C.B., will be appointed Lieutenant-Governor of that institution. Sir Colin Halkett is an officer of highly distinguished service, and no selection could have been made more agreeable generally to the feelings of the army.

REGIMENTAL SCHOOLS.—A circular from the War-office was issued on Friday last, directing, with reference to the general order that all recruits are to attend the garrison or regimental school daily for instruction, that, from the 10th ult., recruits so attending the school are to be subjected to the charge of 4d. a month.

THE ENGINEERS IN IRELAND.—Colonel Oakfield, K.H., of the Royal Engineers, has proceeded to Dublin to take the command of the Royal Engineers in Ireland.

GOVERNORS OF MILITARY PRISONS.—Copy of a circular from the Secretary-at-War to general officers commanding districts:—"War office, May, 1849.—My attention having been drawn to the position of officers who, under the powers vested in the Secretary-at-War by the Mutiny Act, have been appointed governors of military prisons, and although entrusted with duties of a military nature, are really in charge of civil establishments, and as I consider it desirable, with reference to the important and responsible nature of those duties in the performance of which the governors are necessarily in constant and immediate communication with the military, that their position in the garrison, or at the station where military prisons are established, should be defined, I have the honour to acquaint you that they should be considered as heads of the civil departments over which they preside, and to request that they may be treated accordingly; but it is to be clearly understood that this is not to give them any claim to allowances of any kind to which they are not at present entitled."

PENINSULAR MEDALS.—On the 1st inst. above 20,000 officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, survivors from the Peninsular War, had established their claims, and the medals are in course of distribution. Last week the brigade of Guards received theirs; but several months will elapse before the above number are all received by the claimants.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.—The new dock in this yard, opening into the steam-basin at the entrance to the steam-factory, the work of Mr. Rolt, has been completed this week, and will be ready for use on the caisson being fitted. The dimensions of this dock are as follows:—Length on the coping, 300 feet; width, ditto, 90 feet; length on the bottom of the dock, 260 feet; width, ditto, 35 feet. The structure is faced with the finest stone; it is the largest dock yet constructed, and will consequently be able to take in the largest ship of modern build afloat. The building—comprising a waiting-room, &c. for her Majesty's accommodation at the railway terminus in Clarence-yard—is ordered to be taken down, and a more suitable and capacious one to be erected in lieu of it. The condemned building was designed by the Royal Engineers' department, who so narrowly constructed the approach to the waiting-room that the train cannot reach it.

Notice is given in the Gazette to the officers and company of her Majesty's sloop *Bulwark*, Thos. Hope, Esq., Commander, who were actually on board at the capture of the *Piedra*, on the 29th of January 1847, that a distribution of the bounties received for the said vessel will be made on the 5th of June, and the unclaimed shares will be recalled for three months.

THE CHelsea PENSIONERS.—The Chelsea pensioners of the Woolwich division of the London district have concluded their spring drill, and received notice that they will shortly have to proceed to London to be reviewed in Hyde-park. The pensioners entitled to medals for their services in the Peninsular war have each inspected those intended for them to ascertain that they are all correct, but they have been delivered back again, as it is intended to present the medals to the gallant veterans when they assemble in Hyde-park, to be reviewed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, and a distinguished staff of officers.

## THE "NORTH STAR."

At length, the *North Star*, the vessel fitted out by Government for the Arctic Regions, in search of Sir J. Franklin's Expedition, has left our shores with the most anxious hopes for her success. The *North Star* left Greenwich at two o'clock p.m. on Wednesday week, towed by the *Stromboli* steam-sloop, Commander Lord Amelius Beauclerk, who is to tow the *North Star* to the edge of the ice. This vessel completed taking in her stores, at Woolwich, by the 11th inst.; and, on the evening of the 10th, bags were forwarded to her from the Admiralty, containing letters for the *Leviathan* and *Terror*, discovery vessels, under Captain Sir John Franklin; the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, under Captain Sir James Ross; and the *Plow*, Commander Thomas Moore.

On the 12th inst., the Right Hon. Sir Francis T. Baring, First Lord of the Admiralty, Rear-Admiral J. W. Deans Dundas, C.B., Captain Fitzhardinge Berkeley, and the Hon. W. Cowper, Lords of the Admiralty, visited Woolwich, and proceeded on board the *North Star*, accompanied by Commodore Henry Eden and Mr. Lang, master ship.



## THE "NORTH STAR," SENT IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.



THE "NORTH STAR," TOWED BY THE "STROMBOLI" STEAM-FRIGATE.

wright, to witness the manner in which the vessel had been fitted for her expedition to the North Polar regions. Their Lordships remained nearly three-quarters of an hour on board, and were satisfied with the whole of the arrangements which have been made for the voyage. In the afternoon, the vessel was towed by the *Monkey* to Greenhithe.

The *North Star* is a vessel of 500 tons burden, and has been recently fitted out at Sheerness, according to the most approved principles, to render it capable of encountering the dangers incidental to the navigation of the Polar Seas. The hull has been cased over with timber until it has attained a thickness of three feet of solid wood; and, in addition to this, the bow—which is, of course, the most exposed part of the vessel—has an extra casing, projecting about a couple of feet beyond the ship's sides, to prevent its being stove in by the masses of floating ice which the vessel may expect to encounter during her voyage. The crew of the *North Star* numbers about forty, and the majority of the hands are young, active men. There are twelve officers, several of whom, in common with the commander (Capt. John



WARMING APPARATUS OF THE "NORTH STAR."

board, in about a quarter of an hour after the stove had been lighted, every part of the vessel was thoroughly warmed, and the heat in the gun-room itself was extreme. With a view of keeping the temperature of the ship as warm as possible, the port-holes are provided with felt linings, so that when required they can be rendered perfectly air-tight.

The stores with which the hold of the ship is crowded consist of preserved meats, stowed away in barrels of saw-dust, preserved potatoes, in air-tight iron boxes, with the usual supply of biscuits and salt junk. Large quantities of coal and wood, and barrels of oil and tar, have likewise been shipped on board, with copper sufficient to cover the bottom of the vessel in the event of this being found necessary.



SIGNAL LOCKER, AND DRESS OF CREW.

The *North Star* is furnished with the usual complement of ice-anchors, saws, axes, and chisels. The anchors are an improvement on those previously used. The saws are twenty feet in length, with stout projecting teeth. The use to which these are applied is to release the vessel, in the event of its becoming frozen in with the ice. These ice saws are sometimes worked from the ship itself, but more frequently after the manner shown in our Illustration, that is, a strong triangular scaffolding is erected with steps at one side; to the upper part of this scaffolding one end of the saw is slung, by means of a pulley, and at the other end of the saw a couple of hundredweight is suspended. A number of small ropes are attached to the main rope, which runs over the pulley, and these are grasped by the men, who ascend and descend the steps of the scaffolding, and raise or drop the saw according to their movements.



ICE-SAW AT WORK.

Several ships' boats have been presented to the captain and crew of the *North Star*; one of these is of immense strength of build, and is sufficiently large to hold the entire crew, with several weeks' supply of provisions.

We hear that a vessel is being fitted out by order of the Government to start in a few days, and to be stationed at a certain point in the North Seas, so that the *North Star* may be enabled to transmit despatches to it, to be forwarded to England.

An interesting correspondence is published in the American papers between Lady Franklin and Mr. J. M. Clayton, Secretary of State, respecting the Arctic expedition. The American Government promise with alacrity "that every effort will be made to lay the subject before our whalers, and induce them to undertake the work for which the British Government have offered so high a reward." And, accordingly, the Government at Washington have determined to send two ships in search of Sir James Franklin's expedition, one to go round east, by Labrador and Davis's Straits; the other round west, by Behring's Straits, in search of the lost navigators.



BOW OF THE "NORTH STAR."

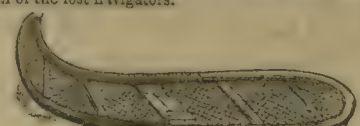
Saunders), have previously experienced the hardships of Polar navigation.

The warm clothing provided for the crew consists of fur caps, which wrap round the head, and cover all but the bare features; gloves of the same material; and pilot coats of thick rough cloth, lined several times through with flannel, with trowsers of a similar character. In addition to these there are boots of thick felt made to come above the knee, and having cork soles four or five inches in thickness. Snow shoes, the outer frames made of wood, with lining of deer-skin, have also been provided for the use of expeditionary parties among the crew.

The apparatus for warming the ship has been fixed in the gun-room, an apartment appropriated for the officers' mess. From the furnace, copper tubes extend through all the sleeping and other cabins; and the heat circulated by this means is so intense, that, during our visit on



ICE-ANCHOR.



SNOW-SHOE.





THE OUTRAGE.

## OUTRAGE ON THE QUEEN.

On Saturday, as the rejoicings in honour of her Majesty's birthday were proceeding, a base attempt was made by which it was at first thought that the lives of her Majesty and her Royal children had been placed in peril.

The outrage was committed between half-past five and six o'clock in the evening, as her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Helena, was returning from a drive in Hyde-park. They had reached the lower end of Constitution-hill, on their way to the Palace, when suddenly a pistol-shot was fired at them by a man dressed as a labourer, who stood with his back to a tree, within the railings of the Park. He was immediately arrested by the by-standers, and conducted to the station-house in Gardner's-lane, King-street, Westminster. The Royal carriage proceeded to the Palace, her Majesty retaining throughout the most perfect composure of manner, and addressing herself to the Royal children as if to calm their fears. On their arrival, they were received by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who had been out on horseback, and was slightly in advance when the occurrence took place. His Royal Highness, with great emotion, congratulated her Majesty on the escape she had had.

From the evidence taken at the station-house before Colonel Rowan and Mr. Mayne, the Chief Commissioners of Police, it was ascertained that the name of the prisoner is John Hamilton. He is a native of Ireland, and follows the occupation of a bricklayer's labourer. He has been resident in this country for five years, but states that he was born at Adare, in the county of Limerick. For some time past he has resided principally at No. 3, Eccleston-place, Pimlico, in the house of a bricklayer, for whom he at one time worked. Of late, however, it appears that the employment given to him by his landlord had ceased, and that he had been almost, if not entirely, out of work. There was no pretence, however, for saying that he was in want. His landlord lodged him gratuitously, and the other necessities of life were provided by the kindness of the labourers who were inmates of the same house. On Saturday morning his landlady, in arranging some things in the room where Hamilton was sitting, turned out a small pocket-pistol, with an old flint-lock, which her husband had had in his possession for more than seven years, and which was used by her children as a plaything. He asked her to lend it him, as it wanted cleaning. Seeing no objection to this, the woman consented, and thereupon the prisoner sent out a little child of hers to buy a halfpennyworth of powder. Having got this, he went into the yard behind the house and satisfied himself that the pistol would go off. He then put it into his pocket, and, disappearing, was next seen within the railings of the park at the lower end of Constitution-hill, shortly before six o'clock. There he went up to a woman, and asked what she was waiting for? Just as she was about to explain, he said, "Oh, for the Queen. Has she passed yet?" She replied "No, she has not come yet; but if you wait a little you will see her," or words to that effect. She had hardly finished the sentence when the outriders of the Royal



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# ROYAL ACADEMY 1849

## SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1849.

A BRIEF account of the Royal Academy, from its foundation to the present time, will not be out of place in a paper containing critical notices of the principal works of art in the Academy's present Exhibition. It will, moreover, be found of use, for there is no separate history of the Academy, or, indeed, any book, that we can call to mind, affording even an ordinary account of its origin and history.

The Royal Academy of Arts was constituted Dec. 10th, 1768; opened its first exhibition in Somerset House, May, 1780; and removed from Somerset House and opened its first exhibition in Trafalgar-square, May, 1838. Its principal objects were, and are still, the establishment of a well-regulated "School, or Academy of Design," for the use of Students in the Arts; with an "Exhibition," open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they might offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of reputation and encouragement which they should be deemed to deserve. It is called by its members "a private society." "In fact," says Mr. Howard, the late secretary, in his evidence before the House of Commons, "it is a private society, but that it supports a school that is open to the public." The members are under the superintendence and control of the Queen only, who confirms and signs all appointments; and the Society itself consists of forty Royal Academicians (including a President), twenty Associates, and six Associate Engravers. The Royal Academy derives the whole of its funds from the produce of its annual Exhibition, to which the price of admission is one shilling, and the catalogue, one shilling. From 1769 to 1780 the Exhibition produced, on an average, about £1500 annually; from 1780 to 1796, about £2500. The average annual receipts amounted, in 1836, to about £5000.

Since the removal to Trafalgar-square, the receipts have increased, and are now, we are assured, nearer £6000. On the first day of opening, in 1847, £106 was taken; on the second, £114; and on the third, £180. The annual Exhibition opens the first Monday in May; and

works intended for exhibition must be sent in at least three weeks or a month before—but of this due notice is given in all the public papers. No works which have been already exhibited; no copies of any kind, (excepting paintings on enamel); no mere transcripts of the objects of natural history; no vignette portraits; nor any drawings without backgrounds (excepting architectural designs), can be received. No artist is allowed to exhibit more than eight different works. Honorary exhibitors (or unprofessional artists) are limited to one. All works sent for exhibition are submitted to the approval or rejection of the Council, whose decision is final, and may be ascertained by application at the Academy in the week after they have been left there.

The rules direct that any person desiring to become a Student of the Royal Academy, shall present a drawing or model of his own performance to the keeper, which, if considered by him a proof of sufficient ability, shall be laid before the Council, together with a testimonial of his moral character, from an Academician, or other known person of respectability. If these are approved by the Council, the candidate is permitted to make a drawing or model from one of the antique works in the Academy; and the space of three months from the time of receiving such permission is allowed for that purpose; the time of his attendance to be from ten o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. This drawing or model, when finished, is laid before the Council, accompanied with outline drawings of an anatomical figure and skeleton, not less than two feet high, with lists and references on each drawing, of the several muscles, tendons, and bones contained therein, together with the drawing or model originally presented for his admission as a probationer; if approved, the candidate is accepted as a Student of the Royal Academy, and receives in form the ticket of his admission from the hand of the keeper in the Antique School. If the specimen presented is rejected by the Council, he is not allowed to continue drawing in the Academy. The rule for Architectural Students is of a like character.

The Academy possesses a very fine library of books on Art, with a noble collection of casts from the Antique. The library is open to the Students.

The foundation members of the Academy were:—

Sir Joshua Reynolds (*President*).  
Sir William Chambers, the Architect of Somerset House.  
Thomas Gainsborough } The eminent landscape painters.  
Richard Wilson  
Benjamin West (*the Second President*).  
Joseph Wilton the sculptor.

F. Bartolozzi, the engraver; Charles Catton, Master of the Painter Stainers' Company; George Barrett, an indifferent landscape painter; Dominick Serres, the marine painter; Francesco Zuccarelli, an Italian landscape painter, patronised by George III.; Francis Cotes, a portrait painter, of whom Hogarth, when angry, used to say that he was a better portrait painter than Sir Joshua; Francis Hayman and Samuel Wale, who drew for booksellers; Carlini, the sculptor of the heads on the keystones at Somerset House; Cipriani, who had some skill in design; Nathaniel Dance, better known as Nathaniel Holland, a man who drew unmistakeable likenesses, but bad portraits; John Gwynn, an architect but better known as one of Dr. Johnson's friends; Thomas and Paul Sandby, small landscape painters, but good drawing-masters; John Richards, who drew portraits in crayon; Peter Toms, the son of old Toms, the engraver—Alderman Boydell's master (he was Port Cullis at Heralds' College, and was employed by Sir Joshua on his draperies); John Baker, a flower and coach painter; Mason Chamberlain, a portrait painter, residing at Spitalfields; Nathaniel Hone, remembered only by his satire on Sir Joshua; Jeremiah Meyers, a miniature painter of little merit; George Michael Moser, a chaser for the brass decorations of cabinets; F. M. Newton, a portrait painter, and the first Secretary to the Institu-



"GEMMY FOR INSTRUCTION IN THE DISCIPLINE OF THE FAN 1711."—PAINTED BY A. SOLOMON.—(SEE PAGE 350.)



tion; Edward Penny, a painter of small portraits in oil; William Tyler and Richard Yeo, of whom little or nothing is known; and two women, Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser, afterwards Mary Lloyd.

To these foundation members the following were added as vacancies occurred. George Dance, an indifferent architect; William Hoare, the father of Prince Hoare, the painter of the best portrait of the great Lord Chatham; Johan Zoffany, the admirable painter of theatrical portraits and subjects; Edward Burch, a gem engraver; Richard Cosway, celebrated for his small portraits; Joseph Nollekens, the sculptor, whose best bust is his head of Dr. Johnson; James Barry, the painter of the "Grecian Harvest Home," in the great room of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi; John Bacon, the sculptor of the statues of Dr. Johnson and John Howard, in St. Paul's Cathedral; Rev. William Peters, who painted some of the second-rate pictures in Boydell's *Shakespeare*; John Singleton Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, and the painter of the "Death of Chatham," in the National Gallery; George Stubbs, the horse and dog painter—an early Edwin Landseer, but not one twentieth part so good; P. J. De Louthembourg, occasionally a fine landscape painter; Edmund Garvey, an indifferent imitator of Richard Wilson; John Francis Rigaud, who painted for the Boydell Gallery; Thomas Banks, one of the greatest and most poetic of English sculptors; Joseph Farrington, who worked with Richard Wilson, but caught very little of his master's skill; James Wyatt, the architect of the Pantheon, and the person who inflicted so many injuries on some of our finest cathedrals—Salisbury, Hereford, &c.; William Hodges, who accompanied Captain Cook on his second voyage, and mapped scenery with skill, but with little art; James Northcote, the pupil of Sir Joshua; John Opie, the Cornish wonder, whose reputation is not so great as it was; John Russell, a painter of crayon portraits, in the manner of his master, Cotes; William Hamilton, who painted for Boydell; Henry Fuseli, whose once great reputation is still on the decline; John Webber, Francis Wheatley, and John Yenn, in different artists, of whom very little is known; Sir Francis Bourgeois, whose noble bequest of the Dulwich Gallery is his best monument; Ozias Humphrey, a painter of crayon portraits of average merit; Robert Smirke, the father of two architects, and the designer of some of our best book illustrations; Sir Thomas Lawrence, after Sir Joshua, the best known, if not the best of our school of portrait painters; Thomas Stothard, the English Watteau; Richard Westall, whose later works did not justify the proper expectations that were raised from his earlier efforts; John Hoppner and Sir William Beechey, portrait painters of merit (Hoppner more particularly), whose reputations were eclipsed by the success of Lawrence; Sawrey Gilpin, a landscape and animal painter; Henry Tresham, a poor painter of history pieces, and an occasional poet; and Thomas Daniel, whose Indian views will long perpetuate his name.

Of such men was the Royal Academy composed, down to the year 1800. With the new century, we are introduced to members some of whom are still alive. We shall continue to catalogue them in the order of their election. In the year 1800, John Flaxman, our greatest English sculptor, and Sir Martin Archer Shee, the present President and father of the Royal Academy, were made Royal Academicians. Mr. Joseph M. W. Turner, (who is still among us), Sir John Soane Soane, the architect of the Bank of England, and Charles Rossi, the sculptor, whose best work is his monument in St. Paul's to Lord Cornwallis, were made in 1802. Then came (1804) Henry Thomson, more a wit than an artist; William Owen (1806), a portrait painter of great merit, obscured by Lawrence; Samuel Woodforde (1807), so little known that he is not included in the elaborate record of painters compiled by Bryan, and enlarged by Stanley; Henry Howard, who had a feeling for the poetry of his art, but little skill; Thomas Phillips, the painter of the best portrait of Lord Byron; Nathaniel Marchant (forgotten in the same way as Woodforde); Sir Augustus Callicott, the excellent painter of English skies and English scenery; Sir David Wilkie, the English Teniers; Henry Bone, the best enamelist we have had; Sir Robert Smirke, the architect of the Post-office and the new British Museum; Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, whose finest work is his monument to Mrs. Warren, in Westminster Abbey; James Ward, the horse painter; Philip Reinagle, William Theed, and W. R. Bigg, all there alike forgotten; George Dawe, the painter of the best portrait of the Princess Charlotte; Sir Henry Raeburn, the greatest painter, after Wilkie, that Scotland has produced; Edward Bird, for some few years the rival of Wilkie; Alfred Edward Chalon, a painter of portraits in crayon, slightly coloured; William Mulready, a genius in his own way almost as much as Teniers or Wilkie; John Jackson, whose fine portraits of Flaxman and Canova will be long remembered; Sir Francis Chantrey, the greatest bust-sculptor of ancient or modern times; William Hilton, who laboured with taste and skill to advance the English school of historical painting; William Collins, whose sea-shore scenes are so essentially English in spirit and in feeling; Abraham Cooper, the horse and battle painter, whose best work is his "Richard and Saladin;" E. H. Baily, the sculptor of "Eve at the Fountain;" Richard Cook, who has ceased to exhibit for very many years; Wm. Daniell, a careful and spirited painter of Eastern scenery; R. R. Reinagle, removed from the Society in his lifetime, like poor James Barry; Sir Jeffry Wyattville, the restorer of Windsor Castle; George Jones, who painted one or two military pieces of merit, but who has since sunk into scriptural imbecilities. C. R. Leslie, one of the best and most original of our school of painters; H. W. Pickersgill, the portrait painter, the rival of Phillips; W. Wilkins, the architect of University College, St. George's Hospital, and the National Gallery; William Etty, the prince of English colourists, when he is not smug; John Constable, a landscape painter of rare and original merit; C. L. Eastlake, one of the most refined and careful of English draughtsmen; Edwin Landseer, more than a match, when painting the brute creation, for Snyders or for Rubens; H. P. Briggs, an historical painter, who died without achieving a name; G. S. Newton, best known by his scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, so admirably engraved by Burnet; Sir William Allan, celebrated for some capital illustrations of Scottish history; Clarkson Stanfield, our English Vanderelde; C. R. Cockerell, the architect of the Taylor Institution, at Oxford; John Gibson, whose long residence in Rome has strengthened a naturally good taste for the classic excellencies of art; J. P. Deering, the architect of Exeter Hall; W. Wyon, celebrated for his medals and coins almost as much as Thomas Simon in the time of Cromwell and Charles II.; Thomas Uwins, whose Neapolitan scenes "breathe of the sweet south;" F. R. Lee, our English Hobberma; W. F. Witherington; Daniel Maclise, the great master of drawing and invention; S. A. Hart; J. J. Chalon; David Roberts; Philip Hardwick; Charles Barry; Sir W. C. Ross; J. P. Knight; Charles Landseer; Thomas Webster; J. R. Herbert; P. McDowell; C. W. Cope; William Dyce; and Richard Westmacott.

This long list includes many very eminent names in English Art; but it does not include all, while it contains many names utterly forgotten by auctioneers of art, and even by makers of biographical dictionaries. We are not to look for the names of Hogarth and Rouilliac in the list, both of whom died a few years before the Academy was constituted; but we should like to have seen (we restrict ourselves to deceased painters) the names of Ramsay, Romney, George Morland, Mortimer, Blake, Harlow, Bonington, Levessege, James Burnet, Haydon, and others, whose names will long continue to be remembered in art; while among the engravers (who ought to be admitted to the full rank of Royal Academicians—they are only associates of the body), we should like to have seen the names of Woollett, Strange, Sharp, Schiavonetti, Raimbach, Earlow, and Bewick, whose works possess a European reputation, while the very names of Yenn and Yeo are forgotten.

The following list of the forty Royal Academicians and their works is arranged according to the order of election into the Academy. The number after the names shows how many works each member has contributed to the present Exhibition; while the names of the Works of

Art, with their numbers in the Catalogue, are given immediately beneath:—

Sir Martin Archer Shee. Nil.  
J. M. W. Turner. 2.  
81. The Wreck Buoy.  
206. Venus and Adonis.  
Sir Robert Smirke. Nil.  
Sir Richard Westmacott. Nil.  
James Ward. 6.  
56. Sympathy.  
134. Showery Weather, near Midsummer.  
170. The Corn-Stack.  
429. Renton, in Scotland, looking to Ben Lomond.  
503. A Dewy Morning. Duel of the Stags.  
558. Owen Glendower's Parliament House, N. Wales, as in the year 1802.  
A. E. Chalon. 8.  
770. Portrait of a Lady, painted in 1833.  
882. A Sketch for a Portrait.  
890. Portrait of Captain Gardiner, R.N.A.  
910. Portrait of Mrs. Gardiner.  
920. Maternal Instruction. Portrait of Mrs. Mitchell.  
934. Portrait of Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A.  
947. Portrait of Professor Leslie, R.A.  
963. The Breeze. Portrait of Miss Lumbe in the character of *Haydee*.  
William Mulready. 2.  
135. Women Bathing.  
916. The First Voyage.  
Abraham Cooper. 6.  
101. The Wounded Greek.  
118. The Odis.  
143. Aliwal, an Arab Charger, the property of Sir Harry G. W. Smith, and ridden by him at the Battle of Aliwal.  
224. The Interior of a Highland Inn.  
377. Returning from Deer Stalking—Urquhart Castle in the distance.  
461. Surplice, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger, 1843.  
E. H. Baily. 5.  
1208. Statue of the late John Flaxman, Esq., P.S.R.A.  
1209. Group, in marble, of the Graces.  
1214. The Infant Bacchus—a portrait, to be executed in marble.  
1315. Bust, in marble, of a Lady.  
1319. Bust, in marble, of the late Sir Francis Baily, Esq.  
Richard Cook. Nil.  
George Jones. 6.  
168. Swanilda, accused of crime, is exposed to be killed by wild horses.  
173. Sketch for an Altar-piece.  
931. Secret interment of the bodies of the Colonna family.  
938. Battle of Meane.  
950. Chantrey sitting in his study by the stove, at twilight.  
958. Mary Magdalene, "and the other Mary," at the Sepulchre.  
C. A. Leville. 2.  
55. Scene from "Henry VIII."  
141. Scene from Don Quixote.  
H. W. Pickersgill. 8.  
78. St. Roderick Impy Murchison.  
85. Charles Barry, Esq., R.A.  
145. Admiral Sir Edward Owen, G.C.B.  
187. Mrs. Pritchard, of Broseley, Shropshire.  
212. Thomas Cubitt, Esq.  
264. Sir Thomas B. Comyn, late Chief Justice of Madras.  
337. Thomas Grissell, Esq., F.S.A.  
480. Dean of Windsor.  
William Etty. 4.  
60. Amoret chained.  
84. The Crochet Worker.  
178. Gather the Rose of Love while yet 'tis time.  
270. Three Versions of One Subject.  
C. L. Eastlake. 1.  
144. Helena.  
Edwin Landseer. 5.  
13. The Desert.  
108. The Forester's Family.  
196. The Free Church.  
356. Colly Dogs.  
512. Evening Scene in the Highlands.  
Sir William Allan. 2.  
66. Portrait of a Lady.  
242. The Cup Found in Benjamin's sack.

The following list of works contributed by the twenty Associates is arranged in a similar manner:—

William Westall. 1.  
994. Norwich, from Mounts Hill.  
Francis Danby. 2.  
531. Morning on the Banks of Zurich Lake, with Pilgrims embarking on their way to Einsiedeln.  
George Patten. 1.  
372. The Destruction of Idolatry in England.  
Richard Redgrave. 4.  
169. Sun and Shadow.  
174. The Stream at Rest.  
357. The Awakened Conscience.  
392. The Solitary Pool.  
John Watson Gordon. 7.  
36. Countess of Eglington and Winton.  
61. Sir Thomas MakDougall Brisbane, Bart.  
179. J. Shaw Lefevre, Esq.  
307. Lord Rollo.  
386. William Macdonald Macdonald, of St. Martin's.  
504. John Clow, Esq., Liverpool.  
523. Very Rev. John Lee, D.D., Principal of the University of Edinburgh.  
Thomas Creswick. 5.  
131. A Glade in the Forest.  
243. A Stream in the Hills.  
371. Passing Showers.  
417. The Shade of the Beech Trees.  
544. The Quiet Lake.  
John Hollins. 7.  
150. William Ballantine, Esq.  
167. Mrs. Lushington.  
219. Mrs. Richard Talbot.  
249. A Gleaner.  
454. John Hague, Esq.  
462. Portrait of a Lady.  
513. Scene from Shakespeare.  
Francis Grant. 8.  
77. Mrs. Entwistle.  
140. Sir Frederick Pollock.  
243. Countess of Zeland.  
383. A Mount Hurdle on the Field of Fochluskhar.  
393. Miss Adelaide Kemble as *Semiramide*.  
398. The Lady Cremorne.  
530. The Earl of Winton.  
543. The Marquis of Granby.  
William Calder Marshall. 5.  
1210. The Grecian Maid.  
1213. Statue of Thomas Campbell, Author of "The Pleasures of Hope."

Clarkson Stanfield. 6.  
12. Tilbury Fort—Wind against Tide.  
151. Lugano.  
211. Salvatore Rosa's Studio.  
325. Lago Maggiore.  
331. Near Mori—Gulf of Salerno.  
498. Moonlight off the Reculvers.  
C. R. Cockerell. 1.  
1102. The Professor's Dream.  
John Gibson. 1.  
1231. The Hours and the Horses of the Sun.  
J. P. Deering. Nil.  
William Wyon. Nil.  
Thomas Uwins. 1.  
188. Sir Guyon, from Spenser's "Faerie Queene."  
F. R. Lee. 6.  
67. River Scene, North Wales.  
193. The Ogwen Lake, North Wales.  
277. Cattle returning from the Meadows (and Sidney Cooper).  
363. Mill on the Ogwen river, North Wales.  
455. Mountain Scenery, North Wales (and Sidney Cooper).  
479. Landing a Salmon.  
F. Witherington. 3.  
220. The Breakfast.  
254. Gramere.  
536. A Scene in Ambleside, Westmoreland.  
D. Maclise. Nil.  
S. A. Hart. 5.  
93. A Sister of Charity, of Ravenna.  
172. The Pilgrim.  
205. The Summons to the Conclave.  
306. A Dance of Nymphs and Satyrs.  
448. A Girl with a Tambourine.  
J. J. Chalon. 1.  
92. Tourists in the Tyrol.  
David Roberts. 1.  
290. The Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, under the command of Titus.  
Philip Hardwick. Nil.  
Charles Barry. Nil.  
Sir William Ross. 8.  
734. Mrs. Webb.  
751. Lord Chief Justice Wilde.  
767. Duke of Marlborough.  
776. Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Louisa Spencer, and Lord Almeric Churchill.  
782. Mrs. Sigmund Rucker.  
806. Marchioness of Ely.  
815. Oswyn Cresswell, Esq., and Son.  
819. Webb, Esq.  
J. P. Knight. 6.  
71. John Bright, Esq., M.P.  
136. Richard Webb Jupp, Esq.  
197. Ralph Price, Esq.  
225. Mr. Sergeant Thompson, late Recorder of Beverley.  
319. William Murray, Esq.  
537. T. Richardson, Esq.  
Charles Landseer. 3.  
83. Trusty Tomkins appearing before Sir Henry Lee.  
115. Il Tempo del Carnevale.  
364. Rhodope, the Greek Cinderella.  
Thomas Webster. 2.  
91. A See-Saw.  
171. A Slide.  
J. R. Herbert. 2.  
72. Lear disinheriting Cordelia.  
489. The Outcast of the People.  
P. McDowell. 3.  
1197. Cupid and Psyche, basso relievo, in marble.  
1199. Eve, a model.  
1313. A Girl Reading, a statue, in marble.  
C. W. Cope. 4.  
100. Fireside Musings.  
117. Griselda's First Trial, coloured study.  
207. The First-Born.  
903. Griselda's First Trial, cartoon.  
W. Dyce. 2.  
43. Omnia Vanitas.  
889. Sketch of the General Effect of a Fresco intended, to represent the Knights of the Round Table about to depart on the quest of the St. Greal.  
Richard Westmacott. 2.  
1324. Bust of Lord Charles Townshend.  
1333. Posthumous Bust of the late Lord Wharnccliffe.

The following list of the works contributed by the six Associate Engravers is arranged in a like manner:—

John Landseer. 4.  
891. Roquebert, St. Clement's, Isle of Jersey.  
898. Druidical Temple, Isle of Jersey.  
899. Druid Temple in the Isle of Guernsey.  
902. Druidical Temple lately discovered in the Isle of Jersey.  
Richard James Lane. 2.  
998. Viscountess Jocelyn, from the Drawing by James Swinton, Esq.  
999. Lady Clementina Villiers, from the Drawing by J. Swinton, Esq.  
Charles Turner. Nil.  
Samuel Cousins. Nil.  
Robert Graves. Nil.  
James Tibbitts Willmore. Nil.

From this analysis, we shall now proceed to our promised criticisms.

#### THE GREAT, OR EAST ROOM

Contains 250 works in all. Landscapes and subject pictures are principally on the line of sight; immediately above, are the large portraits. The Royal Academicians contribute fifty-two works, and the Associates seventeen.

1. "The Real Scenery of the 'Bride of Lammermuir.' In the distance is the promontory of Fast Castle (Wolf's Craig of the novel), which forms the termination of Lammermuir, in the German Ocean." Large and characteristic. It is the work of James Hall, the son of Sir James Hall, of Dunglass, and the brother of the late Captain Basil Hall.

7. "M. Guizot." V. Mottez. A three-quarter portrait, and very like, though somewhat hard in the expression of the lower features. The action is easy and simple, and yet dignified.

8. "Henrietta Maria in distress, relieved by Cardinal de Retz." A. L. Egg, A.

Cardinal de Retz, the principal leader of the Fronde, paid a visit of enquiry on the 6th of January, to learn what had become of the desolate Queen of England, after a series of furious skirmishes and slaughters which had convulsed Paris during the days immediately preceding the 6th of January. It was well he had not forgotten her; for her last loaf was eaten, her last faggot had been consumed, and she was destitute of the means of purchasing more.—Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*.

Mr. Egg is the last made Associate of the Academy; and this picture more than justifies his election. The story is well told, and the painting conscientiously executed throughout. The face of Henrietta is beautifully thoughtful; and there is some good drawing in the heads and hands.

12. "Tilbury Fort, on the Thames—Wind against Tide." C. Stanfield, R.A. One of Mr. Stanfield's noblest works. The river is as fresh as nature—you can almost hear the wind blow and the water beat. The shipping is free and masterly, and the sky thoroughly English.

13. "The Desert." E. Landseer, R.A. A dead lion, carefully painted, with a desert background, in which some people affect to see a great deal of poetry. The lion itself is admirable, but the desert is not very poetical.

17. "Portrait of Dr. F. R. Ure, F.R.S., &c., &c." D. Macnee. A careful likeness of the great chemist.

20. "The Marquis of Breadalbane's Deer Forest, and Loch Tulgar, Black Mount, Argyllshire." G. F. Buchanan. A good subject, not very well treated.

21. "Portrait of Major-General C. R. Fox." W. C. T. Dobson. Like; but the painter has hardly caught the easy frankness of look which the General wears.

22. "His Excellency the Prince Metternich." H. W. Phillips. Mr. Phillips is the son of the late Royal Academician. This of Prince Metternich, and a portrait in another room of Lamartine, evinces a skill which would have pleased his father, had he lived to have seen it.

23. "Religious Controversy in the time of Louis XIV." A. E. Elmore, A.—(Engraved at page 356.)

31. "Portrait of R. J. Wyatt, Esq., sculptor, Rome." S. Pearce. A good likeness of one of the best of our sculptors, whose unwillingness to leave Rome is the only reason that he was not elected into the Academy many years ago.

36. "Portrait of the Right Hon. the Countess of Eglington and Winton." J. Watson Gordon, A. A full-length in white. Mr. Gordon has avoided, not unskillfully, the old recipe of a column for a background.

37. "Clearing-off at Sunset." T. S. Cooper, A. Sunny, and Cuyp-ish, and Cooper-like; which is real excellence.

38. "The Smuggler's Refuge." W. W. Collins. By the son of the late Royal Academician, whose sea-shore scenes will long preserve his name. There is something of the father in the treatment and execution of this subject. The very title is somewhat similar.

39. "Interior of an English Cottage." G. Hardy. A carefully-painted interior, worthy of a Dutch painter for its Dutch-like fidelity. There is real promise in this picture. One could wish for the same observation of human nature, and the same skill in representing it, which we see here—the bricks and common utensils of a country kitchen.

43. "Omnia Vanitas." W. Dyce, R.A. A woman leaning on a skull. Not very well conceived or very well painted, but suggestive, in its title, of the pleasant reply made by Lord Burghley, which will occur to many of our readers.

47. "George Cruikshank." H. S. Parkman. A small portrait, and like the great caricaturist.

48. A Portrait." W. Boxall. There is a boyish frankness about this face, worthy of Gainsborough. The colouring, too, is rich and full; indeed, the whole treatment is most excellent.

53. "Portrait of Sheridan Knowles." W. Transchold. Has much of the fine, full, cordial look of our greatest living dramatist.

54. "Portrait of Mrs. Fraser." E. Dubufe. A three-quarter portrait in pink. The action of the hands, perhaps, somewhat objectionable; but the lady-like air and grace of the whole figure and face, cannot be matched by any other picture in the present collection. Artists call it hard; but the objection is barely just.

55. "Scene from Henry VIII." C. R. Leslie, R.A. A small picture. Henry is taking off his mask; Anne Boleyn is by his side. The painting is hard, but the grouping is good.

Wolsey. Here I'll make my Royal choice, King. You have found him, Cardinal.—(Act I., scene iv.)

56. "Sympathy." J. Ward, R.A. A horse contemplating a dead ass.

60. "Amoret chained." W. Etty, R.A. A female figures down to the waist, with some gorgeous colouring, in the shape of flesh, but sadly deficient in refinement.

61. "Portrait of Thomas MakDougall Brisbane, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.H., President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh." J. Watson Gordon, A. A three-quarter portrait, and most excellent.

66. "Portrait." Sir W. Allan, R.A. A three-quarter portrait of a lady; we believe, Miss Allan, Sir William's niece.

67. "River Scene, North Wales." F. R. Lee, R.A. Fresh and truthful; evidently painted on the spot. Mr. Lee maintains his position, but he has not advanced.—(Engraved at page 348.)

71. "Portrait of John Bright, Esq., M.P." J. P. Knight, R.A. A kit-kat, and clever.

72. "Lear disinheriting Cordelia."—In progress in fresco in the new Houses of Parliament. J. R. Herbert, R.A.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?  
Cordelia. Ay, my good Lord.  
Lear. So young, and so untender?  
Cordelia. So young, my Lord, and true.  
Lear. Let it be so. Thy truth, then, be thy dower:  
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;  
The mysteries of Hecate and the night;  
By all the operation of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity, and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever.

Hence, and avoid my sight!  
So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her! \* \* \*  
Cornwall and Albany.  
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third;  
I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty.—Lear, act i., scene i.

Full of thought and fine drawing. The *Cordelia* is exquisite for tranquil feeling of action and look. Lear himself is very true. The architecture is Byzantine; the drawing somewhat hard.

"Portrait of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, intended for pre-



sentation to the University of Cambridge." F. R. Say. A full-length; and like as if painted by the master of the great wardrobe.

75. "Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth," F. Cowie, rather suggests than realizes a memorable scene.

The Knight expectant advanced up the hall, the whole length of which he had unfortunately to traverse, turning on his toes with so much zeal, that he presented his legs at every step with its broadside foremost, so that it resembled an old-fashioned table-knife with a curved point when seen sideways. The rest of his gait was in correspondence with this unhappy amble; and the implied mixture of bashful fear and self-satisfaction was so unutterably ridiculous, that Leicester's friends did not suppress a titter. Sussex himself lost all patience, and could not forbear whispering into the ear of his friend, "Curse thee! canst thou not walk like a man and a soldier?"—an injection that only made honest Blount start and stop, until a glance at his yellow roses and crimson stockings restored his self-confidence, when he went at the same pace as before.—*Kenilworth*.

77. "Mrs. Entwistle." F. Grant, A. A three-quarter portrait in black; a sort of companion to a picture by Mr. Hollins, A.R.A., on the other side of the room.

78. "Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c." H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. A kit-kat, representing the great geologist holding his book on the Silurian system. There is a flushed, after-dinner look about the face which is most objectionable.

81. "The Wreck Buoy." J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Evidently a picture painted twenty years ago, left lumbering about, and then cleaned up, or intended to be so, by the insertion of two or three new bright rainbows. There is as much folly in this picture as in Mr. Martin's blue expanse, to be noticed shortly.

83. "Trusty Tomkins appearing before Sir Henry Lee." C. Landseer, R.A. A pleasing illustration of Scott; nicely told, but without fervour, or fancy, or any unusual dexterity that raises it above the common level of such productions.

As he spoke, the military preacher abandoned his leafy screen, and, stalking forward, stood unexpectedly before the old Cavalier, who stared at him as if he thought his expression had actually raised the devil. \* \* \* The soldier, with little courtesy, held out a scroll, &c. &c.—*Woodstock*, chap. II., p. 30.

84. "The Crotchet Worker." W. Etty, R.A. A female head and shoulders, on which all the colours of a loaded palette have been emptied with a confused but masterly hand.

85. "Charles Barry, Esq., R.A." H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. A three-quarter portrait of the great architect of the New Houses of Parliament. It is like; but perhaps too Hibernian for the original.

90. "Mrs. John Walton." Mrs. W. Carpenter. A three-quarter portrait in crimson velvet, and very elegant.

91. "A See-Saw." T. Webster, R.A.—(*Engraved at page 356.*)

92. "Tourists in the Tyrol." J. J. Chalon, R.A. Mr. Chalon's single contribution to the present Exhibition, and not very remarkable.

93. "A Sister of Charity, of Ravenna." S. A. Hart, R.A. A small picture, full of devotional feeling, and beautifully coloured. Mr. Hart has a fine eye for colour.

98. "Portrait of P. McDowell, Esq., R.A." J. Haverty. A clever portrait of the sculptor of the beautiful statue, "A Girl Reading."

100. "Fireside Musings." C. W. Cope, R.A., is somewhat disappointing.

101. "The Wounded Greek," A. Cooper, R.A., is Engraved for our present paper, and hangs as a companion to No. 118, "The Oasis." The horse is capitally painted.—(*Engraved at page 348.*)

108. "The Forester's Family." E. Landseer, R.A. A small, pleasing picture—Mr. Landseer's best work in the present Exhibition. The scene is laid in a Scottish glen; the time, morning; and the living creatures introduced, two girls, attended by young deer. The girls' faces are beautiful; the deer, perfection. The whole tone, too, is good. The feet of the eldest girl are very unfinished.

115. "Il Tempo del Carnevale." C. Landseer, R.A. A girl looking out of a window. A small picture, with a nice expression of face, and some good farm painting.

117. "Coloured Study for Fresco in House of Lords—Griselda's First Trial." C. W. Cope, R.A. The Cartoon is No. 903 of the present Exhibition.

118. "The Oasis." A. Cooper, R.A. A companion picture to No. 101.

120. "Portrait of the Infant Son of T. K. Hervey, Esq." Frank Stone. A small portrait, almost in profile, and most carefully painted. The boy's cheek is as round, and plump, and fresh as nature.

126. "William Cubitt, Esq., F.R.S., &c." W. Boxall. A three-quarter portrait, the size of life—a very unusual style for this clever artist. The likeness is excellent.

127. "The Syrens." W. E. Frost, A. One of the most poetic pictures in the Exhibition, and already engraved in our paper of the 12th instant—"And the songs of syrens sweet."—*Comus*.

130. "A Dutch calm." E. W. Cooke. A small long picture, evincing a high appreciation of Vandervelde and Cuyper, and a skill of hand for which Mr. Cooke has long been distinguished.

131. "A Glade in the Forest." T. Creswick, A. Some felled timber in the foreground. The painting is very careful throughout, and the general arrangement harmonious.

132. "A Mother praying to the Madonna for the recovery of her Sick Child." P. Williams. A pleasing picture in Mr. Penry Williams's old and well-known style; but it is no advance on former efforts.

134. "Showery Weather, near Midsummer." J. Ward, R.A. With all Mr. Ward's peculiarities, and some few traces of his former merits.

135. "Women Bathing." W. Mulready, R.A. An Academy study, made into a picture. The principal figure is seen to the knees, with her back to you. The drawing and general execution are both good. We must confess we should have preferred seeing some other picture than this from Mr. Mulready's pencil. When we think of his "Wolf and the Lamb," his "Lending a Bite," and his "Butts," his "Women Bathing" fails to interest us.

136. "Portrait of Richard Webb Jupp, Esq." Painted by order of the Carpenters' Company, as a testimonial for faithful service extending over a period of half a century. J. P. Knight, R.A. Is, it is said, like.

140. "The Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Chief Baron." Painted for the County Hall of Huntingdon. F. Grant, A. A full-length, in his robes as Lord Chief Baron, and very like. This is the first official portrait which we remember to have seen by Mr. Grant. The treatment is good; the colouring warm and rich.

141. "Scene from 'Don Quixote,' Second Part, chapters xxxi. and xxxii. The Duke's chaplain, after attacking Don Quixote for his devotion to knight-errantry, and Sancho for his belief in his master, reprimands the Duke for encouraging their fancies, and leaves the company in a passion. C. R. Leslie, R.A. The story is told with a quaint humour for which Mr. Leslie has long been distinguished. The grouping is good; the faces capital in point of expression, and the details throughout managed with consummate art. Mr. Leslie was, perhaps, never greater than he is here. He is usually a cold colourist; but here he is unexpectedly warm. The face of the Duchess is very beautiful. Mr. Gibbons, we understand, is the owner of this fine picture.

The clergyman rose up wonderful angry, saying, "By my holy order, I am about to say—Your Excellency is as mad as one of these sinners; and see if they must not needs be mad, when wise men canonize their madness. Your Excellency may do well to stay with them, for whilst they are here I'll get me home, and save a labour of correcting what I cannot amend." And, without more ado, leaving the rest of his dinner, he went away, the Duke and Duchess not being able to pacify him, though the Duke said not much to him, being hindered with laughter at his unseasonable choler.—*Sheldon's Translation*.

143. "Aliwal, an Arab Charger, the property of Sir Harry G. W. Smith, Bart., G.C.B., and ridden by him at the battles of Aliwal, &c." A. Cooper, R.A. Carefully painted. Many, like ourselves, will look upon it with interest.

144. "Helena." See "All's Well that ends Well," act I., scene I. C. L. Eastlake, R.A. A thoughtful head, full of beauty, and painted with all the grace and feeling of Guido. This is Mr. Eastlake's single contribution to the collection.

145. "Admiral Sir Edward Owen, G.C.B." H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. One of Mr. Pickersgill's second-rate portraits.

146. "Miss Juliana Somers." T. M. Joy. Elegant, but hard.

149. "William Ballantine, Esq." J. Hollins, A. An excellent likeness of the late worthy police magistrate.

151. "Lugano." C. Stanfield, R.A. Full of beauty and even poetry, and truthfulness itself.

152. "The Italian Mother." P. Williams. Another of Mr. Penry Williams's careful transcripts of Italian life.

153. Thou hast the sunset's glow,  
Rome, for thy dower,  
Pushing the cypress tree,  
Temple, and tower.

E. W. Cooke. A long narrow view of Rome at sunset; wonderful for truth and beauty.

158. "Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Todd." C. Baxter. Mr. Baxter is well and honourably known at the Suffolk-street Exhibition; nor will this portrait of Mrs. Todd diminish his reputation.

159. Circe, with the syrens three,  
Amidst the flowery-kirtled maidens,  
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
And lap it in Elysium.

F. R. Pickersgill, A. Elegant but hard, as even the uneducated eye may detect by a cursory comparison with Mr. Frost's "Syrens," on the same wall.

166. "Mrs. Claypole, Cromwell's favourite daughter, on her death-bed, at Hampton Court, admonishing him to repent of his sins and guiltiness." A.D. 1659.—(*Vide Clarendon, Hume, &c.*) C. Lucy. A large picture, figures of the size of life, by a young artist who distinguished himself in the last Westminster Hall cartoon contest. Mrs. Claypole is supplicatory; Cromwell, repentant and annoyed.

167. "Portrait of Mrs. Lushington." J. Hollins, A. Mr. Hollins's best portrait in the present Exhibition.

168. "Swanilda, accused of crime, is exposed to be killed by wild horses; she is innocent, and is caressed, instead of injured, by the animals."—(*Hist. Danica. Sax. Gramm.* 8 L.) G. Jones, R.A. One of Mr. Jones's dotages.

169. "Sun and Shadow." R. Redgrave, A. A kind of companion to No. 174, "The Stream at rest," by the same artist. It is too hard.

171. "A Slide." T. Webster, R.A. A masterly picture, in Mr. Webster's best manner, containing about fifty figures and almost as many incidents. To describe it is impossible—so full is it of mirth, accident, and humour. The scene is laid on a pool or pond of water by a village church. We have heard it objected to, as too hot in colour for a cold winter's day; but this objection is, we think, unsound. The picture was painted for Mr. Gibbons, of the Regent's-park.

172. "The Pilgrim." S. A. Hart, R.A.

174. "The Stream at rest." R. Redgrave, A.

Why should the waters love  
To take so far a journey to the hills,  
When the sweet valleys offer their soil,  
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?—*Thomson's Autumn*.

A better picture than its companion, No. 169.

178. W. Etty, R.A. Is an attempt to paint what Spenser has sung so beautifully:—

Gather, therefore, the rose whilst yet in prime;  
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:  
Gather the rose of love while yet 'tis time,  
Whilst loving, thou may'st loved be with equal crime.

Herrick has a song on the subject:

Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

This is Mr. Etty's best picture in the present Exhibition. The colouring is less smudgy, and all the richest hues of his palette seem to have been blended on his canvass.

179. "Portrait of J. Shaw Lefevre, Esq." J. Watson Gordon, A. A three-quarter portrait, and most excellent. Mr. Watson Gordon and Mr. Frank Grant carry everything before them in the way of portrait painting in the present Exhibition.

183. "Mrs. Fraser Grove, with a favourite dog," T. M. Joy, is clever.

187. "Mrs. Pritchard, of Broseley, Shropshire." H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. The only female portrait by Mr. Pickersgill in the present Exhibition. It may be like, but as a work of art, it is of inferior merit.

188. "Sir Guyon (fighting for the virtue of temperance), under the conduct of his spiritual guide, destroys the enchantments that have tempted his companions from their duty." T. Uwins, R.A.

The constant payre heard all,  
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way,  
Through many covert groves, and thickets close;  
In which they creeping, did at last display  
That wanton lady with her lover loose,  
His warlike armes \* \* \* were hong upon a tree;  
And his brave shield, full of old monuments,  
Was fowly raist, that none the signes might see.  
No for them, no for honour cared hee,  
No ought that did to his advancement tend;  
But in few loves and wastfull luxurie,  
His days, his goods, his bodie he did spend:  
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

*The Faerie Queene. Legend of Sir Guyon, or Temperance, book II., canto 12.*

A carefully-painted scene from the Rubens, as he has been called, of English poets. It is pleasing to see a painter of Mr. Uwins's age and reputation maintaining all his early love for a poet whose works he contributed to illustrate when a young man.

193. "The Ogwen Lake, North Wales." F. R. Lee, R.A. Cold, careful, but English in its feeling.

196. "The Free Church." E. Landseer, R.A. Consists of three dogs, an hour-glass, a Scotch mull, an old man, an old woman, a girl of twenty-two, and a boy. The execution is beyond praise, but the Free Church seems a sad misnomer.

197. "Portrait of Ralph Price, Esq., Treasurer of the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlehem." Painted by order of the Governors. J. P. Knight, R.A. A full-length, coarsely conceived and coloured.

205. "The Summons to the Conclave." S. A. Hart, R.A. A sort of "Strafford and Secretary," being a Cardinal with his secretary and attendant. We do not remember to have seen Mr. Hart in greater force than we find him in this well-arranged and forcibly-painted picture.

206. "Venus and Adonis." J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Is said to have been painted forty years ago, and wears the look, certainly, as if it belonged to the National Gallery. In point of colour (its principal beauty), it is something between Titian and Velasquez; but the dogs are too indifferently drawn for either the great Venetian or the great Spaniard.

207. "The First-Born." C. W. Cope, R.A. A young father and mother (head and shoulders only seen) bending over a plump-looking boy, who is kicking about with all the healthy energy of youth. The drawing is careful, the colouring rather crude.

211. "Salvator Rosa's Studio." C. Stanfield, R.A. A cave, with banditti, and the great Salvator busily sketching. Though beautiful in itself, this picture has little of the "savage Rosa" about it.

212. "Thomas Cubitt, Esq." (To be presented to him by upwards of seventy of the builders of London, in testimony of their high esteem of his character and abilities.) H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. A full-length of a most excellent man, and a proper tribute to his worth. The likeness is perfect, and the picture, as a portrait, the best Mr. Pickersgill has painted for very many years.

219. "Mrs. Richard Talbot." J. Hollins, A. Another pleasing portrait by Mr. Hollins. It is somewhat hard in colour, but the action is elegant, and the expression all that could be wished.

220. "The Breakfast." W. F. Witherington, R.A. Hard, and almost undeserving of its position in the room.

224. "The Interior of a Highland Inn." A. Cooper, R.A. Careful, and that is all.

225. "Portrait of Mr. Serjeant Thompson, late Recorder of Beverley." J. P. Knight, R.A. A three-quarter portrait, in his robes of office. The face is boldly painted, and the general arrangement of the figure and its accessories extremely good. Mr. Knight wants more refinement in his portraits—he would do well to study Mr. Frank Grant in this way, who seldom fails to catch that refined feeling which marks the gentleman and the complete artist.

235. "Interior of a Highland Cottage," from sketches made on the spot. Eliza Goodall. By, we believe, a sister of Mr. F. Goodall—and very good.

242. "The Cup found in Benjamin's sack." Sir W. Allan, R.A. Sir William Allan never fails to tell a story well—but he has a poor eye for colour, and how we see his merits and defects in a most striking manner. The scenery, dresses, &c., all possess an Eastern character.

"As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward: Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them: Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my Lord drinketh, and where by indeed he divineth? ye have done evil in so doing. And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And

they said unto him: Wherefore saith my Lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing. Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest, and left at the youngest; and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack."—*Genesis* xlv. 3-7, 11, 12.

243. "The Countess of Zetland." F. Grant, A. A full-length portrait. The Countess is dressed in black velvet, and has her knitting-needles in her hand. The air and action are both good; the colouring is warm and careful. In the background we have the old costumes introduced—one of the old recipes in portrait painting which is now somewhat hackneyed, and which Mr. Grant's ingenuity should be taxed to do without.

245. "On the Coast of Norfolk." J. Salmon.

249. "A Gleaner." J. Hollins, A.

#### MIDDLE ROOM.

257. "Evenings at Home." R. Rothwell. Hardly maintains Mr. Rothwell's former reputation. He was once to have succeeded Sir Thomas Lawrence.

258. "Grasmere." W. F. Witherington, R.A. Map-like, and therefore truthful. But true to the scene and true to art-nature are different matters.

O Vale of Grasmere! tranquil and shut out  
From all the strife that shakes a jarring world.  
\* \* \* \* \* And thy pure lake,  
Spreading its waveless breast of azure.  
\* \* \* \* \* The soul  
Doth hoard it as a gem, and, fancy-led,  
Explores its lonely isle and curving shores.

263. "Hunt the Slipper." F. Goodall. An out-door scene, very unlike Mr. Goodall's well-known manner, but much in the style (slavishly so in parts) of Mr. Mulready. The incidents are numerous and well-selected, but the picture is hardly a step forward for so clever an artist.

How often have I bless'd the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey'd.

264. "Portrait of Sir Robert Buckley Comyn, late Chief Justice of her Majesty's Supreme Court, Madras." H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. An excellent likeness of the able historian of the Western Empire.

269. "Lear and Cordelia." H. Le Jeune, deserves a word of praise from the feeling it evinces for the higher excellences of art. It is something to grapple even ordinarily well with a subject from a great tragedy.

Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face  
To be opposed against the jarring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)  
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.

270. "Three Versions of One Subject." W. Etty, R.A. Three female heads (the same person in three views), in the manner of Vandyck's portrait of Charles I., for Bernini to make his bust from.

273. "Italian Image-boys at a Roadside Alehouse." J. Collinson. One of the best pictures in its way in the whole Exhibition. The three Italian boys grouped on the floor are capably conceived and drawn, and the expression in the boy's face who is admiring a plaster figure of a Mandarin is all that is wanted. We recollect, with pleasure, Mr. Collinson's former effort in art, his "Charity boy's début," so full of observation; but this is a better picture, and is moreover full of future promise.

277. "Cattle returning from the Meadows." F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A.—(*Engraved at page 360.*)

284. "Drawing for the Militia," J. Phillip, should not be passed by, though seen to little advantage where it is hung.

285. "The Temple of Female Fortune, with the Acqua Felice." W. Linton. One of Mr. Linton's classical landscapes, in his easily recognised style.

286. "The Duet, 'Andante con moto.'" F. Stone. A most successful endeavour to represent boys and girls of a blushing eighteen, in a nineteenth century drawing-room, at a nineteenth century piano, and in nineteenth century dresses. Two families are introduced—a light-haired family and a dark-haired family. The dark-haired brother is in love with the fair-haired sister of his friend, and the fair-haired brother with the dark-haired sister of his friend. This kind of duetting with eyes is very carefully and prettily carried out. The female faces are especially beautiful. The picture belongs to Jacob Bell, Esq.

290. "The Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, under the Command of Titus, A.D. 71." D. Roberts, R.A.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces.—*Psalms* xlviii. 12, 13.

Jerusalem is immortalized by revolutions more various and destructive than have occurred in any other city of the world. Seventeen times has it been sacked and partially destroyed. It has been the field of the most brilliant exploits of the Jewish, Roman, and Saracenic armies, and has been molested by the blood of our ancestors during the romantic ages of the Crusades.

During the reign of Nero, the Jews having revolted, the city was invested by Titus; and, having desperately sustained the most remarkable siege in history, from the 14th of April to the 2nd of September, in the year A.D. 71, it was taken, and, together with the Temple, plundered and burnt. The Jews, after having courageously defended the third and second walls, fell back upon the fortress Antonia, which commanded the Temple. Torn into factions amongst themselves, they fought madly against each other, whilst the Romans burned and laid waste the outer and lower cities of Bethetha and Acra; but Titus, after great labour, having brought the war-engines to bear upon this fortress, the Jews were, ultimately, driven back upon the Temple itself. The principal tower having fallen, the northern portico of the Temple was left defenceless. Titus, commanding in person, was anxious to save it, but, on the seventh day after the Romans had taken possession of Antonia, the outer portico having caught fire, the Temple itself, together with the magnificent porticoes by which it was surrounded, were totally destroyed. Being the Feast of the Passover, the city was crowded with people, and Josephus, who was present, relates that 600,000 perished of famine, 1,000,000 by the sword, and 97,000 were sent away prisoners. The young, with the women, were sold for slaves, and thirty might be bought for a piece of silver.—*Vide Josephus's Wars of the Jews*.

A very large and elaborate picture, and easily mistaken, as many have mistaken it, for the work of Mr. John Martin. This is a picture which deserves to be studied by the artist, for its great triumph over space; and by the scriptural and historical student, for the map-like fidelity of every part. It is a panorama in small.

291. "Portrait of his Highness Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt." Painted at Cairo previous to his illness. The background represents the view from one of the windows of the palace of the citadel, with the mosque of the Sultan Hassan in the distance. T. Brigstocke. A large full-length picture, and true to the received likenesses of the celebrated Pacha.

299. "Scene from 'The Lady of the Lake.'" A. Johnstone. We must confess to some disappointment on seeing this picture, recollecting the deserved reputation of Mr. Johnstone. He is more at home with Allan Ramsay than with Sir Walter Scott.

But Douglas rose,  
And thrust between the struggling foes  
His giant strength:—"Chieftains, forego I  
I hold the first who strikes my foe—  
Madman, forbear your frantic jar!  
What! is the Douglas fallen so far,  
His daughter's hand is doomed the spoil  
Of such dishonourable broil!"  
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,  
And struck with shame, their desperate grasp;  
And each upon his rival glared,  
With foot advanced and blade half bared.—*The Lady of the Lake*.

303. "Benjamin West's First Effort in Art." E. M. Ward, A.

Little Benjamin was placed with a fly flap in his hand to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister, while his mother gathered flowers in the garden. As he sat by the cradle, the child smiled in sleep; he was struck with its beauty, and seeking some paper, drew its portrait in red and black ink.—*See ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S Lives of the British Painters*.

This we have already described, and, better still, have Engraved.



## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

306. "A Dance of Nymphs and Satyrs." S. A. Hart, R.A.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to the oaten flute.  
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
And old Damocles loved to hear our song.  
MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

A kind of Nicholas Poussin subject, treated in the warm rich manner of the Venetian artists. We are more in love with subjects of this nature when they resemble ancient bas-reliefs, than when they attempt (however successfully) the rich full hues of the Venetian school. Still, we admit the propriety of treating a subject as it is here treated; and there is much to admire in Mr. Hart's picture.

307. "Portrait of the Right Hon. Lord Rollo." J. Watson Gordon, A. A full-length, of the size of life: the action easy and noblemanlike, and the general effect good.

310. "Portrait of Samuel Cousins, Esq., A.E." T. Mogford. A very good likeness of the greatest mezzotinto engraver we have yet had.

311. "Isabella." J. E. Millais.

Fair Isobel, poor simple Isobel!  
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!  
They could not long in the self-same mansion dwell  
Without some stir of heart, some malady;  
They could not sit at meals but felt how well  
It soothed each to be the other by.

These brethren having found by many signs  
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,  
And how she loved him too, each unconfin'd  
His bitter thoughts to other, well-nigh mad  
That he, the servant of their trade designs,  
Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,  
When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees  
To some high noble and his olive trees.—KEATS.

A wonderful picture viewed as a work of art, but still more wonderful when viewed as the production of a very young man. The scene represented is a dinner table, with four figures on one side, and eight on the other. Lorenzo is looking admiration and love at Isabella, and the brothers are showing their scorn of Lorenzo—one by kicking his dog, another by biting his nail at him. Some of the heads, though wanting in relief, are full of character. The leg of the brother who is kicking the dog is somewhat of the long-shanks character.

312. "Autumn," T. S. Cooper, A., is one of those pictures to which it is unnecessary (when standing before it) to give the name of either subject or artist.

318. "Daniel Defoe and the Manuscript of 'Robinson Crusoe.'" E. M. Ward, A.

The manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" passed through the whole circle of the trade before it could find a purchaser; when at length accepted, the sale was so immediate and rapid, that no less than four editions were published in as many months.—See HAZLITT'S *Life of Defoe*.

A very clever picture, representing the interior of a bookseller's shop of the time of Queen Anne, and in its details strictly true to the time. In the foreground is seen Defoe, thoughtful and resigned, receiving the MS. of "Robinson Crusoe" from a young coxcomb of a bookseller, who has just snuffed out a candle at the same moment that he has, as he evidently thinks, snuffed out an author. Behind Defoe is his wife. The background represents part of an open court, seen through the window. Behind the young coxcomb publisher is a sort of ante-room, where the head of the house has just undertaken to publish a volume of "Poems on several Occasions," for a lady of quality—an eminent hand, as Mr. Lintot would have called her. This is a capital contrast—the accepted and the rejected. All the accessories are in good character: dry bodies of divinity, tied up ready to be sent to the buttermilk; the book for subscriptions; the list of books published this term. We have seldom seen this thoughtful artist abound in more suggestive incidents and little circumstances than in this very clever picture.

323. "Portrait of the Reverend Edward Rice, D.D., Head Master of Christ's Hospital." Painted for the Board-room of the Royal Free



"THE WOUNDED GREEK."—PAINTED BY A. COOPER, R.A.

Hospital, Gray's Inn-lane. T. H. Illidge. An excellent likeness of as good a teacher as ever taught in any school.

324. "Rienzi vowing to obtain justice for the death of his young brother, slain in a skirmish between the Colonna and Orsini factions." W. H. Hunt. This, like the "Lorenzo and Isabella," is the production of a very young man. The subject is well imagined, and the whole circumstance brought before the eye. There is a thoughtful early-art character about the whole design, with some crude colouring:—

But for that event, the future liberator of Rome might have been but a dreamer, a scholar, a poet—the peaceful rival of Petrarch—a man of thoughts, not deeds. But from that time, all his faculties, energies, fancies, genius, became concentrated to a single point; and patriotism, before a vision, leaped into the life and vigour of a passion.—BULWER LITTON'S *Rienzi*.

325. "Lago Maggiore." C. Stanfield, R.A. Full of rich transparent

beauty, with an effect of light in Stanfield's best manner.

327. "The death of Gelert." R. Ansdell. This is less like Edwin Landseer than is common with this clever artist, who has sufficient originality of his own to render it unnecessary for him to traffic with other people's ideas.

"Hell-hound! by thee my child devoured!"  
The frantic father cried;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gelert's side.  
Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap  
His hurried search had miss'd,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
His cherub boy he kiss'd.  
Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain  
For now the truth was clear;  
The gallant hound the wolf had slain  
To save Llewellyn's heir.  
Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe:  
"Best of thy kind, adieu!"  
The frantic deed which laid thee low,  
This heart shall ever rue."

329. "Viscount Emlyn." F. R. Say. By the painter of the full-length of Prince Albert—and a better picture than the portrait of the Prince.

331. "Near Miori, Gulf of Salerno." C. Stanfield R.A. A fit companion to 325.

336. "Viscount Hardinge on the field of Ferozhushur, accompanied by the Hon. Charles Hardinge (private secretary), Colonel Wood (military secretary), and the Hon. Arthur Hardinge, A.D.C." The horse on which he is mounted was in the battles of Meeanee and Maharajpore, and was afterwards ridden by him in the three battles on the Sutlej. The view represents the field and village of Ferozhushur, taken from a sketch made on the spot by the Hon. Charles Hardinge. F. Grant, A. The horse on which Lord Hardinge rides is unusually wooden for so spirited an artist as Mr. F. Grant. The attendants are better. It is like Lord Hardinge.

337. Thomas Grissell, Esq., F.S.A. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. Like.

343. "A Stream in the Hills" T. Creswick, A. Very beautiful. We should be sorry to hear that Mr. Creswick had gone, like other artists, across the Alps—we would rather subscribe to keep him at home. Our landscape painters, who have visited Italy, have always lost the feeling for an English sky, or, at least, the skill to represent it as of old.

344. "An incident in the Life of Benjamin West, afterwards President of the Royal Academy." C. Compton.

Little Benjamin was placed to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister. As he sat by the cradle, the child smiled in sleep; he was struck by its beauty and seeking some paper, drew its portrait in red and black ink, although at this period he had never seen an engraving or picture, and was only in the seventh year of his age.—Vide ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S *Lives of British Painters*.

The same subject as Mr. Ward has painted, but Mr. Compton is not equal to Mr. Ward.

348. "Garden Scene." J. D. Wingfield. With Mr. Wingfield's usual success in details, and all his usual dryness in representing them.

349. "Coming of Age." W. P. Frith, A. A picture restoring the manners and customs of the age of Queen Elizabeth in a very remarkable manner. The scene represents a quadrangle, not unlike Hever Castle, if we mistake not, in which the artist has introduced nearly one hundred figures. We have the son on the steps leading to the great door, dressed like a second Lord Leicester. Behind him are his father and mother (the mother with red or auburn hair in compliment to Queen Elizabeth); and by his side is a fine venerable dame (his grandmother), most capably painted. The clerk of the parish reads a congratulatory address, while a youth kneels and presents a cushion, the work of some cunning armourer, who is willing to compliment the family on its prowess, and show his own skill at the same time. The courtyard is all bustle and merriment suitable to the importance of the occasion. We have Boniface drawing his Anno Domini (the best he has; and



"RIVER SCENE, NORTH WALES."—PAINTED BY F. R. LEE, R.A.



EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

t is good, we can attest to that); while the clerk of the kitchen is showing his skill in carving the ox that was roasted whole. The picture is full of incident, and full of groups most charmingly conceived and painted. That of the child in the foreground is especially well designed and completed. This is Mr. Frith's single contribution to the Exhibition, and it is, in every respect, a great and successful effort.

356. "Colly Dogs." E. Landseer, R.A. Perfect in its way. The dogs smack of the heather they are on.

357. "The Awakened Conscience." R. Redgrave, A.—(Engraved at page 357.)

363. "Mill on the Ogwen River, North Wales." F. R. Lee, R.A. Cold, careful, and literal.

364. "Rhodopis, the Greek Cinderella." C. Landseer, R.A.

Once when she was bathing, Fortune, which is fond of effecting strange and wonderful things, gave her what her beauty rather than her mind deserved: while she was bathing, and her attendants were taking care of her raiment, an eagle swooped down, seized one of her sandals, went off with it, and bore it to Memphis, and, as King Psammetichus was administering justice, dropped it into his bosom. Psammetichus was struck with the form of the sandal, the elegance of its workmanship, and the act of the bird, so he issued an order to search through all Egypt for the person to whom the sandal belonged, and when he had found her he made her his wife."—*Ælian*, xiii. 33.

This is very unlike the usual run of Charles Landseer's pictures. It is better than anything he has done for some time past. The drawing and design are both good, the incident well made out, and the colouring less uncertain than customary with this painter. The Egyptian character is well sustained.

366. "Esquisse sur la Mort de l'Archevêque de Paris, Juin, 1848." E. Delfosse.

"L'Archevêque, blessé, est soutenu par un insurgé: il est accompagné de deux Grands Vicaires. Des insurgés sont groupés autour de lui: un jeune homme est à genoux à ses pieds. Sur la gauche est le valet de chambre de l'Archevêque, aussi grièvement blessé. Sur la droite on voit des Membres de l'Assemblée Nationale retenus et conduits dans l'intérieur de la barricade par les insurgés. Dans le fond on aperçoit la Colonne de Juillet."

372. "Destruction of Idolatry in England." G. Patten, A.—(Engraved at page 357.)

371. "Passing Showers." T. Creswick, A. Partly in the late Mr. Constable's manner, and partly in Mr. Creswick's own. The artist has represented a fine open country, with that effect of sky and atmosphere which indicates showery weather. The foreground is capably managed—rough, wild, and true to nature. The horseman hurrying along adds to the passing character of the changes portrayed. This, to our thinking, is Mr. Creswick's best work—better he has never been.

377. "Returning from Deer-Stalking—Urquhart Castle in the distance." A. Cooper, R.A. The horses, as is usual with this artist, unmistakably good; the landscape indifferent.

378. "Subject from Tristram Shandy." A. Elmore, A.

Leave we then the breeches in the tailor's hands, with my father standing by him with his cane, reading him, as he sat at work, a lecture upon the *latus clavus*,



"THE SHADE OF THE BEECH TREES."—PAINTED BY T. CRESWICK, A.

and pointing to the precise part of the waistband where he was determined to have it sewed on.

Suggests a comparison with Leslie, but is wanting in humour, and even in character. The painting is quite as good as in the "Religious Controversy," by the same artist (No. 23).

more than hunger, kept him waking, and he was hurried in thought to and from a thousand places.—*Don Quixote*, 2nd part.

This little incident in *Don Quixote's* history is well made out. The subdued yet warm tone of the picture is well imagined and

383. Compartment to the left: "Ferdinand declaring his love to Miranda." P. F. Poole, A.

384. Centre compartment: "The Conspiracy of Sebastian and Antonio." P. F. Poole, A.

385. Compartment to the right: "Ferdinand and Miranda discovered by Alonso, at the entrance to the cave, playing at chess." P. F. Poole, A. Three pictures in one frame—a triptych, as our antiquarian friends would call it. There is some good drawing throughout, and a good deal of Mulready's manner in which a severe style of art is attempted, and in some respects successfully.

389. "Auld Robin Gray." A. McInnes.

They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea; And so Auld Robin Gray he was gude-man to me.

I had na been his wife a week but only four,

When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,

I saw my Jamie's ghaist: I con'd na think it he,

Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love to marry thee!"

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

A favourite subject, but Mr. McInnes has caught very little of the sentiment or inspiration of the song.

392. "The Solitary Pool." R. Redgrave, A.

The half-uprooted ash,

Dripping and bright, \* \* \*

Tinted yellow with the rich departing light,

And haply basin'd in some unsunn'd cleft,

A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,

Sleeps shelter'd there, scarce wrinkled by the gale. COLEBRIDGE.

This is a sweet passage in Coleridge. Mr. Redgrave has covered his pool with water lilies, and has led us, not unwillingly, into a very sweet spot.

397. "Innocence and Guilt." A. Rankley.

To woman's heart, when fair and free,

Her sins seem great and manifold,

When sunk in guilt and misery,

No crime can then her soul behold.

HOGG.

Another wonderful picture, by, we understand, a young man.—The scene is the interior of a country church. Innocence is portrayed in the meek devotion of the poorer people. Guilt, in the conversational forgetfulness of the place, exhibited by a fashionable lady and gentleman. Some of the charity children in this picture are beautiful representations of real innocence and unaffected devotion.

404. "Sand-pits." J. Linnell. The best picture by this admirable landscape painter that we have seen for some time. Mr. Linnell has had Gainsborough in his eye—not to copy, but to emulate, as he has done in some portions of this picture most successfully.

405. J. Gilbert.

Master and man alighted from their beasts, and, seating themselves at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had had his afternoon's collation that day, entered abruptly the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whose imagination, much

could not close his eyes. On the contrary, he was hurried in thought to and from a thousand places.—*Don Quixote*, 2nd part.

This little incident in *Don Quixote's* history is well made out. The subdued yet warm tone of the picture is well imagined and



"DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE."—PAINTED BY JOHN GILBERT.



sustained. We have engraved Mr. Gilbert's picture for our present paper, at page 349.

#### WEST ROOM.

407. "Wise and Foolish Builders." G. Harvey, is hung too high to be seen to advantage. Mr. Harvey is not a common artist, and deserves to be well treated.

414. "Autumn." G. Lance. A fruit piece—a companion to No. 418. We have seen Mr. Lance better than he is here.

What'er the wintry frost  
Nitrous prepared, the various blossom'd spring  
Put in white promise forth, and summer sun  
Concocted.—THOMSON.

417. "The Shade of the Beech Trees." T. Creswick, A. This we have had engraved. The foliage of the beech is caught with the eye of a botanist, and rendered with the feeling of a painter. The composition is good.—(Engraved at page 349.)

419. "Happy Hours—Italy as it was," W. D. Kennedy, is clever, very clever indeed in parts, and is neither like Watteau or Stothard, yet has much in common with what they felt and drew so admirably. The landscape portion of the picture is beautifully designed, but in parts is somewhat weak and insipid. We recollect the time when Mr. Kennedy could and did colour with as rich and juicy a pencil as Mr. Eddy.

434. "Evangeline in the Church." C. Lucy. The expression on the face of the boy in the foreground, who is looking intently at Evangeline, deserves to be studied.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, fixed his eyes on her, as the saint of his deepest devotion.—*Vide LONGFELLOW'S Evangeline.*

436. "A Fern Cave—a Scene in Mount's Bay, Cornwall." E. W. Cooke. Another of Mr. Cooke's delightful pictures. No painter understands ferns better than Mr. Cooke, or paints them half as well.

441. "Dover, from the Canterbury-road." J. Danby. This is by the son of Mr. Danby, the Associate. Mr. Danby, as we have noticed in several recent British Institute Exhibitions, has an eye sensibly alive to the solemn grandeur of landscape scenery.

442. "Monsieur de Lamartine—painted at Paris, May 1848." H. W. Phillips. A well-imagined portrait, and like; with a dignity of character proper to the man.

443. "The Return of Ulysses." J. Linnell.

And first brought forth Ulysses: bed, and all  
That richly furnish'd it; he still in thrall  
Of all-subduing sleep. Upon the sand  
They set him softly down; and then the strand  
They strew'd with all the goods he had, bestow'd  
By the renowned Phæaciens.

13th Book of HOMER'S *Odyssey* (Chapman's Translation.)

Not so good as the "Sand Pits" of the same artist, already noticed.

445. "Romance." E. V. Rippinville.

There is a region, boundless as the sky;  
A thought-created world, exhaustless, rife  
With beings that know no decay, nor die,  
But ever fresh and young, continue life,  
Sustained by Fancy's bountiful supply,  
And all secure from earthlike change or strife.  
That world is thine, Romance! the bright ideal,  
Beautiful reflection of the real.—*Poetical Scraps, by the Painter.*

We recollect the time when great things were expected of Mr. Rippinville, and the Bristol people were angry with other people who could not see the many excellences of their favourite artist. This, we fear, will hardly justify the expectations that were raised about him.

447. L. Armitage.

Gilbert Becket, when a young man, was made prisoner in Palestine while fighting for the Cross. After two years' captivity he was enabled (aided by the love and self-devotion of his captor's daughter) to make his escape, and return to London, where he soon became a man of some importance. The young Princess to whom he was indebted for his liberty, finding life insupportable without him, resolved to follow him; and, after a painful pilgrimage through Europe, at last reached London. Her search for him was, however, fruitless, the only word she knew being Gilbert, the name of her beloved. She was followed about by crowds of women and children, their curiosity being excited by her singular dress and appearance. At last, worn out with fatigue, she sat down on a stone which happened to be at the door of her beloved Gilbert. A crowd of children collected round her, some pitying, others laughing at her. Here she was found by Gilbert, who, having easily converted her to Christianity, married her. She became the mother of the celebrated Thomas Becket.—*Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest.*

It was Mr. Armitage who carried away the first prize at the first Westminster Hall Exhibition. This, however, is in a different style of art, and is good and full of thoughtfulness.

448. "A Girl with a Tambourine." S. A. Hart, R.A. An oval picture, seen lengthways. The colouring is rich, but hardly harmonious: time, however, may mellow it down into one subdued and perfect whole.

449. "St. Peter and St. John healing the Sick." E. U. Eddis.

Grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word, by stretching forth thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of thy holy child Jesus.—*Acts, iv. 29, 30.*

A large picture—the figures the size of life seen only to the knee. This is better than any scriptural subject we can call to mind by Benjamin West, and we know what West was thought of in his day.

455. "Mountain Scenery—North Wales." F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A. With the usual excellences of both artists.

461. "Surplice, the Winner of the Derby and St. Leger, 1848." A. Cooper, R.A. Painted with the care of one who understands the points and qualities of the horse. We have seldom seen a better horse-portrait than this. We are not, however, very ardent admirers of this class of Melton Mowbray art.

463. "The maids of Aleyrna, the enchantress, endeavouring to tempt Rogero." F. R. Pickersgill, A.

The second brings him wine on the other side,  
Making him far more thirsty with the sight;  
But these enticements could not cause him bide.

AMOSGO'S *Orlando Furioso* (by Harrington).

Has merit, while it makes us sigh for Mr. Frost.

464. "A Torrent and Cataract in a mountainous country—Morning." R. R. Reinagle. By the late Royal Academician.

465. "The old Hall at Stiff Key, near Wells, Norfolk, once the seat of, and built by, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal to Queen Elizabeth." H. Bright. Is not up to the mark of the expectations raised by some of Mr. Bright's recent landscapes.

471. "Lady Macbeth." A. Elmore, A.

Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd,  
The fatal bellman which gives the stern't and o' night.  
He is about it: the doors are open.—*Act ii., scene 2.*

Will not advance Mr. Elmore's reputation. How few can

Trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death.

472. "On Hampstead Heath." G. Stanfield. By the son of Clarkson Stanfield, and with a portion of his father's spirit.

473. "Launce's Substitute for Proteus's Dog." A. L. Egg, A.

*Proteus.* And what says she to my little jewel?  
*Launce.* Marry, she says, your dog was a cur: and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*Proteus.* But she received my dog?

*Launce.* No, indeed, she did not; here have I brought him back again.

*Proteus.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?

*Launce.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the nungman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own; which is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

One of the best Shakespeare illustrations in the present Exhibition: full of character, and most admirably and honestly painted. *Launce* and his dog have noses very much alike.

474. "Malvolio in the Sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow; Maria, Fabian, Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek in the background." J. C. Horsley.

*Maria.* Get ye all three into the box-tree: \* \* \* Lie thou there [throws down a letter], for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

We wish we could speak in praise of Mr. Horsley's Shakespeare illustration. The picture reminds us somewhat too closely of Mr. MacIse's treatment of the same subject.

479. "Landing a Salmon." F. R. Lee, R.A. The trees piled up on the left of the picture, above the banks of the river, are rich in effect and foliage.

481. "An Otter Lake, in North Wales." T. Danby. Full of solemn stateliness, but hung shamefully high.

488. "Mozart's Last Moments." H. N. O'Neil. This is so unlike Mr. O'Neil's former pictures, that we were willing to think, for some time, that the catalogue was in error. Mr. O'Neil has wrestled with his subject, and, in some respects, successfully, but it is not a picture that will add to his reputation.

At two o'clock on the same day which was that of his death, he had been visited by some performers of Schikaneder's theatre, his intimate friends. The ruling passion was now strongly exemplified. He desired the score of the "Requiem" to be brought, and it was sung by his visitors round his bed, himself taking the alto part. They had proceeded as far as the first bars of the "Lacrymosa," when Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping.—*Life of Mozart, by Holmes.*

489. "The Outcast of the People." J. R. Herbert, R.A. This, by Mr. Herbert, has many admirers; but the sentiment, we fear, is more frequently supplied by the spectator, than found on the canvass supplied at hand by the artist.

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.—*St. Luke, ix. 58.*

497. "Academy for Instruction in the Discipline of the Fan, 1711." A. Solomon.

Mr. Spectator.—Women are armed with fans, as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at Court.—*Vide Spectator, No. 102.*

A picture in Mr. E. M. Ward's manner. It tells its own story, and is engraved among our Academy Illustrations.—(See front page.) It is hung too high to be seen well, but will be found to repay a stretch on tiptoe to see it.

498. "Moonlight off the Reculvers." C. Stanfield, R.A. Mr. Stanfield is here with a new effect. This admirable artist has never been seen to more varied advantage than in the Exhibition of the present year.

503. "A Dewy Morning"—Sir Robert Howard's duel of the stags, 2nd battle, written in the year 1728. J. Ward, R.A. Sir Robert Howard was dead many years before 1728. Mr. Ward may have forgotten this—but that he has not lost much of his skill at the great age of eighty, is evident by this picture. We observe that in one corner he has put his name, and appended to it, "aged 80, 1849." Much of it has been painted with a magnifying glass.

The mighty enemies now meet at length,  
With equal fury, though not equal strength;  
For now too late the conqueror did find  
That all was wasted in him but his mind.  
His courage in his weakness yet prevails,  
As a bold pilot steers with tatter'd sails.  
Before his once scorned enemy he reels,  
His wounds increasing with the shame he feels:  
The other's strength more from his weakness grows,  
And with one furious push his rival throws.

512. "Evening Scene in the Highlands." E. Landseer, R.A. A repetition of the "Challenge," with the slight difference of an evening effect. Our readers will remember the popular print by Mr. Landseer, under the name of the "Challenge." This is less to our liking.

513. J. Hollins, A.

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother.  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense:  
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
That *Probus* lute, the queen of music, makes;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drownd,  
When as himself to singing he betakes.  
One god is god of both, as poet's feign;  
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.—SHAKESPEARE.

The sentiment conveyed by the male and female figures in this picture is very happy. The landscape is poor.

514. "The Blackberry Gatherers." P. F. Poole, A., is a sort of distant imitation of Mulready's manner. The picture consist of three figures—an unnecessarily tall female (the principal person in the picture) and a boy, who is giving a back to a younger brother, in order that he may reach some of the blackberries, too high to be got at without such assistance.

517. "Bianca Capella." J. C. Hook.

The young Bianca found her father's door,  
That door so often, with a trembling hand,  
So often—then so lately left ajar,  
Shut; and, all terror, all perplexity—  
Now by her lover urged, now by her love—  
Fled o'er the waters, to return no more.—ROBERTS'S *Italy.*

518. "Scene near Veletri." W. Linton.

523. "Portrait of the Very Rev. John Lee, D.D., Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Dean of the Chapel Royal." J. Watson Gordon, A. A three-quarter portrait, and a very thoughtful and manly one. The action, too, is, as far as we remember, unborrowed.

524. "The Rising Mist." T. S. Cooper, A.

530. "The Earl of Wilton." F. Grant, A. A kit-kat; dark and Titianesque.

531. "Morning, on the Banks of Zurich Lake, with Pilgrims Embarking on their way to Einsiedlin." F. Danby, A. The most poetic picture in the whole Exhibition—a perfect triumph in landscape art: the effect of the morning light on the lake is a piece of complete pictorial deception. The rich light behind the trees and church tower is equally wonderful.

537. "Portrait of T. Richardson, Esq." J. P. Knight, R.A., stands in curious contrast to its companion picture, the "Portrait of the Earl of Wilton," already noticed.

543. "The Marquis of Granby." F. Grant, A. A three-quarter portrait. Excellent for its unconstrained attitude, and the nobleman quality of look which it indisputably bears. This is Mr. Grant's best picture in the present Exhibition.

544. "The quiet Lake." T. Creswick, A.

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray.

Cows crossing on one side; a girl with a pitcher meeting them on the other. Richer in effect than is usual with this painter.

566. "Arthur and Egle in the Happy Valley." J. Martin.

Behold how alp on alp shuts out the scene  
From all the ruder world that lies afar:  
Deep, fathom deep, the valley which they screen,  
Deep as in chasms of cloud a happy star.

Now as the night gently deepens round them, while  
Off to the moon upturn their happy eyes—  
Still, hand in hand, they range the lull'd isle,  
Air knows no breeze, scarce sighing to their sighs;  
No bird of night shrieks bode from drowsy trees,  
Nought lies between them and the Pleiades;

Save where the moth strains to the moon its wing,  
Deeming the reachless near;—the prophet face  
Of the cold stars forewarned them not; the ring  
Of great Orion, who for the embrace  
Of Morn's sweet maid had died, looked calm above  
The last unconscious hours of human love.

Each astral influence unrevealing shone  
O'er the dark web its solemn thread enwove;  
Mars shot no anger from his fatal throne,  
No beam spoke trouble in the House of Love;

Their closing path the treacherous smile illum'd;  
And the stern star-kings kiss'd the brows they doom'd—  
'Tis morn once more.

*King Arthur, by SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.*

A blue expanse, with some of the excellences and all the defects of Mr. Martin's style.

568. "Portrait of a Gentleman." Mrs. W. Carpenter.

570. "Morning—St. Brelarde's Bay, Jersey." R. Leslie. By the son of the Royal Academician, and the best picture we have seen of his.

We must skip the forty pictures in the OCTAGON ROOM. It is unjust to artists for critics to condemn what they cannot see, and equally unjust to the public that they should praise under the same deprivation.

#### DRAWINGS AND MINIATURES.

In this room Sir William Ross and Mr. Thorburn reign supreme. Sir W. Ross excels in delicacy of finish and the general propriety of his details; Mr. Thorburn, in the way in which he adapts some received posture made popular by a great painter, and moulds it to his own uses. When we quote the catalogue, and refrain from comment, our readers must understand that we direct attention to what is worth seeing, while the opportunity for remark afforded by the several works is very slight indeed.

617. "Sir Thomas Gresham—enamel, after Sir Antonio More, in the collection of Joseph Neeld, Esq., M.P., &c." H. P. Bone.

625. "Enamel Portrait of Shakespeare, after the Chandos picture, by Burbage." W. Essex. This deserves examination; it is good. But the marvellous mezzotint from the same picture, by Mr. Cousins, which we have just seen, is still better.

630. "General Monk, Duke of Albemarle—enamel, after Walker, in the collection of the Earl of Craven, Combe Abbey, Warwickshire." H. P. Bone.

631. "Enamel of the infant Saviour—painted from the original picture in the National Gallery, by Murillo." W. Essex.

640. "Caxton"—enamel from an illumination in the Library of Lambeth Palace. "Luther"—enamel from a picture in Lambeth Palace. H. P. Bone. The portrait of Caxton at Lambeth is now ascertained not to be Caxton.

643. "Sir Henry T. De la Beche, C.B., Director-General of the Geological Surveys of the United Kingdom, F.R.S., &c. &c."—enamel, from life. H. P. Bone.

647. "Medallion of W. R. Hamilton, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A." R. C. Lucas.

653. "Head of the Virgin"—enamel, after Guido, in the collection of Joseph Neeld, Esq., M.P., &c. &c. H. P. Bone.

656. "Enamel Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Nugent"—painted from the original picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. W. Essex.

662. "Portrait of the Lady Clementina Villiers, in a costume worn at the Fête at Fulham, on the 19th July, 1848." J. B. Swinton.

673. "Mrs. Mowatt, the American authoress and actress." Emily Anne Scott.

695. "Portrait of the Rev. W. Kirby, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., President of the Entomological Society, &c., in his ninetieth year." F. H. Bischoff.

708. "Medal of Hogarth—executed for the Art-Union of London." L. Wyon. This, by Mr. Leonard Wyon, the son of Mr. William Wyon, R.A., is very good.

710. "Colonel Thomas Wood." R. Thorburn, A.

714. "Portrait of the Viscountess Jocelyn." J. R. Swinton.

722. "The Wife and Family of H. W. Eaton, Esq." R. Thorburn, A. A large lunette-shaped picture; excellent in point of execution.

725. "Viscount Encombe, son of the Earl and Countess of Eldon. Miss G. C. Stewart.

727. "Mrs. H. S. Leigh Hunt and Child." Miss Augusta Cole.

734. "Mrs. Webb." Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.

738. "The Earl of Macclesfield and his Grandson." R. Thorburn, A. The old Earl, in his robes, is leaning over his grandson. The contrast between age and youth is happily sustained.

751. "Sir Thomas Wilde, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas." Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.

752. "Mrs. Graham." T. Carrick.

755. "The Viscountess Newport." R. Thorburn, A.

757. "Portrait of Mrs. Moon." W. F. Cunningham.

764. "Portrait of the late Lord Auckland." Miss Zeigler.

767. "His Grace the Duke of Marlborough." Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.

768. "Portrait of Mrs. Marshall." Sir W. Newton.

769. Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable F. Grosvenor Hood." T. Carrick.

770. "Portrait of a Lady," painted in 1833. A. E. Chalon, R.A.

771. "Portrait of Montague, the third son of Charles Barron, Esq." Sir W. Newton.

776. "Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Louisa Spencer, and Lord Almaric Churchill." Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. Sir Wm. Ross's largest and best enamel. It is in every way the gem of the room. Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, Petitot, or Zincke were never better. The Duchess is in blue velvet.

778. "Miss Blackiston." T. Carrick.

779. "Portrait of the Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, Bart." Sir W. Newton.

781. "Portrait of Herbert, the second son of Charles Barron, Esq." Sir W. Newton.

782. "Mrs. Sigmund Rucker." Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.

795. "The Right Rev. the Bishop of Carlisle." R. Thorburn, A. A full-length of the Bishop seated in his library.

806. "The Marchioness of Ely." Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.

815. "Oswyn Cresswell, Esq., and Son." Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. He has two dogs by his side.

819. "Webb, Esq." Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.

825. "Portrait of Josephine and Brodie, daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. De Zulueta." Miss R. Raimbach.

827. "Portrait group—George Mould, Esq., Mrs. Mould, and their Son." T. Carrick.

828. "Lady Elizabeth Lawley." R. Thorburn, A.

832. "Mrs. Herbert Ashton." Miss Augusta Cole.

833. "Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Jones, Chairman of the Board of Public Works, Dublin." R. Thorburn, A.

843. "Portrait of Sir Thomas Marryon Wilson, Bart." Sir W. Newton.

845. "The Right Hon. Lady Burghley." W. Egley.

848. "Portrait of F. D. P. Astley, Esq." R. Thorburn, A.

854. "Portrait of John Cooper, Esq., of Drury-lane Theatre." S. J. Stump.

858. "The Burial of Isabella." J. A. Vinter.

"No heart was there in Florence but did mourn  
In pity of her love, so overcast."—*Vide conclusion of Keats's Isabella.*

Mr. Vinter, like Mr. Millais, has gone with the same good taste to Keat's poem, but not with the same skill.

889. "Sketch of the general effect of a fresco intended to represent the Knights of the Round Table about to depart on the quest of the St. Greal." W. Dyce, R.A. This should be carefully examined, as Mr. Dyce has a handsome annuity from the Government for the express purpose of enabling him to do full justice to the story of King Arthur. A room in the New Houses of Parliament has been set apart for this story. There is great merit in this design, and it promises well for the general result.

"Alas," said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, "ye have nigh slain me with the vow and promise that ye have made: for through you, ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship, and the truest of knight-hood, that ever were seen together in any realm of the world; for when they shall depart from hence, I am sure that all shall never meet more in this world, for there shall many die in the quest." And therewith the tears fell from his eyes, and he said, "Sir Gawaine, Sir Gawaine, ye have set me in great sorrow, for I have great doubt that my true fellowship shall never meet more here again."—*Mort d'Arthur.*

897. "Water-colour Portrait of William Essex, Esq." W. B. Essex.

903. "Cartoon of Griselda, painted in fresco in the New Houses of Parliament." C. W. Cope, R.A.

He spoke no more, but up the child he hent  
Dispiteously, and gan a chere to make  
As though he wolde have slaine it ere he went;  
Griseldis alle must suffer and consent,  
And as a lamb she sitteth meke and stille,  
And let this cruel sergeant do his wille.—CHAUCER.

No. 117 is a coloured sketch for this cartoon. We have engraved the sketch in our Supplement of this week. The great merit of the cartoon is the simple way in which the story is told.

909. "Portrait of Miss Helen Faucet—a Sketch." F. M. Burton.

910. "Portrait of Mrs. Gardiner." A. E. Chalon, R.A.

912. "The late Charles Fox, Esq., Engraver." W. Carpenter, jun.

916. "The First Voyage." W. Mulready, R.A. A red chalk drawing, and very masterly in point of design.

920. "Maternal Instruction—Portrait of Miss Mitchell." A. E. Chalon, R.A.

931. "Portrait of Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A." A. E. Chalon, R.A. A very excellent likeness of our great landscape painter.

938. "Battle of Marston—an outline drawn under the inspection of General Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B." G. Jones, R.A. A pen and ink cut-line, and valuable as a map or muster roll of the battle.



Sir Charles Napier is with his staff on the bank of the dry bed of the Fullah River, on the edge of a nullah, or watercourse, where parties of the 22d are attacking the Beloochees hand to hand, led by Major M'Murdo. The right and the centre of the 22d are firing from the bank, flanked by the artillery on the right, one gun is pointed through a breach in the wall, and further up the wall is the breach defended by Captain Tew's company. The 12th 25th, and Native infantry are coming into action with the 9th Bengal Cavalry and Scinde Horse. The Beloochees army occupies the dry bed of the river, and extends, in enormous masses, in front of the British force. The officers introduced are General Sir Charles Napier, Colonel Warrington, Colonel M'Pherson, Colonel Pennefather, wounded, carried to the rear; Major Wylie, Major M'Murdo, Lieutenant Brennan, Lieutenant Polly, Lieutenant Thompson, Dr. Gibbon, and Ali Akbar, the interpreter. Lieutenant, now Major, M'Murdo is fighting with Khan Mohamed, whom he killed.

944. "Norma of the Fitful Head relating the history of her life to Minna and Brenda." C. H. Stanley.

947. "Portrait of Professor Leslie, R.A." A. E. Chalon, R.A. Very like.

948. "Mrs. Laurie." F. Cruickshank. The wife of the City Pleader, and niece to Sir Peter Laurie.

950. "Chantrey sitting in his studio by the stove at twilight, whilst engaged upon the equestrian statue of George IV. and the colossal bust of Nelson." G. Jones, R.A. Mr. Jones has written Sir Francis Chantrey's life, and will, it is said, publish it shortly. We trust he holds the pen better than the pencil.

955. "Portrait of Master William Arthur Tooke, son of Arthur W. Tooke, Esq." J. Hayter.

969. "Shylock refusing thrice the amount of his bond, rather than forego the condition on which it was signed by Antonio." C. H. Lear. (Engraved at page 360.)

971. "Whalley, Lancashire, looking over Ribblesdale, from the grounds of John Taylor, Esq., at Moreton Hall." J. D. Harding.

985. "Portrait of Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew." J. Sherling.

992. "Portrait of George Lance, Esq." A. Stanesby. A good likeness of the best painter of fruit this country has yet seen.

993. "W. H. Carpenter, Esq." Mrs. W. Carpenter. An excellent portrait of the worthy keeper of the prints in the British Museum.

994. "Norwich, from Moushold Hill." W. Westall, A.

998. "The Viscountess Jocelyn"—from the drawing by James Swinton, Esq. R. J. Lane, A.E.

999. "The Lady Clementina Villiers"—from the drawing by James Swinton, Esq. R. J. Lane, A.E.

1192. "Imperial Insurance Office." interior view, entering from the corner of Threadneedle-street and Broad-street; from the designs and under the superintendence of G. A. Young.

1193. "Imperial Insurance Office." interior view, principal staircase, as intended by design of G. A. Young.

## SCULPTURE.

THE principal work in the Sculpture Room (or cell, as it should be called) is Mr. Baily's marble group of the Three Graces.

1196. Marble group: "A Nymph of Diana taking a Thorn from a Greyhound's Foot." R. J. Wyatt.

1197. "Cupid and Psyche," basso relievo, in marble. P. MacDowell, R.A.

1198. "Statue," in marble, of the late Countess of Elgin; to be placed in the Cathedral of Spanish Town, Jamaica. J. Steel.

1199. "Eve"—a model. P. MacDowell, R.A.

His words replete with guile,  
Into her heart too easy entrance won:  
Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold  
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:

Pausing awhile—to herself she mused.—*Paradise Lost*, book ix.

1202. J. H. Foley.

Beside his grass-clad grave she kneels to mourn,  
And thinks of days that never can return.

1204. "Marble Statue of Sir William Follett, M.P., Q.C." W. Behnes. Rather heavy, a fault common with the portrait statues of this artist—witness his "Dr. Babington" in St. Paul's.

1205. "Marble statue—the startled nymph." W. Behnes.

1208. "Statue of the late John Flaxman, Esq., P.S.R.A." E. H. Baily, R.A. Very inferior in design, execution, and even likeness, to the fine statue in marble by the late Mr. M. L. Watson, which a committee, consisting of Mr. Rogers the poet, Mr. Eastlake the painter, &c., is about to erect to the memory of our great sculptor.

1209. "Group, in marble, of the Graces." E. H. Baily, R.A.

1210. "The Grecian Maid." W. C. Marshall, A.

Mother! sweet mother! 'tis in vain—  
I cannot now the shuttle throw;  
That youth is in my heart and brain,  
And Venus' lingering fires within me glow.

Fragment of Sappho.

1212. "Silvia and the Wounded Fawn." T. Earle. Mr. Earle was one of Sir F. Chantrey's pupils; but his heart has always been with the poetry of sculpture.

The bleeding creature issues from the floods  
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,  
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.  
He falls: he fills the house with heavy groans,  
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.  
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud  
For succour.—*VIRGIL'S ÆNEID*.

1213. "Statue of Thomas Campbell, to be erected in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey." W. C. Marshall, A.

When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;  
Thou, undimay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.—*The Pleasures of Hope*.

Simple and dignified. We are sorry to hear that the subscription for this statue is so insufficient that the artist is likely to be out of pocket by his work.

1214. "The Infant Bacchus—a portrait, to be executed in marble." E. H. Baily, R.A.

1215. "Venus." J. Legrew.

"A little winged serpent, see,  
Has pierced me, that men call a bee."  
But she answer'd, "If the sting,  
Love, of such a puny thing,  
Thus afflict thee, what must be  
The pain of others stung by thee?"—*Anacreon*, Ode 40.

1216. "Sabrina." F. M. Miller.

Listen for dear honour's sake,  
Goddess of the Silver Lake,  
Listen and save.—*Comus*.

1217. "Eurydice." L. Macdonald.

1218. "Zephyr and Aurora." W. C. Marshall, A.

1219. "The Earl of Arundel"—a statue, to be executed in bronze, for the new Palace of Westminster. W. F. Woodington. The Earl of Arundel was the great collector of works of art in the time of James I. and Charles I.

1222. "Alto-relievo"—part of a monument to the memory of two children. W. Theed.

1223. "Rachel." J. Fillans.

1224. "The Statue of General Nott," to be cast in bronze, and erected at Caermarthen. E. Davis.

1225. "Marble Statue of a Lady." T. Campbell.

1226. "Monumental Figures of the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P., and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread," to be placed in Cardington Church, Bedfordshire. H. Weekes.

1227. "Arethusa." L. Macdonald.

1228. "Statue of the late Charles Norris, Esq., of the East India Company's Civil Service," to be erected by his friends in the Cathedral of Bombay. W. Theed.

1229. "Model of a colossal statue of the late Sir James Shaw, Bart.," executed in marble for the subscribers, and placed at the Cross of Kilmarnock. J. Fillans.

1231. "The Hours and the Horses of the Sun." J. Gibson, R.A. Very classical in feeling and execution.

1232. "Model of a Monument to William Cowper, to be erected in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. The bas-relief represents Cowper in his study with Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austen." W. C. Marshall, A. Cowper deserved to have had a monument in Westminster Abbey before this. We are glad, however, seeing Mr. Marshall's excellent design for the monument, that the honour has been deferred so long.

1233. "Monument to the Memory of the late Right Hon. Sir John Bayley, Baron of the Exchequer." E. B. Stephens.

1238. "The Lord Bishop of Norwich, D.D., F.R.S., F.L.S." W. Behnes. Very like. Mr. Behnes is by far the best of our bust sculptors.

1240. "Sir Felix Booth, Bart., F.R.S." W. Behnes.

1253. "A Cabinet Bust, in marble, of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London." M. Noble.

1256. "Marble Bust of Mary, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere." C. Moore.

1257. "Marble Bust (posthumous) of the late Lord Abinger." H. Weekes.

1262. "Innocence"—a statuette. J. H. Foley.

1267. "Charles Barry, Esq., R.A." W. Behnes.

1271. "Bust of Samuel Warren, F.R.S., author of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' 'Now and Then,' &c." H. Weigall.

1272. "Marble Bust of Viscountess Castlereagh." G. G. Adams.

1273. "Monumental Bust of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Gipps, late Governor of New South Wales," to be placed in Canterbury Cathedral. H. Weekes.

1274. "Marble Bust of the Right Hon. Sir James Wigram, Vice-Chancellor." J. Dinham.

1276. "Marble group—Ruth and Naomi." J. R. Kirk.

And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee.—*Book of Ruth*.

1279. "A Bust of Mrs. W. Banks." Mr. A. Munro. A novelty of treatment, which augurs well for the sculptor's powers.

1280. "Marble Bust of Lord Walpole." L. Macdonald.

1285. "Marble Bust of Major-General Sir Harry Smith, G.C.B." G. G. Adams.

1287. "Marble Bust of Emily, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere." C. Moore.

1290. "Marble Bust of Sir John Jervis, her Majesty's Attorney-General." E. Davis.

1291. "Marble Bust of Viscount Castlereagh." G. G. Adams.

1295. "J. L. Donaldson, Esq., Professor of Architecture in University College, London." J. Dubois. Teaches what to avoid in bust sculpture—shirt-collars and eye-glasses.

1296. "Bust of Sir Charles Lemon, Bart." N. N. Burnard.

1297. "Guizot." J. Durham.

1306. "Marble Bust of his Grace the Duke of Wellington." H. Weigall.

1313. "A Girl Reading"—a Statue in Marble. P. MacDowell, R.A. A statuette of the same exquisite female figure which brought Mr. MacDowell into reputation and into the Royal Academy.

1314. "Marble Bust of the Right Hon. Knight Bruce, Vice-Chancellor." J. E. Thomas.

1315. "Bust, in Marble, of a Lady." E. H. Baily, R.A.

1317. "Bust, in Marble, of James Matheson, Esq., M.P." W. C. Marshall, A.

1318. "Marble Bust of Lady Clementina Villiers." L. Macdonald.

1319. "Bust, in Marble, of the late Francis Baily, Esq."—(Presented by his sister to the Royal Astronomical Society). E. H. Baily, R.A. A posthumous bust, but very like the great astronomer.

1321. "Bust of Peter Laurie, Esq." H. Weigall.

1322. "Albert Smith." C. Bacon.

1323. "Sir Henry Lawrence—a bust." T. Campbell.

1324. "Bust of Lord Charles Townshend." R. Westmacott, R.A. elect.

1325. Marble Bust of Mrs. George Forbes." H. Weekes.

1330. "Marble Bust (posthumous) of the late Professor MacCullagh, LL.D., F.T.C.D., M.R.I.A., &c. Executed for Trinity College, Dublin. C. Moore.

1332. "Marble Bust (posthumous) of the Right Hon. C. Buller, M.P. for Liskeard, and late President of the Poor-law Board." H. Weekes.

1333. "Bust (posthumous) of the late Lord Wharncliffe, Lord President of the Council." R. Westmacott, R.A. elect.

1334. "Marble Bust of the Countess of Clarendon." C. Moore.

1335. "Marble Bust of his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, K.G., G.C.B., Lord-Lieutenant General and Governor-General of Ireland." C. Moore.

1336. "Marble Bust of Thomas Hunt, Esq., author of the System for Stammering." Subscribed for, and presented to him, by his pupils, in testimony of his services of twenty-two years. J. Durham.

1337. "A bust of Sir David Davies, K.C.H., Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty the Queen Dowager." H. Weigall.

1340. "Musidora." J. Thomas. By the excellent sculptor the several statues, bosses, &c., in the new Houses of Parliament.

And fair exposed she stood, shrunk from herself  
With fancy blushing at the doubtful breeze,  
Alarm'd and starting like the fearful fawn.  
*Vide Thomson's Seasons*.

1341. "The Monument to the memory of Bishop Davies, of St. David's, the first translator of the Testament into Welsh, in the reign of Elizabeth"—executed in marble, by order of the Bishop of St. David's, and to be erected in Abergwili Church, near Caermarthen. E. Davis.

(Continued on pages 356 and 356.)

## LITERATURE OF THE PAST YEAR.

### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

WE are often apt, without consideration, to judge erroneously of contemporary literature. A comparison between a well-selected collection of dead authors, and a mass of books heaped up on the bookseller's counter, by living writers, is not much to the advantage of the latter. We forget that we take from old authors only the best works; while of modern authors we have the entire heap of writings, without any distinction between bad and good. We are persuaded that if the forgotten works of a century ago were fairly examined, they would be found to consist of a much larger proportion of matter utterly valueless, than in the works of the present day, which, like them, are destined to oblivion. More than this, we believe the proportion of books which will stand the test of time, to be greater now-a-days. We may consider the epoch of English literature to have lasted for three hundred and fifty years: are there twice three hundred and fifty works that we care to remember? More, perhaps, if we take class works, and such as contain particular interest for particular readers. But of works that are of importance to the general student, we doubt if seven hundred could be named which would be seriously missed. Any year, then, which produces two works likely to be read by posterity, may be fairly said to be of average excellence.

These are not days for literary excitement. So much happens daily around us—we have been so familiar with wonders—our attention is distracted by so many different subjects, that we never fall into extacies about anything. Least of all, are we likely to suffer ourselves to be put out of the way by literary wonderment. In the palmy days of the *Edinburgh and Quarterly*, the conversation in every man's mouth was the tone, temper, and ability of the last review. Literary criticism was a subject alike for the drawingroom and the club. Now, who asks, except on rare occasions, which is the grand article in the last *Quarterly*? Railroads and revolutions have put the finishing stroke to this sort of excitement, which had been gradually declining for many years past.

It thus happens that in the past twelve months we feel that the world has been very little agitated by any book that has been presented to it; and we might conclude hastily that the literary merits of the twelve-month had been under the average. Yet how far is this from being really the case. Of works that will live, we have a full average, and those, too, of the highest order of literature. We will not anticipate our detailed criticism on the great works of the year by more than a mention of one or two, which are alone sufficient to stamp it with honour. Macaulay's *History of England* will stand beside the most important works in English literature. Grote's *History of Greece* is another great work on this highest of literary subjects, which, though not belonging exclusively to the year, still in part belongs to it. Of the adjuncts to history, those important publications which are the foundation of the historian's labour, *The Fairfax and Castlereagh Correspondence* are of first-rate importance. Amidst the writings of fiction, the greatest of living novelists has given us what, in some respects, is the greatest of his productions. Bulwer's *Harold* will always stand in the very first rank of works of fiction. In literary biographies, compiled in every instance from sources the most authentic and interesting, the twelvemonth has been peculiarly rich. The lives of Campbell, Lamb, Keats, and Hook have all been written in such a

manner as to become the standard biographies of their respective subjects. Future writers may adapt or abridge, but these works will always be the foundation of their labours.

Science alone has not contributed its part to the interest of the year. Some of our first scientific names appear on the list of contributors—Somerville, Chambers, and several others; but the works they have produced have, it must be confessed, comparatively a minor importance.

We will not particularise further; but we must observe that almost every man of eminence amongst our literary writers has done something of importance within the year. Ainsworth, James, Talfourd, Dickens, Thackeray, Gore, Trollope, and Bell, have all worked with success for the public advantage. In the smaller publications, most of our great political names, who ever write at all, are to be found at the head of some treatise or pamphlet; while there is not a question amongst the multifarious list of modern enquiries, that has not been examined with more than ordinary care in the publications of the year.

We believe, then, that much interest cannot fail to attach itself to the analytical examination of the books published during the last twelve months, which we proceed to give in some detail.

### HISTORICAL LITERATURE.

MACAULAY'S *History of England*.—English literature has been enriched, during the past twelve months, with a "model" History. Mr. Macaulay, the disciple and critic of Fox and Macintosh, has commenced the adventurous task of filling up the outlines they had faintly sketched, and of completing the gigantic historical work which both those writers successively undertook, but left fragmentary and unfinished at their deaths. The two volumes already published by Mr. Macaulay promise nobly for the future whole. With the energy and the leisure which the author now possesses, and the enduring health that all readers will hope he may retain, a finished work may hereafter be anticipated, to which the range of English literature will hardly offer a parallel. Even as they stand, the already published volumes are epically complete. They furnish a rapid, but admirably drawn, sketch of the earlier stages of our country's history; and then, expanding into full and brilliant detail with the closing scenes of Charles II., carry us on to the termination of the struggle between the last bigotted Stuart and his people, until the curtain falls on the eventful 13th of February, 1688, when, amidst all the pageantry of the Plantagenets, and with the most scrupulous observance of all old forms and etiquette, a new race of Sovereigns, introducing new ideas and confirming new rights and liberties to Englishmen, was solemnly inaugurated. Histories—political, social, and military—had appeared in multitudes before, but none written as Mr. Macaulay writes, or inspired with his genius. Even in its idea and plan, his work differs from all its predecessors. Many of the previous Histories were minute in detail, prepared with vast labour and research, and claiming, sometimes sincerely, the most perfect impartiality. But the spirit of the chronicler prevailed too much, even when the spirit of the partisan had been most carefully exorcised. The history of every reign or era was narrated according to the idea of that era; being prepared out of contemporary materials, very laboriously sifted or selected, but bearing still the impress of antiquity, and the narrow range of philosophy inevitable to writers whose ideas were little if anything in advance of the times concerning which they wrote. Mr. Macaulay, on the contrary, writes of the seventeenth century as a politician and philosopher of the nineteenth century should write. He treats of them as a superior, entitled to judge of right and wrong, of motive and result. Looking down from the altitude of nearly

two centuries, he is able to trace the intricate course of those long-past events through their most mysterious windings, but with a constant perception of those links which bind the past to the present, and deducing always from the causes which were then in greatest activity, the consequences of political freedom and social greatness wherein we are now partakers. The work furnishes an admirable proof of the power of genius to confer a contemporary interest upon the records of the past, without sacrificing the dignity or violating the impartiality requisite for the historian. If we endeavour to express in one word the leading idea which pervades the history of this Glorious Revolution, we should say that it is *Conservatism*. The author is a true Whig, and inculcates in his *History*, as in all other of his writings, genuine Whig principles. He has, moreover, been very bitterly criticised by Tory reviewers. Yet his view of the facts, and his deductions from the result of the unhappy reign of James II., is eminently Conservative. The Rebellion of 1688 differs from all that have succeeded it among other nations of Europe, in that the English had never lost what other people have violently endeavoured to regain. The limited Monarchies of the thirteenth century changed elsewhere, he relates, into absolute Despotisms. Surrounded by their weak but glittering courtiers, and supported by vast permanent armies, the Sovereigns of France reigned in uncontrolled authority. In England, we enjoyed the blessing of accomplishing our revolutions while our Monarchy was still limited and our liberties still defined in law, and remembered in action. All that was necessary to secure our full possession of freedom was to revive and proclaim the rights that had been for ages vested in every Englishman, and to reform and change the corrupt practices and bad men that had crept into the Executive. We repeat this necessary operation almost every year, in a greater or less degree. In 1688 the change in the Executive comprehended its head and Sovereign; but the Constitution received no shock, and the genius of all our British institutions remained absolutely unchanged. The consequence has been, the stability of our Government, while the storm swept away the proudest and oldest Monarchies.

Mr. Macaulay has been accused of partiality, and the charge has been supported by the traces of bias towards certain principles and parties throughout the course of his work. The proof is far too feeble to substantiate the allegation. Every writer must in some degree possess and exhibit his individual predilections, and the historian, perhaps, most of any. None but the merest chronicler can avoid the manifestation of bias: it is inevitable to all his attempts at clothing with warm and glowing life the dry bones of historical narrative. But there is a great difference between bias and partiality. All that can be asserted of Mr. Macaulay is, that, in narrating the innumerable incidents of the struggle carried on by the Whigs of James the Second's time against the insidious approaches of tyranny and bigotry, he has exhibited a somewhat too fervid admiration for the patriots, and occasionally omitted to blame so severely as they deserved the lapses from virtue or consistency of which few or none could be entitled wholly innocent. This is not inexcusable. Mr. Macaulay writes English history as a descendant, and not an alien, of English blood. He, too, is one of the heirs of British greatness and freedom, and cannot always repress his gratitude to the forefathers whose sufferings and labours, if not invariably free from the taint of self, have, at all events, amassed and handed down to the present generation its magnificent inheritance.

The work has been reprinted in several forms, and at various prices, in America, where it has excited not less interest than in England. The transatlantic publication has, moreover, called forth no little controversy, but differing from the Tory strictures passed upon the book

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HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In the week prior to the opening of each year's Exhibition to the public, the Royal Academy is honoured by a visit from the Sovereign. This year the day was Thursday, May 3, when her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert arrived in Trafalgar-square at three o'clock, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice, and attended by the Marchioness of Douro, Lady Caroline Somers Cocks, Hon. Matilda Paget the Earl Fortescue, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Earl of Morley, Captain the Hon. J. Denman, Captain Francis Seymour, General Wemyss, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Alexander Gordon.

The officers of the Royal Academy received the Queen and Prince Albert, and conducted her Majesty and his Royal Highness through the different schools. The Queen and the Prince remained until a quarter before five o'clock in the Exhibition, and then returned to the Palace.

## THE BANQUET.

The Annual Dinner of the Royal Academy takes place in the Great, or East Room. It is given on the first Saturday in May, and on the following Monday the Exhibition opens. The great gilt chandelier in this room was a present to the Royal Academy from George IV.; and on the first day of its use (at the annual dinner), the links slackened, from the great weight attached to them, and the chandelier descended with a fearful crash, on a sort of gigantic dumb waiter, on which were arranged the quantity of wine-glasses, decanters, &c., necessary for the accommodation of so large a company.

The banquet took place on Saturday, the 5th instant, and was attended by a numerous assemblage of guests of the first rank and talent, among whom were—the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Lord Chancellor; the Lord President of the Council; First Lord of the Treasury; Lord Privy Seal; Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments, the Secretary at War; the Commander of the Forces; First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Chamberlain; Lord Steward;

the Speaker; Treasurer of the Navy; First Commissioner of the Land Revenues; President of the Board of Trade; Chancellor of the Exchequer; the French and Turkish Ambassadors; the Danish, Swedish, Belgian, Sicilian, American, and Prussian Ministers; Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Master of the Rolls; Lord Chief Baron; Vice-Chancellor of England; Attorney and Solicitor-General; the Lord Mayor; Governor of the Bank; Chairman of the East India Company; Chairman of the Board of Customs; Master and Warden of Dulwich College; President of the Society of Antiquaries; Presidents of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons; Dukes of Northumberland, Bedford, Rutland, Newcastle, Argyll, Beaufort; Marquesses of Anglesey, Westminster, Northampton, Granby, Waterford, Worcester; Earls De Grey, Cawdor, Lincoln, Arundel and Surrey; Viscount Hardinge; Bishops of Llandaff and Oxford; Lords Charles Townshend, Ashburton, Stanley, Brougham and Vaux, Colborne, Montague, Holland; Right Honourables Sir Robert Peel, Sir G. Clerk, Sir J. Wigram, Sir J. Graham, T. B. Macaulay, W. E. Gladstone, Sydney Herbert, the Hon. F. Charteris; Justice Coleridge; Colonel Douglas Fennant, &c.







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in England, inasmuch as the dispute has turned, not upon the principles of the volumes, but their *spelling*. The first American publishers who undertook to reprint the *History*, and who were favoured with proof-sheets from the London publishers—so that the publication took place in both countries almost simultaneously—adopted the system of spelling commended in *Webster's Dictionary*, a standard book in the United States, but formed upon a fashion which has been half a century obsolete on this side the Atlantic. Thence arose an outcry of falsification and even insult to the author, urged by the interest of rival publishers, who rapidly advertised their reprints as *verbatim et literaliter* copies of the London work. The quarrel grew hot, and was at last referred to the author himself, who politely acknowledged the importance attributed to his volumes, but begged that the American edition might be presented in the form most acceptable to Americans. This, it was declared, was throwing contempt upon the whole controversy, which is not improbable.

Miss Martineau follows Mr. Macaulay upon the ground of English history, and is even bolder in the period she has selected for elucidation. *The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace* treats of times within the memory of many living, and deals with controversies whose bitterness is hardly past from the hearts and lips of the disputants. The *History*, however, resembles the one we have just quitted, in being the history of a people, not of an army. Progress, and not military glory, is the element of greatest importance through its pages; and it treats of this in a style at once popular and picturesque. Like Macaulay's great work, it is unfinished. Five instalments are at present issued, bringing down the narrative to the death of George the Fourth—exactly half-way between the peace of 1815 and the proposed termination of the series in 1845. The authoress's peculiar opinions on religious subjects are tolerably well known, and lend an occasional colouring to the historical narrative. But it is overborne by her earnest sympathies with the advance of knowledge and social happiness, and the far-spread philosophy which traces into their remoter consequences the results of the victories of peace that far transcend in importance, if not in scenic effect, the victories of war.

A third volume of Wilson's *History of British India* has appeared within the year. Commencing where Mr. Mill broke off, in 1805, Professor Wilson promises to carry on the history of our magnificent Eastern Empire down to the year 1845. A great change had been accomplished in the system of British administration in India between the periods whereof these successive historians principally treated. Anterior to 1805, the English policy was that of conquest and plunder. Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, and other Governors-General and military chiefs, conquered, first, security, and afterwards dominion, for the European invaders. The frontier of the Company's empire was gradually pushed northwards and westwards; until the area that owed allegiance to the merchant-monarchs of Leadenhall-street, more than equalled the surface of the whole continent of Europe. During this period, individuals who occupied even the most subordinate posts under the Company, enjoyed frequent opportunities of amassing wealth out of the spoils of conquered provinces. Incredible riches poured into England with every Eastern fleet; and the whole was jealously distributed among a comparatively few individuals. Monopoly ruled everywhere. On the coast, the mercantile sources of profit were locked against all who did not belong to the brotherhood of the India House. In the interior, officials, bearing commissions from the same omnipotent Board, were becoming *millionaires* by the more summary process termed "shaking the Pagoda Tree." Between the two, a new class of society was formed—the East Indian Nabobs, who returned from the tropics to supply new characters for farces on the stage, and to make the fortunes of the Cheltenham tradesmen. In the period treated of by Professor Wilson, it began to be understood that India, to continue profitable, must be managed on a different system than had heretofore obtained. Extensions of territory, accomplished by costly wars, were found not to answer, even when the produce of pillaged forts and ransomed Rajahs was taken into the account. The country, in short, must be governed pacifically, and cultivated like any European farm. Under this view, the condition of its *live-stock* became a matter of importance. The Hindoos were, therefore, gradually elevated in the scale of society. Laws were made for them, conferring equal rights with those enjoyed by the Europeans, and differing only in those particulars which the native manners and habits rendered necessary. Of this gradual improvement, the Professor has to treat. The narrative is less exciting than that of military adventure, which had gone before; but the philosopher and the philanthropist will find therein an interesting record of social progress and civilisation. The present volume ends with the expiration of the last Charter of the India Company. The detail of the consequences resulting from the opening of the India trade; and the romantic vicissitudes of our warfare in Cabul, Afghanistan, and Scinde, are to follow in due time.

In the *Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen*, we have a history of another description than that we have lately discussed. It is the history of a trade—the Slave-trade. Egypt and the East possessed slaves from a date beyond the range of authentic history; but in modern Europe the introduction of purchased slaves dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century. The Canary Islands were discovered in 1418; and as the navigators of Spain and Portugal gradually pushed their researches along the western coast of Africa, the availability of the negro race to become household beasts of burden—the "servants of servants"—was very speedily ascertained. Some few years afterwards, the author states that enslaved Africans were imported into the Peninsula, and soon were abounding in Seville and other cities. A tax of one-fifth value on their importation, produced a considerable revenue to the Royal exchequer. When the New World was discovered, before ten years had passed, a supply of slave labour was drawn from the same doomed races—at first in small numbers; but as the aboriginal inhabitants of the Western World disappeared before their conquerors, the negro slave importation increased to a frightful extent. A stream of human life incessantly flowed from the African coast, which, after enduring all the waste occasioned by the sufferings of the "middle passage," the slave market, and yellow fever, remained yet in quantity sufficient to supply the labour of the gold-mines and cane-fields of America and the West Indies. The work before us is as yet incomplete. It brings its record of the horrible traffic down to the year 1518, when the first laws were passed by Spain for the government of the Indians, settling the terms under which that valuable species of property might be imported, and regulating its transfer, employment, and safe custody. Connected with the subject of the Slave-trade, we should mention the publication of several pamphlets by Lords Brougham and Denman. These productions, however, are of a controversial character, and merely temporary interest. The arguments were designed to controvert the growing impression with the public, that the policy of keeping up an African squadron, in the hopeless attempt to destroy the trade in negroes by contraband vessels, is dictated by a mistaken humanity. It is enough to say that the noble writers failed in proving their case. Not counting the cost in money, there are sufficient facts to prove that the sacrifice of European life in this Quixotical undertaking is far larger than the relief it can afford to the African could justify. And even to the African, the result is not altogether beneficial. A few slave-ships may be captured, and their captives restored to freedom; these, perhaps, may be prevented from engaging in the dangerous traffic; but enough still succeed in escaping with their living cargoes; and to these the sufferings of the passage are infinitely increased by the necessity of sacrificing all other considerations, in equipping the vessels, to the speed that may enable them to baffle the cruisers of the African squadron.

Grote's *History of Greece* is one of the most characteristic books of the time. Hitherto, our works on the subject had been of two kinds; either a simple narrative, taking without examination the events as they are stated in the common writers, or else separate disquisition on manners and customs, and the authenticity of particular statements. Mr. Grote combines the two; as he proceeds, he investigates and explores in a manner at once agreeable and profound. His work, laborious, attractive, and philosophical, combines excellencies which are rarely met with in a historian. A regular analysis of his book, which only in part belongs to our year, would be out of place at present.

## HISTORICAL MEMOIRS.

Our old and valued friend, Samuel Pepys, is introduced to us afresh, and with fuller detail, by Lord Braybrooke, in a new edition (the third) of the renowned *Diary*. Large omissions had been made in both the

previous editions, when translating them from the cypher in which they were left by the industrious and egotistical Secretary to the Admiralty. In some instances, it was the mistaken fear of prolixity; in others, the editor's wonderfully keen sense of an "impropriety," which led to the use of the pruning-knife. However, these excisions are now replaced; and, with very trifling exceptions, we have the whole diary as the writer bequeathed it. The new passages refer chiefly to the man Pepys, whom we now know better, and certainly do not like less, than ever before. We find him more than ever vain, gossiping, and self-indulgent; but he retains the regularity in business, and invincible good humour, for which we have been wont to excuse his little peccadilloes. His accessibility to a bribe is somewhat discordant with our present notions of official integrity; yet in this he was only the imitator of others, and may fairly repeat the apology of Lord Bacon—that if he had sold justice, he had never sold injustice. We learn, also, on fuller acquaintance, to qualify our opinion about Pepys's penuriousness. No doubt, he records with wonderful complacency the gradual increase of his worldly goods, and laments rather too bitterly any accidental dilapidations which he may sustain. But upon occasion, he could be liberal enough; and even his apparent avarice is rather the product of an intense personality than of miserly spirit. He evidently enjoys a good dinner at his own cost only a little less than if it had been at another man's; and feels nearly as much gratification at a flattering word from the Duke as from the touch of a packet of gold pieces slipped into his hands by some aspiring Captain, for services at the Admiralty Office.

Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George II.* is another collection of contemporary "jottings," from which the future historian may winnow some grains of valuable truth. The volumes contain a copious record of Palace gossip, frequent hints at back-stairs intrigues, and a full description of the trivial incidents and laborious amusements which diversified the monotony of Court existence. Our interest in these things is somewhat slight. The characters who figure there are mostly forgotten, in spite of their high-sounding titles; and the events have lost their importance in the vicissitudes and catastrophes that have since passed over the surface of Europe. The habits of Court life and the current of English history have changed since then. We look back upon this period as from the other side of a flood, which has swept away all the loose and lighter materials into oblivion. Of all the Courts of Europe, that of George II. was probably the one in which the least history was made. His Majesty was scarcely English, either in ideas or in language; and his British subjects multiplied and prospered in their own fashion, leaving only to a few chameleon courtiers to reflect the tints of the Palace atmosphere. The principal information derived from the book regards the character of Lord Hervey himself, who appears a much more man-like man in his *Memoirs* than could be expected from the pale valetudinarian depicted in Pope's *Lord Fanny*.

Lord Castlereagh's *Memoirs* relate to times in which we can feel a contemporary interest. Although assisting, in functions of more or less dignity, in some of the most important political events of his time, when the array of the great European struggle against Napoleon was to be set in order; or, subsequently, when the re-conquered Continent had to be parcelled out into New Empires at the Congress of Vienna—the performance for which Lord Castlereagh lives most in remembrance, is the Irish Union. We still look back upon that measure with wonder. Whatever opinion may be formed of the policy that prompted it, or of the results to which it has led, the event itself can be considered but in one light—a stupendous effort of human cunning and contrivance. The diplomatic art was never more artistically manifested. Consummate dexterity in intrigues; infinite variety of influence and insinuation; a perfect knowledge of the materials to be worked upon, and of the mode of working them; bribery the most delicate and the most universal; the adroitest cajolery; the assumption of gentleness and the show of force—all combined to secure a majority, in the Irish House of Parliament, in favour of a measure which was to swamp the independence of a people, proudly, and sometimes almost irrationally, independent; and to unite two nations who had never yet, or since, shown the capabilities of amalgamation. The *Memoirs* contain, in four volumes, an ample series of correspondence and memoranda touching these intricate negotiations, written while Castlereagh was Secretary for Ireland, and pulled the wires of all the puppets who figured in the transactions. The work is edited by his brother, Lord Londonderry, and appears not very well digested. Arrangement and selection are deficient; to say nothing of the omission of information concerning many particulars which could not have been absent from the portfolio of a Secretary. To explain this absence, the Marquis refers to the loss of a large mass of correspondence and manuscripts, which were entrusted to some competent literary assistant to collect and arrange, and which were finally lost at sea. As we said of Lord Hervey, though for a different reason, these *Memoirs* of Castlereagh will be more useful as magazines of raw material for historians hereafter, than from the interest they will excite, in their present voluminous shape, to readers of the living generation.

Two works have appeared which stand on the border-ground between the memoir and the historical novel. These are Mr. Craik's *Romance of the Peerage*, and Mr. Burke's *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*. Both of these works are founded upon facts; both relate narratives of personages who had real existence; and contain a multitude of details that no doubt occurred pretty much as they are described, especially in reference to those particulars of births, marriages, and deaths which now occupy the attention of the Registrar-General. But the historical novel does almost the same thing; and, without making unwarrantable charges against the fidelity of the chroniclers, we may doubt the authenticity of the chronicles from whence their information is distilled. We put nearly as little confidence in the adventures of private and noble individuals, founded upon their family archives, as on the pedigrees which upon proper payment, the Herald's College will compile and emblazon for some new-risen *millionaire*. This notwithstanding, there are many chapters of interest in the *Romance* and the *Anecdotes*. Mr. Craik had previously broken ground with the history of Lettice Knollys, whose marriage with the Earl of Essex, and attachment to Leicester, linked her fortunes with some of the most distinguished personages of the Elizabethan Court. In his succeeding volumes, he still lingers upon the same period of history, dwelling principally upon the adventures of those families who could prefer some claim to the Crown of England. These were sufficiently numerous during the early years of the Virgin Queen. Her two aunts, the daughters of Henry VII., Mary of France, and Margaret of Scotland, had each left a tolerable progeny behind them. Lady Catherine Grey, sister of the unfortunate Jane Grey, also lived and married, in spite of the Royal interdict. Marriages and divorces, questions of legitimacy and incapacities from religion, contributed to complicate the important question; so that, if Elizabeth's rule had been less vigorous or sooner ended, there was a very fair chance of a civil war for the Crown, as violent as that of the two Roses, and involving a wider range of competitors. But before the forty and five years of her reign were over, Elizabeth had survived the greatest number of the rival successors, and had succeeded in extinguishing the hopes of the rest. The fate of one claimant, Mary of Scots, has been more than sufficiently his or her romanticised. Mr. Craik relates with much pathos the sufferings of another, the Lady Catherine Grey. Her maiden Majesty was never an admirer of matrimony among her nobility; but the marriage of one whose sister had been Queen, even for a few days, and whose children might become pretenders to the Crown hereafter, was an offence beyond pardon. This crime Lady Catherine committed, disobediently and secretly, with the Earl of Hertford. The young lady is, therefore, separated from her husband—confined in the Tower—banished certain leagues from Court—and allowed to pine away under the Royal displeasure for many years. It is altogether a very tragical history. Mr. Burke treats us to lighter matters. A few adventures and lucky chances—and some amusing eccentricities form the staple of his book. A good proportion of the stories are already tolerably well known; such as the anecdote of Lord Ward's absence of mind, or the minute exigence of Lady Compton, her Burdett Courtis of James the First's reign, when stipulating with her Lord for the establishment that was to help her to spend the enormous inheritance bequeathed by her merchant father. One of the best anecdotes in the work, is that of Lady Orkney. The poor lady was deaf and dumb; and, soon after the birth of her first child, was seen by the nurse to approach the infant's cradle, and lift a heavy stone over its head. The nurse was too horrified to arrest the descent of the mass; but was relieved by finding that the mother's intent was but to discover whether the babe could be awakened by a noise; and her delight was unbounded on finding that her own imperfection of the senses was not hereditary.

Mr. Kemble's *Saxons in England* contains a good digest of all that was previously known on the subject. There is less of novelty in this work than we should have imagined from the profound erudition of the author upon the subject; but some antiquarian points of considerable interest are determined for the first time, and several erroneous notions are set right. Besides this, a very complete view of the position and polity of our Saxon forefathers enables us to judge of the origin of the English political and judicial spirit better than any of our previous works. In fact, Mr. Sharon Turner's was the only work which made any pretence of the kind; and Mr. Kemble has all the advantage of Turner's labours, combined with his own great knowledge of the people and perfect mastery of the languages.

THE GREAT REBELLION.—Two works have appeared, containing new narratives, and some original documents having reference to the first or Great Rebellion. One of these is from a Royalist, the other from a Republican source. The *Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, by Mr. Eliot Warburton, contains a vast mass of materials, culled from the collection of Mr. Benet, Prince Rupert's secretary, which had passed into the hands of a descendant, and is now first opened to the public. It comprises some thousand letters of, and to, the Prince himself, Kings Charles the First and Second, and a multitude of distinguished agents in the civil war. Notwithstanding all that has been written by historians, biographers, and memorialists on every side, from the era itself to the present year, from Clarendon to Carlyle, we shall probably never come to an end of the narratives connected with that mighty struggle. We may form some estimate of the vast accumulation of details, from the fact that the mere enumeration of the titles of books, papers, and pamphlets, under the heads "Carolus I." and "Carolus II.," in the British Museum, occupies no less than forty-seven pages in the folio catalogue. The *Memoirs of Prince Rupert* furnishes little that was previously unknown as to the greater events or principal causes of the rebellion. It does, however, supply an interesting picture of many individual adventurers among the chiefs of the Cavalier party, and especially of the hero, Prince Rupert, of whom it was justly said that his irresistible charge never failed to carry everything before it; but upon his return he always found his camp in the enemy's hand. We are told by Mr. Warburton that it was the dread of Rupert's fiery valour which mainly deterred Charles from marching upon London, when the victory of Edgehill seemed to place the capital at his mercy, because the Prince, it was believed, would have burnt the city, in his wrath at its rebellion! And his quarrel with Digby produced the fatal dissensions which rendered retrieval impossible to the Royal forces, already falling to pieces from the discomfiture of Naseby. The second book is the *Fairfax Letters*, which, like the foregoing, have been exhumed from the dust of two hundred years, and prepared for publication by Mr. Bell. Fairfax was art and part of the rebellion. Under his hands it grew and strengthened; and for many years he was Generalissimo of the Parliamentary forces, and bid fair to become the foremost man of his time. Sterner or more unscrupulous spirits, however, superseded him; and the crowning act was put to the Republican victory without his co-operation, and, possibly, against his will. The letters exhibit the changes of a mind very sincere and disinterested, but from the beginning somewhat weak, and gradually becoming dissatisfied under the growing predominance of Cromwell. Both Mr. Warburton and Mr. Bell have added large contributions, of an historical character, to the materials furnished by the manuscripts placed in their hands, and both have done it well.

ROBESPIERRE'S MEMOIRS.—Still treating of revolution, we pass on to a narrative of the French Revolution, consisting of a *Life of Robespierre*, by Mr. G. H. Lewes. In a few months, the "incorruptible" hero overturned the character he had gained by the exertions of a life. Disinterestedness, morality, patriotism, humanity—all were claimed for him by his friends, and substantiated by the actions of a long and eventful career. Robespierre had gained fame and power when the Reign of Terror set in; and to preserve the latter for a few weeks, amidst the chaos of conspiracy and insurrection, he yielded to, or prompted (according to the theory adopted by the different parties in the controversy) those fearful massacres which have condemned his name to infamy. How far he was the master or the slave of circumstances—how much of the responsibility of wholesale murder must rest upon him—or in how much he was driven unwillingly onwards by the ferocity of Danton and St. Just, and the instinct of self preservation, remains in question, between the reprobation of the Girondin writers and the panegyric of the *Histoire Parlementaire*. Mr. Lewes adopts the theory that Robespierre was an enthusiast; following the phantom of liberty sincerely and blindly, until he was landed in a despotism of the guillotine.

## REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE.

The past year of Revolution has gathered a vast mass of revolutionary literature of various descriptions—Chronicles, Constitutions, Apologies, and Theories. Most of these are naturally French in origin and design; but they have been repeatedly translated into English, and have stamped an impress upon English ideas which renders some mention of them indispensable in a catalogue of the year's literature. First in order stands M. Louis Blanc's celebrated work on the *Organization of Labour*. Events have furnished the sternest commentary on this work, which received the amplest refutation by the notes collected in the Luxembourg Palace, while the Committee of Labour pursued its sittings, to devise, according to the organisation theory, some forcible means for rendering the employed independent of the employer. Yet there was truth in M. Blanc's work, and the outline of a system which may yet ripen into usefulness. Wonders have been done by combination among capitalists; it remains to be proved whether greater wonders cannot be accomplished by combination among labourers. Freed from its violent antagonism against property, and its wild exasperation against ranks and hierarchies, the organisation of labour may even now be made the agent of increased productiveness and more just distribution of wealth and comfort among the various classes that compose a nation. To M. Proudhon and a multitude of Socialist writers, we must assign the diffusion of theories still more dangerous and savage. They are, however, scattered among the loose leaves of innumerable pamphlets, or distributed into articles for the Socialist journal *Le Peuple*, and are known in this country chiefly by their echoes and catchwords. *Propriété c'est vol* is the fundamental axiom of their social theory. It has gained, probably, not even a solitary disciple on this side the Channel, but has prompted many incidental articles, and occupied in its refutation many chapters of more elaborate works. The same principles travelling to America, have produced works which obtained some notoriety in this country. The *Mission of Democracy* and Mr. Kellogg's book on *Capital and Labour*, belong to this class. The authors differ little in theory from Louis Blanc or Proudhon himself. In both works, the war between those who possess and those who produce is described as internecine and inhuman. The paymaster can, and does, always oppress the worker; the weight of accumulated capital is for ever employed to grind and crush the operative, whom it keeps only just alive. Power in those who possess growing ever stronger, and want in those who possess not growing ever more bitter—this is the great wrong of the universe, which the theorist must contrive to redress. In the first-mentioned work, the cure is devised by an incessant and illimitable application of the principle of universal suffrage, by which power reverts perpetually to the people, the ultimate source of power, and who are supposed to be always able so to use their votes as to secure their own welfare and prosperity. By the second book, states are recommended to reduce their rates of interest to one per cent., and thus forcibly destroy the supremacy, with the revenues, of the capitalist.

Three Cabinet Ministers, retired into private life, have successively published works, carrying on the war vigorously in defence of Royalty, Order, and Property. Lord Brougham, in his "Letter to Lord Lansdowne," vindicated the character of the lately-dethroned Monarch; detailed the improvements which his rule had seen accomplished in France; and assigned, as the origin of his sudden overthrow, the outbreak of a momentary conspiracy, and the stimulus of an unexpected victory on the part of the Reformers. The volume dwelt little upon principles; and, being written early in the career of the revolution, assigned far too narrow a foundation to the Republican Constitution. M. Thiers followed, with a volume upon "Property." It was written in defence of the much-abused bourgeoisie—in advocacy of the rights of those who had accomplished the revolution of July. A searching examination was therein made into the theories which represented the *ouvrier*, the working man as the only class now suffering from oppression, and yet the only class to whom all power ought to be assigned. It was not difficult for a consummate master of logic, like M. Thiers, to prove the converse of all the propositions enounced by Blanc and Proudhon. A simple statement of some of the most constant characteristics of human nature, and of social



sufficed to reduce their most elaborated systems into mere absurdities. While man remained subject to the wants and passions of humanity, it was demonstrable that the Socialist remedies, or the *Ateliers Nationaux*, must prove remedies far worse than the disease they were intended to cure. If the Socialists could show that property abused its rights, M. Thiers found it easy to prove that it performed many duties which could not be safely dispensed with. If their system succeeded, as was probable, in making the rich less rich, he proved that it would, notwithstanding, leave the poor more poor—that the only equality their theories promised was one of savage destitution. M. Thiers was more successful in disproving than in creating. The systems of the anti-capitalists he speedily demolished, but could substitute little or nothing of his own. Order, labour, and contentment—an observance of the family duties and neighbourly charities, were the limit of his suggestions. For individual prosperity, these and the blessing of Providence were to be invoked. It might be granted that from these sources more individual good might be expected than from the oversetting of all ranks and disturbance of all employments, suggested by the Socialists; but the remedies they offered were too slow, too little like change and progress, to suit the temper of men not yet recovered from the delirium of the barricades. M. Guizot, who had lost the most, even without excepting the ex-King himself, by the revolution, wrote his volume upon *Democracy* in the calmest and most abstracted spirit of philosophy. General principles are his sole topic of consideration. Personal feelings, or even the traces of his long political experience, are hardly perceptible throughout the work; and his ideal of humanity becomes, in like manner, refined and impersonal, so as almost to have lost the characteristics which adapt it for distinct ranks, classes, and forms of government. The author defines Democracy as the principle which leads men to rebel against all subordination, and resist all laws, even although designed for their own preservation. Democracy, in short, leads every individual to resist superiority in another, and take up arms in consequence; and as it can be proved that some superiority of one man over another must always exist, as it will always be reproduced, even out of the most complete level of equality, the destructive tendencies of Democracy are clearly made out. Thus, the logical process is irrefragable, granting the accuracy of the definition. But an Englishman, bearing an aristocratic name, has taken up the argument for Democracy. Mr. W. Wellesley, in a work written in French, has answered the arguments of M. Guizot, and, by simply assuming that democracy means the principle which confers on every man equal rights, and powers corresponding to his gifts of fortune and talent, has triumphantly refuted the position of the ex-Minister. The controversy turns upon the meaning of a word; and M. Guizot, by dogmatically assigning a simple and symbolic character to a term so vast and various in its applications as that of Democracy, has built his argument upon a basis far too narrow and unsubstantial. Democracy is more than an empty symbol, and will survive the fiercest assaults from abstract reasonings. Another late Minister, M. Lamartine, has contributed a volume to the revolutionary literature of the year. *Three Months in Power* is, however, chiefly confined to a detail of the daily labours and perils of the Provisional Government, and furnishes an ample apology for all its shortcomings and misdoings. While proving the patriotism of the men who, if not the authors, were the first administrators of the Revolution, it shews amid how vast a chaos of popular excitement the work of the Executive had to be carried on, and explains why so many of their first promises were left unfulfilled, and why they proved unable to provide a check for the *Émeutiers* of June, except by the cannon of General Cavaignac.

The memoirs of the late revolution have been almost innumerable. Mr. Palgrave Simpson's *Pictures of Revolutionary Paris*; Mr. St. John's *Revolution of February*; and a series of *Historic Scenes from the French Revolution*, published by the Messrs. Chambers, are a few among the many narratives of this great event. The newspaper correspondence, published day by day, and almost hour by hour, during the progress of the events, furnished the principal sources of information for most of the historiographers of revolution. Mr. Walter Kelly's *History of the Year 1848* occupied a field rather more extensive, although drawing its materials mainly from the same abundant storehouses of foreign information.

The extension of Republican principles through Germany and Italy has not escaped the notice of industrious chroniclers, though in far less number than the more exciting and proximate catastrophe of France. Among the most remarkable of the works which the ultra-Rhenish and Alpine revolutions have called into existence are the *Panslavism and Germanism* of Count Valerian Krazinski, and the *Glances at Revolutionised Italy*, written by an English author, Mr. Macfarlane. The Count's work was published in the spring of last year, at a time when it was believed that the violent rupture of all the old bonds which united discordant nationalities under one sovereignty, would result in their mutual separation and re-organisation, according to the distinctions and conformations of race, into new communities. Slave and Saxon were then, it was prophesied, to gravitate each around their appropriate centres, according to the natural laws of affinity, and constitute two empires, whose parts would cohere without the aid of the iron links of despotism, and whose people might rapidly advance into grandeur under the beneficent influence of free institutions. As the chief centre of the Slavonian race, the author, with natural partiality, foreboded a glorious futurity for his native Poland. A few months are but a moment, comparatively, in the history of a nation; but, as far as experience has yet sufficed to reveal to us the secrets of destiny, the prophecies founded upon distinctions of race, have been altogether falsified. New combinations are no doubt forming; and the ancient boundary lines of empires will become, ere long, shifted and effaced. But the renovated world will rise out of the chaos under very different conditions than has been shadowed forth by the system makers. Antipathies stronger than those of race, and appetencies more powerful than those which have been inherited from the identity of a common ancestry in bygone ages, are called into play; and by these will the configurations of states and empires be henceforth determined. Mr. Macfarlane's description of the result of the Italian Revolution is of the genuine country gentleman and port-wine Tory school. If the Italian subjects of Austria suffered and dwined under the despotism of a foreign yoke, the British traveller fared none the less sumptuously. Provided his purse was well replenished, and no objectionable—that is to say, liberal—books were discovered in his portmanteau, no drawback existed to his making a most luxurious tour through the most luxurious climate in the world. The English traveller found all the embarrassments of the passport system carefully smoothed away. A few francs, paid at the successive frontiers, were sufficient to set him free of the country, wherever he went. He hired a cicerone, inspected galleries, cheapened antiquarian relics during the day, and at evening returned to enjoy his becoticos and lacryma Christi at his hotel in full serenity. Austrian dungeons and domiciliary visits from the police bore no terrors to him; and if he found no political news or spicy "leader" in the *Diario di Rome* or *Florence*, it was but a temporary deprivation, which increased his appetite for the daily luxury of a free press upon his return to England. The revolution in Italy changed all this, and much more, to Mr. Macfarlane's displeasure. It emancipated the thoughts, the tongues, and the pens of Italians, but it spoiled their hotels. Innumerable newspapers, pamphlets, and broadsides communicated intelligence or propagated political theories throughout the country; but the improvement of the mind was accompanied by an unpardonable neglect of the body: and the English traveller, rising from a bad bed, to which he had retired from a worse dinner, could find no excuse for the infraction of old customs and ordinances, of which Pope Pius had given the example. A work conceived in a far different spirit, although composed somewhat before the advent of the Republican principles in Rome, is Mr. Whiteside's *Italy in the Nineteenth Century*. The book, nevertheless, belongs to the category of revolutionary literature, as detailing the first symptoms of the change in the centre of Catholicity effected by the new Pope, the influence of which is believed to have contributed largely to carry the French Revolution into successful consummation, and thence travelled back into Italy, where it has driven the Pope from Rome, and the Grand Duke from Florence, and implanted ideas of freedom and popular rights, which will survive even the replacement of the spiritual and the temporal Sovereign in their respective seats. Mr. Whiteside has Republican tendencies himself; and before Italy dreamt of a Republic, appears to have divined the awakening spirit, and speaks with prophetic fervour of the rapid change which the first breath of reformation had effected upon the hitherto stagnant and corrupted surface of Italian life. North and South, from Paris to Palermo, and onward to Pesth, we appear as yet to see only the beginning of things. Many chapters of revolutionary history have yet to be written; and years, probably, to elapse before we may venture to sum up its results, and compare its prophecies with their fulfilment.

## LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

To literature, properly so called, the lives of literary men form an appropriate introduction. *The Life of Campbell*, by his executor, Dr. Beattie, is one of the most full and complete biographies that we have of any writer of similar celebrity. All the papers of Campbell were placed at the Doctor's disposal; and a mass of letters was contributed by a host of correspondents, who came forward with their treasures somewhat too freely, occasionally, for the reader's convenience. In fact, a life of so little incident as that of Campbell, can scarcely fill with matter worth relation three enormous octavo volumes. And thus in Beattie's work we have a large quantity of twaddle—an immense variety of anecdotes scarcely worth the telling—disquisitions respecting the poet's minutest actions and ideas, and those actions and ideas put by himself in every possible form of triviality in his multitudinous communications to all sorts of people. Dr. Beattie, like most men employed very diligently upon a single subject, has greatly over-estimated the importance which the generality of people are apt to attribute to facts which he estimates himself by the trouble which it cost him to procure them. With all this is mixed up some chapters of great interest—for when the Doctor gets hold of a really important passage in the life of the poet, he does it the most ample justice.

Campbell is, in fact, the type of a literary man at the present time. He began his career, like a thousand other known contributors to the public press, with college distinctions. He attempted the bar, which he had neither funds to reach, nor would he probably, from his nervous temperament, have achieved success, if he had reached it. His first publication, *The Pleasures of Hope*, published at twenty, placed him at a height among his literary contemporaries which few have reached at so early an age. Strange to say, he never surpassed, if he ever equalled, this infant effort of his genius. His succeeding life was passed in writing and editing; and in both these capacities there was much to interest, more especially as his communications with other eminent men were constant and important. Still, if we recollect that scarcely an event greater than his marriage, his undertaking the editorship of the *New Monthly*, and his assisting in the establishment of University College, happened during his long life—if we recollect this, we may readily understand that this unconscionably long work is frequently filled with very uninteresting matter. Still, as we have observed, the interesting parts of Campbell's life are so exceedingly well done, that an abridgment of the whole work would be as easy as it is desirable. The task would be mainly one of omission, leaving out two-thirds of the letters, and long accounts of passages of minor interest. Thus done, we shall have one of the most desirable biographies in the language. We should recommend, however, that the greater part of the criticism be omitted from the abridgment. Executors charged by the family with the duty of drawing up a poet's memoirs, are not likely to be very impartial critics. Throughout the work, the criticisms consist of such unvarnished and unsophisticated eulogiums, that the reader is at once tempted to skip the pages. Campbell, with all his merits, is not a man about whom one tolerates uncontrolled and ceaseless eulogies.

A far different volume is Serjeant Talfourd's *Memoirs of Charles Lamb*. Campbell has a little of the common-place about his character, as much almost as is possible with true genius. Nothing could be less common-place than Lamb. Slightly tinged with insanity himself, he devoted his life to the care of a sister who had been herself, during a paroxysm of madness, the destroyer of the existence of her own parent. Two persons of intellects thus dangerously placed, yet framed of the most delicate mould, and with perceptions the keenest and the most sensitive, created of necessity a world of their own, in which they viewed all around them in a new and original light. With the gentlest and kindest of dispositions, and an ample fund of good sense, the brother and sister communicated, first to one another, and then to the world, the impressions and emotions of mind so peculiarly constructed. The consequence has been one of the most beautiful and original works in any language—the *Essays of Elia*.

In the biography we are noticing, Serjeant Talfourd, like Dr. Beattie, an executor of the subject of his narrative, has chiefly acted the simple part of an editor. Lamb is, for the most part, the narrator of his own life, and as such, discloses without reserve the inmost workings of his soul. There is so much happiness mixed with the melancholy—so much melancholy with the happiness, of every passage, almost, in Lamb's life, he had the faculty of smiling and weeping at one and the same time over all that occurred to him, that this autobiography of his both cheers and depresses in the strangest way. If at work he groans, yet extracts a pleasure from his labour; if released from work he rejoices, yet finds a sorrow in his liberty: still both joy and sorrow are so exquisite and refined, that we scarcely know which to admire the most. The phenomena of the human mind were never in themselves more strange, and never more strangely related. This, one of the most beautiful, is perhaps, on the whole, the most remarkable volume of the year.

*The Life of Keats*, by Mr. Moncton Milnes, is another record of a diseased and melancholy intellect. The fragment of a life worn out by its own intellect, almost before it had begun to develop itself, would seem to offer few opportunities for the biographer. Yet Keats—if alone from the way in which his name has been mixed up with those of the great men of his day—is always sure of commanding a certain amount of attention. We believe that he deserves more than he has obtained, even on his own merits. The present biography lets us fully into the peculiarities of no ordinary mind. At school he was remarkable, with the womanish caprice which so often accompanies genius, for passing at once from extremes of merriment to those of tears. Pugnacious, violent, placable, he excited even then the general attention of those around him. He carried off all the prizes of the school, and commenced life as a surgeon; but an indomitable passion for poetry carried him off from his profession. His poems, too unearthly to be generally intelligible—too peculiar to his individual feelings to be generally popular, will always be read for their originality as a whole, and the great beauty of particular passages.

Keats's letters, as published in this volume, display a simplicity of character—a playfulness, yet earnestness, of disposition, which mark the ideal world in which their author moved and breathed. He lived alone amongst his own creations—the shadows of which he endeavoured to portray, not always unsuccessfully, to the few but steadfast friends with whom he corresponded. Many most charming passages occur in these letters, which contain a poetry far more intelligible than his verse. The life is well written; but many of the productions of Keats which are included in this volume, might well have been spared. Whose fame would be safe, if all the follies which they wrote in verse in their time were given to the world? Of all men, such a man as Keats should be spared the revelation of his crude and indigested ideas. Pulmonary consumption, disappointed love, and the *Quarterly Review*, killed him at twenty-five.

Barham's *Life of Theodore Hook* completes the list. The strange and chequered hours of that singular man, offer great opportunities to the biographer. Perhaps no life on record affords so great a number of anecdotes and piquant "sayings and doings." Laughing, like many a comic actor, in the midst of adverse circumstances and depressed spirits, the lights and shadows of Hook's existence have an interest altogether their own. His career is too well known for us to review it here. Mr. Barham, who had lived all his life in the atmosphere of the clique, was well qualified for the task he undertook. The *Remains* appended to his biography form one of the richest and raciest tomes of humour in this or any other language. The selection from Hook's newspaper articles has been done with care and judgment.

## NOVELS.

First amongst the fictions which have appeared within the limits which we have prescribed to ourselves, stands one of the greatest works of the greatest of our r-mancists. *Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings*, contains the best descriptive writing that Bulwer has penned; and, all things considered, the finest of his characters. The portraiture of Harold, the warrior, philosopher, patriot, lover, by turns, is the finest instance we have yet seen of the old Saxon heroes, to whose grave energy of character their descendants owe so much of their glory. Contrasted with Harold, the wily and dissolute Norman stands in bold relief: even here we can trace the man of fashion elbowing somewhat scornfully the man of business. Bulwer possessed the fullest knowledge of the period he has chosen to illustrate, and the philosophic vein which runs through his historical allusions, contains so much of novelty and force, that we scarcely know a history which teaches so well what history ought to teach, as this work of fiction. Pathos of a deeper kind than we had supposed Bulwer capable of, gives the most

intense interest to many parts of the story. The affectation which so often disfigures the writings of this author, is laid aside: we never see the fine gentleman peering out of the preceptor's robe, but the deep-thinking and acute man of genius developing a period when the fiercer passions alternated their sway with the civilities of modern life; when the dandy, social and political, just ventured to intrude amongst the stern, mailed warrior of the middle ages; when the germs of modern society, with its faults and virtues, are found scattered everywhere amongst the European nations, and the first vestiges of the motley and heterogeneous humanity of our own times—containing every extreme of temper, passion, manner, and habit—make their appearance in the world. Such a time demands the keenest thought of the acutest writer; and thus one of the noblest romances in existence has been formed out of difficult, yet most excellent, materials. The influence of greatness of character over the imperfections of civilisation, was never yet so nobly demonstrated.

Beside Bulwer stands a philosopher of a very different cast. We hesitate, perhaps, when we call Mr. Harrison Ainsworth a philosopher; but his writings occasionally betray a depth of sentiment which few philosophers can surpass. *The Lancashire Witches* is to Ainsworth's other novels very much what *Harold* is to those of Bulwer. The foppery and vulgarity which mar Ainsworth's best writings, have disappeared. The subject, it is true, is one of the same grotesque horror which this romancist always affects; but both the grotesqueness and the horror are softened in the present instance, both by the circumstance and much of the tone of the story. The witches become such under the influence of a deep curse pronounced under terrible aggravation. This at once ennobles the inherent vulgarity of the witchcraft. Then, again, we have a similar contrast, as in *Harold*, between the relics of popular barbarity and the intrusion of more refined and philosophic sentiments. The kind of Lancashire in the sixteenth century, bears some comparison, in point of civilisation, with the Saxon gentleman of the eleventh. The entire superstition of one set of men, contrasts finely with the half superstition of another, in both novels.

The worst of this, as of the other works of Ainsworth, is, that it has little or no delicacy in its colouring. Everything with him is in the gross. The fine-drawn beauties of a finished character, this writer knows nothing about. The quiet traits, either of failings or excellencies, which affect the heart so touchingly, are never even attempted. His witches are coarse, withered hags—his villains without remorse—his squires coarse and brutal—his lovers, like most other lovers, just nothing at all. Like Rembrandt's pictures, Ainsworth draws a figure of light amidst a deep and unvaried gloom. But the tints are so well laid on in the present instance, that we feel in a nobler atmosphere than in the murky robber-cloud with which he is so fond of enveloping us. We respect the work, too, because the writer has dared to take the simple witch of tradition, with all her wrinkles, cats, bags, and broomsticks. It requires no small tact to make anything interesting out of this hackneyed bugbear; yet an interesting novel Mr. Ainsworth has unquestionably succeeded in producing. It appeared, in the first instance, as our readers may remember, in the columns of the *Sunday Times*.

Who that thinks of the historical romances of any recent year, will fail to ask, how many novels has G. P. R. James written in the twelve-month? Only three—most inquisitive reader. But then he had thrown half a dozen smaller things off his hands. Of these three, *Beauchamp* was only published entire in the present year; but it was written long before for the *New Monthly*. *Rizzio*, the last of the three, professes simply to be edited by the author. We shall be obliged to any one who will tell us what this means. The third of James's romances published within the year, is the *Forger*.

In all these works James is rather less sententious than he once was, and not quite so provokingly fond of thrusting his moral into our faces. *The Error* turns on the loose manner in which Scotch marriages are performed, and by which a young Lord is unwittingly entrapped into committing himself to the noose, without knowing what he is about. Out of this is produced more variety of incident and interest of situation than is usual in James's novels. His hero is well drawn; but somehow we cannot sympathize with any of the author's heroes.

Female novelists are not very fond of the historical line. But Miss Linn ventures not only into history, but into Greek history. *Anyone* is a clever tale, written with fertility of invention, and some insight into character. But there is little Greek about it, except the dress. The personages have all Greek names; their robes are called by terms ending in "os;" they walk about in porticoes—worship in temples—and dine on sofas; but the passions and sentiments are not Greek. The refinements of love and sentiment are such as the old Greeks knew nothing about. Essentially men in thought and habit, the ancients had little feeling towards women, or in common with them. No modern woman in existence could at all enter into the phases of the Greek temperament. But the story is well developed; many of its points possess great interest; and its Greek dress is not amiss, if one looks on it simply as a masquerade, without examining how far it is genuine.

*Owen Tudor* carries the reader through scenes and times which the historical novelist has repeatedly selected for description; but which present a variety of incident and a succession of scenic "effects," which it appears impossible to exhaust. In Paris, during the century that preceded the French Henri IV., the scene changes like a dissolving view: at one moment it is Royalist, then rebel; and shortly afterwards supporting a turbulent ambitious noble, who keeps the King prisoner, and carries on a fierce war, in his Majesty's name, against his friends and authority. From the pageantry of a peaceful tournament, where all minds and bodies are absorbed in performing the great duty of enjoyment, the Parisians pass, with hardly a moment's pause, into the horrors of civil revolt; and then, before their wrecked pavements have had time to be smoothed, will gather again in eager crowds to witness the execution of the rebel victims whom they had so lately aided in trying to overturn the Government. These scenes succeed each other with breathless rapidity in *Owen Tudor*. The book is all rush and glitter; furious in its conflicts, its courtesies, and its love-making. The Welsh hero becomes enamoured of a daughter of the "master-butcher" of Paris—is chosen by the mad King Charles for a favourite—and ultimately marries the widow of Henry V. of England.

We return to Paris along with *Rizzio*, and find the city pacified and ornamented by Francis I. There is little or no fighting in this book; but, to make amends, we have innumerable attempts at murder by poison or steel, some of which are successful; and the story concludes at Holyrood with the assassination of the hero, according to the history, in the chamber of Queen Mary. Some interest attaches to the work as being the production of William Ireland, the author of the Shakespeare forgeries, and written before the foundation of the modern school of historical fiction were laid by Walter Scott. It has long remained in the hands of various publishers, and is now edited and improved by Mr. James.

*The Course of a Revolution* is a novel founded on the events which drove the Neapolitan Court from its capital during the first French Revolution. Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and the other historical personages of the Revolution are introduced; and the stirring events of the time make almost of necessity an exciting tale. For an historical novel, the period is peculiarly well chosen.

Novels of manners claim the next place to those of history. Under this head, *Mildred Vernon* and *Mary Barton* call for our attention. The first appeared at the middle of last year, and excited much attention. Pictures of French society, drawn after the French method, by an English hand, were not very common. The writer was evidently well acquainted with the tastes and habits of our neighbours, and had the talent of communicating to his descriptions the piquancy and abandon of the French school, with much of the energy and sound sense of the English. Mothers who would have shuddered to permit their daughters to read the details of the intrigues and fascinations of Parisian *littes* in the pages of Paul de Kock and Sue, permitted the entrance of *Mildred Vernon* to their drawingroom without scruple. The tale itself—one of unminged immorality and weakness; in parts, a complete apology for frailty—was worked up with so much ingenuity that people forgave the design in the execution. Besides the real interest of the tale, an insight was given to the interior of the Parisian *salons*, which was welcome to everybody. The name of the author has escaped all research.

*Mary Barton* was a work of a very different stamp. The life and hardships of a Lancashire cotton-spinner had escaped, hitherto, the keen eye of the novelist; and its delineation, affording the amplest scope for descriptive power, was a happy thought for the Liverpool lady who undertook it. The work itself had all the freshness and vigour of a young writer, with the quiet assurance of an old hand; and the only thing

(Continued on page 358.)



## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"A SEE-SAW."—PAINTED BY T. WEBSTER, R.A.

Both these pictures are in the Great, or East Room.

91. "A See-Saw." T. Webster, R.A. A master-piece, and Engraved on our present paper. It tells its own story, and belongs to Mr. Gibbons, of the Regent's-park, the same gentleman who has the additional good fortune to possess "The Slide," by the same thoroughly English artist. The fear expressed on the face of the boy who is mounted above at the end of the plank, is capitally contrasted with the enjoyment of the boy who is only a looker-on.

23. "Religious Controversy in the time of Louis XIV." A. E. Elmore, A.

The King had declared his intention "to employ only good Christians in public situation," meaning Roman Catholics; and the most tempting encouragement was held out to such as should set a public example by abjuring their Protestant

tenets. Accordingly, it was not uncommon for an intending convert of rank to invite some leading Protestant clergyman to meet some leading Catholic in his house, there to debate respecting their differences, to satisfy the mind of their host which religion was preferable.—*Louis XIV. et son Siècle.*

This is one of the best painted pictures in the present Exhibition. The scene is animated, the grouping good, the heads fine, occasionally grand, and always reflective. There is that proper heat of debate in every part of it worthy of the importance of the subject. The hands and extremities are carefully painted. This is certainly the best picture Mr. Elmore has yet painted, and, while it shows a stride, contains a further promise.

The two pictures next Engraved, are in the Middle Room.—

372. "The Destruction of Idolatry in England. Coifi, the High Priest, on his conversion to Christianity, destroying the idols of his former

worship, in the presence of Edwin, the Saxon King, A.D. 625." The subject is described by Sharon Turner. G. Patten, A.

After several of the Witeana and Counsellors of King Edwin had delivered their opinions on the subject of religion, the high-priest, Coifi, desired to hear Paulinus, who was the chief of the Christian missionaries. The Bishop obeyed, when Coifi exclaimed, "Formerly I understood nothing that I worshipped; the more I contemplated our idolatry the less truth I found in it; but this new system I adopt without hesitation: let us, then, O King, immediately anathematise and burn the temples and altars which we have so uselessly venerated." On this bold exhortation, Coifi was asked, who would be the first to profane the idols and their altars, and the enclosures with which they were surrounded. The zealous convert answered, "I will." He requested of the King weapons and a war-horse; he girded on a sword, and, brandishing a spear, mounted the King's horse, and rode to the idol temple; the people without thought him mad; he hurled his spear against the temple, to profane it, and commanded his companions to destroy the building and surrounding enclosures. The scene of this



"RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV."—PAINTED BY A. ELMORE, A.



## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

event was a little to the east of York, beyond the river Derwent, at a place, in Bede's time, called Godmundingham.

This, by Mr. Patten, we have engraved for our present paper. It is almost the only strictly historical picture in the present Exhibition.

357. "The Awakened Conscience." R. Redgrave, A.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup. \* \* \* At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs, xxiii. 31.

This is an interesting picture of its class.

## ARCHITECTURE.

In the Architectural Room, the chief features are Mr. Cockerell's large drawing, the Professor's Dream; Mr. Pugin's elevation of his own house at Ramsgate; and one or two designs of works which Mr. B. Ferrey has at present in hand.

1006. "Design for a Monument to a late Venerable Archdeacon, intended to be placed in a church of Greek Doric architecture, in the manner of a chantry chapel." A. Ashpitel.

1011. "South-east View of Charle-cote Church, Warwickshire, now rebuilding for Mrs. Lucy, of Charle-cote Park." J. Clarke. This is the church in which Shakspeare's Sir Thomas Lucy is buried, and where there is a very interesting monument to his memory.

1012. "A Design for a Parsonage House." J. S. Ancona.

1013. "New Dining-hall, now erecting for the Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury, at Alton Towers." A. W. Pugin.

1014. "Design for a Parish Church." J. F. Wadmore.

1015. "The Private Chapel and Cemetery, recently erected at Carn-sallock, near Dumfries, for the late Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston." E. B. Lamb.

1016. "Design for the Chichester Training College for Masters." F. W. Ordish.

1017. "Athenæum and Mechanics' Institute, lately erected at Sheffield." G. Alexander.

1018. "Roslyn Chapel." S. Read.

1019. "Dryburgh Abbey." J. Dobbin.

1020. "The Ceiling of the Drawingroom of the Oriental Club, as designed and executed by L. W. Collmann."

1023. "Melrose Abbey." J. Dobbin.

1024. "An idea for a country parish church." T. H. Rushforth.

1031. "Design submitted for the Edmonton new Church." F. E. H. Fowler.

1032. "Interior View of St. Peter's Church, Cheltenham," lately erected from the designs of W. Dawkes, Esq. F. Wehnert.

1034. "Interior, looking east, and Interior, looking west, of the Church



"THE AWAKENED CONSCIENCE."—PAINTED BY R. REDGRAVE, A.

of St. Mary the Virgin, Hadleigh, Middlesex, as restored under the direction, and from the designs of G. E. Street."

1036. "South-east View of the Church of England Training College for Masters, now erecting at Cheltenham, from the designs and under the superintendence of S. W. Dawkes."

1044. "Meanwood Church, erected near Leeds, for Miss Beckett and Miss E. Beckett." W. Railton.

1057. "An elevation of St. George's Catholic Church, Lambeth, showing the tower and spire as they are intended to be finished." A. W. Pugin. This, when finished, will be a very noble building. We are glad to observe that Mr. Pugin retains all his early admiration of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral.

1059. "Entrance Porch, Spratton Lodge, Northamptonshire," executed for the Dowager Lady St. John. G. F. Jones.

1060. "The Terrace now erecting at Windsor, on the road to Ascot." S. S. Teulon.

Rugby, the seat of Washington Hilbert, Esq." A. W. Pugin.

1134. "Old St. Pancras Church," recently reconstructed, enlarged, and restored, from the design, and under the direction of A. D. Gough. This is the little interesting church of which we gave an illustration when Mr. Gough's reconstructions were completed.

1139. "Design for the Army and Navy Club-House," to which the second premium was awarded. F. E. H. Fowler.

1140. "The Training and Middle School for the Diocese of Worcester," about to be erected from the design, and under the superintendence of B. Ferrey.

1173. "Some additions lately made to the west front of the Episcopa Palace, Wells," under the superintendence of B. Ferrey. Made in excellent taste.

1182. "South-west view of the New Church, Weybridge, Surrey," erected from the designs, and under the superintendence of A. Johnson and J. L. Pearson.

1064. "The New Chapel of Ripon Palace, the gift of the late Archbishop of York to the See of Ripon." W. Railton.

1072. "St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, proposed to be restored in accordance with the design, and under the direction of A. D. Gough."

1077. "Interior View of St. Paul's Church, Maidstone, restored to the date of its completion, about A.D. 1400." J. Whichcord, jun.

1085. "A View of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, the residence of A. Welby Pugin, and the adjoining Church now erecting." A. W. Pugin.

1091. "Design for a Building for the reception of the Vernon Gallery, and other productions of Modern Painters," by R. M. Phipson.

1102. "The Professor's Dream." C. R. Cockerell, R.A.

A synopsis of the principal architectural monuments of ancient and modern times, drawn to the same scale, in forms and dimensions ascertained from the best authorities, and arranged on four terraces—Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and Medieval and Modern; the last of which shows more particularly the comparative height: this synopsis being a development of that first published in the "Useful Knowledge" Society's "Life of Sir Christopher Wren."

Most carefully and fairly grouped, and quite a study for the young architect. Many of our readers will recollect, in common with ourselves, the similar good service which Mr. Cockerell rendered a few years back to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren.

1113. "Venice." J. D. Harding. The moon is up, and yet it is not light. Sunset divides the sky with her.—EYMON.

1114. "St. Matthew's Church, Denmark-hill, Camberwell," in course of erection from the design, and under the direction of A. D. Gough.

1117. "A View of Bilton Grange



"THE DESTRUCTION OF IDOLATRY IN ENGLAND, A.D. 625."—PAINTED BY G. PATTEN, A.



(Continued from page 355.)

which denoted inexperience was the frame-work of the story, which was fashioned upon the stale notion of an innocent person suspected of murder, and acquitted in the end by the discovery of the real offender. But in the work itself the feelings of the manufacturing classes were portrayed with the greatest vigour. The relations of workmen and masters—the trials of the former and the shortcomings of the latter, were illustrated in a style not alone of great interest, but powerfully awakening our sympathies for a class of persons hitherto little known out of their peculiar sphere. The heroine, like most other heroines, was comparatively a failure; but about the subordinate characters, there was a reality and a truthfulness in many of the scenes which was very charming.

A novel, on a subject somewhat similar, has made its appearance since the beginning of the present year. *Hurley Beckford* turns on the passions and sufferings of the working-classes in the north of England during the ferment of the period which ended in the Reform Bill. There is some vigour in this book, but a general want of truthfulness and reality, which places it at a great distance below *Mary Barton*.

We must consider Mr. Cooper as a contributor to English literature, as his works are almost all published in this country. *The Bee-hunter* is a tale of the Red Indian—Mr. Cooper's own peculiar property. The book undertakes to develop a curiosity in its way—the workings of a Red Indian's mind; and this he has managed very cleverly, sufficiently so to give an interest to his tale, which is less full of interest than most of his other novels. His last work, *The Sea Lions*, is one of the most powerful and original he has written. It narrates the adventures of two rival seal-boats blocked up by ice in the Antarctic ocean, with all the vivacity of real events and the ingenuity of fiction. His characteristic impertinences are absent almost or altogether from both of these works.

Next to these come the Irish novels; all, with one exception, founded on the same model: the rollicking, careless, warm-hearted being getting into all sorts of scrapes; the deep misery of his situation enlivened by the buoyancy of his temperament. Such was Mr. Trollope's *Kellys and O'Kellys*, and several periodical tales, which we have noticed elsewhere. The exception we speak of is Mr. Higgins's excellent tale, entitled *My Uncle the Curate*. In this novel we have English characters acting under Irish circumstances. The Curate—a stout, unsophisticated, unselfish, determined man, without polish or affectation—is one of the best heroes we have met with for a long time. The tale itself is better in its parts, which are excellent, than as a whole; for the dénouement of the story, which turns upon an abduction and a rescue, is crude and commonplace. As an Irish novel, it stands alone—quaint, quiet, unaffected—maintaining its interest throughout with very little aid from Celtic irregularities.

Mrs. Gore contributes one novel, *The Diamond and Pearl*; and Mrs. Trollope another, *The Young Countess*, to their already extensive list. Both of these works, the last especially, contain many points of excellence, and have added to the fame of their authoresses.

The ladies have this year given rather considerable additions to what may be styled novels of morality. Miss Costello's *Clara Fane* and *The Discipline of Life* are works of the class; and so is *Affection; its Flowers and Fruits*. The latter is a clever and exciting tale. Of the two former, the things most noticeable are the *bizarrie* of the first, and the unaffected feeling of the second; without any extraordinary merit, either of plan or execution, this work cannot fail to interest.

The novels of simple circumstances which have appeared within our period, have, on the whole, been wanting in interest. *Jacile Belmont* is an illegitimate daughter of people of rank, whose illegitimacy is studiously concealed, though known to all sorts of people. On this thread is hung an affected tale, full of fantastical absurdities. *Helen Charteris, Trevethian, and Friends and Fortune*, have but little to distinguish them from the ordinary run of novels. The latter is the best; and contains, occasionally, passages of much interest. Acton Bell's *Tenant of Wildfell Hall* is the novel of this sort which has most pretension. There is force and power about it, but of a wrong kind; its great points are mostly made by exaggeration. Some of the pictures of the habits of the more dissolute part of mankind are so unreal, that we are obliged to suspect a female writer drawing upon the inventions of a somewhat malicious imagination.

## ROMANCES.

Two works of fiction, neither of which can be classed as novels, have appeared within the last twelve months—both of especial excellence. *The Old Judge*, Halliburton's latest work, appeared originally in *Frazer's Magazine*; but it has been published collectively within the time prescribed.

In this work we miss the flow of natural and unconstrained humour which distinguished *Sam Slick*. In that inimitable series we seem to feel the overflowings of a mind crammed to the full with quaint and droll observation. In *The Old Judge* the humour is somewhat constrained; the writer is always going out of his way to find something to laugh at, instead of meeting it spontaneously. This is natural enough in a late work on a subject already somewhat exhausted; and, besides, the Canadians are by no means so racy a people as the Yankees. The subject, for humorous treating, is not altogether a good one. So the author has infused a dash of the horrible: several black stories, after the model of Washington Irving, are introduced as foils to the sketches of Canadian travelling absurdities and incongruities. Halliburton has been very successful in his characters. *Master Stephen* and *Miss Lucy* are especial favourites with all readers. The utter unconstraint of sarcasm and smart sayings, disagreeable enough in reality, are to the last degree amusing in fiction, when cleverly managed. Colonial rusticity is fairly quizzed; and the airs and graces of the young sprigs of the Governor's suite, are amusingly contrasted with the gravity and matter-of-fact habits of the old settlers. On the whole, the book is not only amusing, but affords a capital insight into the realities of British North American existence.

The other work is a strange book. Herman Melville's *Mardi*, and a *Voyage Thither*, is one of the most grotesque volumes we have met with for a long time. All the subjects most difficult and uncertain in modern discussion—the mysteries of politics, manners, and religion—are transferred for discussion amongst the feathered savages of the rocky islands of the Pacific. The very idea of the work is one that we scarcely know whether to admire or condemn. A sailor, sick of whaling in the Arctic Seas, and longing for the sunny skies of the South, makes his escape in an open boat, with the assistance of a blunt, unsophisticated Scotchman—his *fidus Achates* in his subsequent adventures. The description of the passage across the ocean, with its storms and calms, contains some of the finest nautical description that the world has ever seen; and the observations and illustrations, as the monsters of the deep are encountered, one after another, are expressed in language elegant and expressive; sometimes even beautiful to the last degree. The boat at last falls in with a ship navigated solely by a couple of savages, rather mythical than otherwise, and afterwards with a being altogether mythical—a Pacific fairy carried off to sacrifice, whom the author rescues and marries. He is forced, in the rescue, to kill an old priest and his family; and, before his marriage, reaches *Mardi*, which he describes as one amongst a group of Pacific islands, regularly governed by a King and Court, who receive him with all hospitality. His fairy soon vanishes; and he undertakes a voyage from island to island in search of her, in company with his Royal host and a large suite, and pursued by the spectres of the avenging priests. The suite aforesaid contains several droll characters; and the conversations they hold as they meet with adventures amidst the islands they inspect successively, make what the author intends to be the moral of his book. They are introduced to satirize European belief and practice, after a Pacific fashion; and, like all other odd things, are of every possible degree of merit—often highly quaint and ingenious; still more often absurd and ridiculous. The latter are readily forgiven for the former; we are quite content to take the book, with its merits and deficiencies, as one of the most extraordinary on our list.

In the same category we must place Mr. E. W. Lander's *Lofoden*; or, *The Exiles of Norway*. The author has a new field at his command, which he cultivates very vigorously, but with instruments somewhat too ponderous. The wild nature of the scenery, and the peculiarity of nobles condemned to mines, instead of the backeyed dungeons of old, give this tale a peculiarity which interests us considerably, though the author spoils his subject by his coarse way of handling it, and his constant tendency to exaggeration.

*Raphael*, by Lamartine, was produced simultaneously in French and English, and must be classed among the literary events of the year. It is a singular work, exhibiting the marvellous power of a gifted and

practised author, in elaborating a single idea through two hundred pages, or in prolonging the vibration of one chord, which never changes its tone, yet never becomes monotonous. *Raphael* is a long monologue of love, written as the autobiography of an impressionable and weak-minded youth, who passes a few days amidst the madness and the rapture of passion, and then lives for ever afterwards upon its remembrance. Rousseau and Chateaubriand have supplied much of the materials which *Raphael* reproduces; and in the eloquence of its language it falls no way short of its models.

We sum up the works of fiction with a book which, as a translation, scarcely belongs to us, but with the original of which so many liberties have been taken as to make it partly our own.—*Eighteen Hundred and Twelve* contains some of the most graphic sketches of that "romance of history," Napoleon's Russian campaign, that have yet appeared. As a mere romance it has many excellencies, though tainted with the German fault of unreal sentiment, and a constant tone of affectation.

## TRAVELS.

The "foreign parts" in which an Englishman must always feel most thoroughly "at home" are those inhabited by our cousins-german of the United States. We begin, therefore, our list of travellers' literature with a work which is, on other accounts, the most important and complete of its literary compere—*The Western World*, by Alexander Mackay. The recollections of 1812 are now faded almost into oblivion. The "harryings" and burnings on the coast by the crews of English frigates—the daring but profitless sortie which resulted in the conflagration of the Washington senate-house—all the sufferings and hatred engendered by war have been forgotten by the new generation. In spite of the brief dread of the Canadian "sympathisers," or the threatening controversy respecting the Oregon boundary, we have ceased to regard the Americans even as possible enemies. Free-trade has cemented the friendship between us. A strong bond of self-interest unites into peace the congenial nations, who cannot come into collision without crushing the fortunes and destroying the livelihoods of some thousands of their subjects. Reason may hereafter proclaim an universal and perpetual peace upon the earth; but in the present time, the more intelligible and powerful dictates of interest have placed a war between England and America almost beyond the ordinary chances of political casualty. Mr. Mackay has properly appreciated the pacific ordinances under which the future connexion of the two countries will be maintained. Accordingly, he looks at the illimitable elements of grandeur in population, production, and wealth, which the great American continent offers to its inhabitants, with no jaundiced eye. It is not the growth of a rival or the expanding power of a foe that he sees in the increase of America, but rather the prosperity of a friend, in which England will unfailingly share, unless her participation in the common prosperity be balked by some unspeakable folly on the part of her rulers. In *The Western World*, therefore, we find a flattering picture of the Americans under their chief denomination—that of money-makers. Riches flow upon them in a tide from earth and waters, even putting the questionable wealth from the "gold diggings" on the Sacramento wholly out of the account. Already do the returns of population exhibit a ratio of increase considerably higher than in the most highly civilized European nations. But the periodical estimates of wealth shew that of all the material elements of power, the United States are becoming enormous capitalists, with natural facilities for further enhancement almost unlimited in amount. What the future may, and possibly will be to America, Mr. Mackay prognosticates, in a few glowing sentences.

*The Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic* is an amusing book on an amusing people. The inhabitants of these islands, within a day's sail of the most civilized part of Europe, preserve all the simplicity and originality of a primeval character; and their peculiarities are jotted down in the easy and dashing style which becomes an English traveller so well.

The African wilds have been amply illustrated. *The Narrative of the Niger Expedition*, published under the auspices of the Lords of the Admiralty, contains a very full detail of the habits of the blacks; the difficulties of establishment in Africa; and the various bearings of the slave trade. *An Expedition to the Sources of the White Nile* contains some curious information. It is a translation from a German writer, who accompanied an expedition sent up the river by the Pacha. The style of the book is confused; and, as for the sources of the White Nile, the expedition never got near them: but the book is in many respects an entertaining one.

Of the common run of travelling books, the most numerous are those on California. The singular state of society "where every one does as he pleases," and where gold dust is picked up by handfuls, has been described with great minuteness, by all sorts of travellers. Dr. Brook's *Four Months Among the Gold-finders* is one of the most interesting of these. His narrative claims to embrace the first discovery of the gold; and he proceeds from a time when quietness and something like honesty existed amongst the adventurers, to a period when the most utter disorganization prevailed everywhere. The sketches of human nature acting under such circumstances are interesting, and not more grievous than we might expect under the unparalleled temptations; but still, the absolute record of a state where no one man can trust another, and where the suspicion, if not the reality, of robbery and murder falls on every one, is sufficiently lamentable. The descriptive part, both of this and the work entitled *The Gold-finders of California*, is often well done.

Catlin's *Notes* are scarcely worthy his reputation. The enterprising artist, when left to his own enthusiasm, produced one of the best volumes of the kind extant; but he now appears as a trader—his book is full of his exhibition, and there are parts written in an unfair spirit towards rival exhibitions.

*The Settler in Oregon*—a country once involving momentous consideration—lets us into the real ties of Pacific colonization, the commencement of which are related with some interest in Ross's *Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon*. Wilkinson's *Dalmatia* is an elegant and instructive work—without the vivacity of Paton's, but with more research. *Six Weeks in Corsica* is another useful work on the inhabitants of the shores of the Mediterranean.

The East Indies have not received much attention this year. *Ceylon and its Dependencies*, and *Adventures in Borneo*, are almost the only books on the subject—neither of them of great merit. Sirr's *China and the Chinese* is a book of more importance; but it is principally concerned, very fairly it must be admitted, from old sources. Its principal novelty is the good and sometimes graphic description of Hong Kong.

Mr. J. F. Hopkinson has delineated our northern friends in the light and tripping style peculiar to an English officer, in *Pictures from the North, in Pen and Pencil*. The author employed a sick-leave of absence from India in visiting the North, instead of wasting his time. We wish that every officer similarly situated could bestow his time with similar advantage to himself and to the public.

We conclude with a work which, though a translation, deserves a word. *The Travels of Prince Adalbert of Prussia* are written in so kindly a spirit—with so much freedom from conceit and affectation, either of rank or the condescension of descent from it—his adventures in Brazil and the Atlantic islands are so neatly told, that we confess that we regard this book as an especial favourite.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The miscellaneous literature of the year is headed by two volumes of Leigh Hunt's. *The Town* is one of the most amusing books we have seen. Few authors that have been at the pains of examining the records of the old times of the metropolis, have retained the power of connecting their information so as to produce a lively book. The dust of the old tomes seems to pervade their style and to destroy their spirit. But Leigh Hunt is the most delightful of gossips. He takes us from street to street—tells us the vicissitudes of each old building—points out the places which poets, princes, actors, philosophers, statesmen, haunted in turn; each giving to the locality some peculiar individuality, or leaving behind some characteristic anecdote. A great part of the book is drawn from that storehouse of the sociality of the period, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; but the information in that work is so well illustrated by similar information on the periods immediately preceding and following it, that Boswell's work itself acquires a new value from the new use made of it. We know no book which introduces us with a familiarity more pleasant to the worthies of old times than this book of

Hunt's, which breathes altogether the most townish spirit we ever met with. The author seems to have an especial and speaking acquaintance with every corner of the metropolis.

*The Book for a Corner*, by the same author, is a capital selection from the best authors. The same thing has been done by Mr. Knight, in his *Half-hours with the Best Authors*. These selections are far better than the heterogeneous *Elegant Extracts* of old times, generally selected on no principle whatever. The improvement of the judgment of selecting, is one of the most important advances of modern taste.

Amongst the miscellaneous literature of the year, we must class two somewhat important books as regards the learned profession of the law. Warren's *Professional, Moral, and Social Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors* is far from being a mere legal work. Warren, in this work, has taken a far higher aim than either a mere teacher of forensic arrangements, as in his introduction to law studies, or a mere writer of fiction, as in his *Diary of a Physician*, or his *Now and Then*. The old prejudice against attorneys had, for the most part, disappeared long ago, except on the stage, or in the jest-book. But such a work as this was much wanted, to place the profession on its proper footing, both in conduct and reputation. The multitudinous branches into which the profession ramifies—its connexion with every walk and every phase of social life—its influence on the prospects of individuals and of society in general, make its conduct and proceedings a subject of more importance than that of any other class of men in existence. The legal duties of the profession had been considered over and over again; and some vague treatises had been written on higher matter, pertaining to the same subject; but a well-digested work on the *morale* of legal conduct, was wanting to literature. Mr. Warren was, of all men, the fittest to undertake such a task, as, perhaps, the only author we have who unites a popular style with an adequate legal experience. His illustrations of his subjects are always well managed—his manner of treating them always easy and agreeable. He has, above most writers, the knack of carrying his reader along with him: and in the present work, where his talents as a jurist and a general writer are united, he stands on a vantage-ground where he meets neither with competitor nor equal.

Mr. Forsyth's *Hortensius* is a work on the same subject, on a very different plan. The object is to illustrate the duties and office of the advocate generally, after the traditions both of ancient and modern practice. The book is clever and interesting—rather superficial and rather affected. The author's plan is a good one: he takes law cases and law anecdotes from all sorts of sources, ancient and modern; and the contrasts he exhibits are often highly amusing. There is a good deal of research evident from the judicial records of a long period of time. The aim of the book is a high one; and is both a proof and a means of the increased honour and nobility of the legal profession.

## POETICAL LITERATURE.

If we measured poetry according to Mr. Wakley's scale, by the mile, we could probably muster a good average length of rhyme. Limiting ourselves to such productions as possess at least one or two of the poetical qualities besides the jingle at the end of the verse, our list will be short. Sir Bulwer Lytton heads the catalogue with *King Arthur*. Somewhat of the same character and scenery is found in this poem as in the author's romance of *Harold*, which we have already discussed. In the former, however, he has taken the poet's licence to abandon history. It is the Arthur and the Merlin of the legends to whom we are introduced, and the adventures of the hero are of the most fantastic emanations from Dreamland. The legendary monarch heads the Cymrians, or Ancient Britons, in a desperate war against the encroaching Saxons, and, in compliance with the inspired exhortations of Merlin, leaves his kingdom, and travels over sea and land in search of certain mystical "gifts" that are to secure his throne. He sees many men and many manners, and, among other adventures, penetrates a mysterious cavern, where goblins, described as resurrections of the monstrous animals that existed in early geological periods, surround, and try to terrify him. *Arthur* is not to be frightened, but brings home the gifts won by so much peril, and returns just in time to save his subjects from annihilation, and to put a pacific close to the war by marrying a Saxon princess. Our outline of a beautiful and romantic work is meagre enough, but its beauties are not to be distilled into our cold and critical prose.

*Revelations of Life*, by John Edmund Reade, is a daring rivalry of Wordsworth. The rhythm, the philosophy, and the machinery of the poem are almost identical with the *Excursion*. It is written in the same half dramatic, narrative manner, consisting chiefly of prolonged conversations between a set of interlocutors, which, in Mr. Reade's work, comprise a country clergyman, a fatalist, and an enthusiast. A tone of elevation and solemnity prevails throughout, and sometimes becomes wearying from monotony. Yet it is a clever, praiseworthy book, with many grand thoughts well harmonized, and a general conclusion of undeniable excellence.

Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* appeal to a sentiment of nationality which no time appears likely to diminish. They form a series of stirring ballads—interpreting that word in its largest and loftiest signification. By readers from beyond the Tweed they are held in high esteem, and none are so competent to judge of their beauties. A few unsettled controversies concerning Claverhouse, Glencoe, and other names and events connected with English ferocity, are stirred up in the poems or the notes. But we can afford to let these matters take their chance. If the memory even of a wrong, based upon a falsehood, can inspire a stanza of genuine poetry, we should be reluctant to chill the "fine frenzy" with a flood of circumstantial evidence.

The *Poems of Browning*; the *Viking*; the *Dream of the Soul*, by Mr. Richards; and a collection of antiquarian ditties, entitled the *Lays of Ancient Babylon*, complete the list of poetry which we find on our notes. There is plenty more, we have no doubt; but the career of verse at present is so completely "fugitive," that we abandon all idea of overtaking it.

## SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

We have already said that the scientific discoveries of the year have not been of much importance; neither can we say that any of the works which have appeared are likely to take their place in the front ranks of science, yet amongst them are one or two works well worthy of notice.

Weld's *History of the Royal Society* supplies, to a certain extent, a want which had been long felt in scientific literature. Sprat's history was not only a very old, but a very imperfect affair; and a man writing at the present day is better able to judge of the proceedings of the golden times of the Society, both from the general access given to papers and documents now-a-days, and from the great advance of science, which enables us to view the merits and demerits of the speculations and philosophy of former periods in a light so clear and decided. The importance of a history of the Royal Society is enormous. During half a century the record of the proceedings is a record of the scientific discoveries of the whole world; and that, too, at a time when the great fabric of modern scientific knowledge was beginning to assume a definite form—a time by far the most interesting in the annals of its structure. Mr. Weld has had access to every thing which could throw light upon his subject; and though he has not succeeded in producing a work, either very masterly as regards the scientific, or very popular as regards the general reader, he has produced a useful digest of the proceedings of the Royal Society—a digest from which every man may obtain a clear insight into the industry, ingenuity, and talent which has so long distinguished that learned body, and form an accurate notion of the progress of philosophical discovery under their hands.

Mrs. Somerville's *Physical Geography* is unquestionably one of the most useful books of the year. Nothing could be more unphilosophic than the old method of teaching geography. The science was simply considered in a historical point of view. You were taught the divisions of the world established by the political accidents of events, without any reference to the great divisions of nature. You were told that such a kingdom possessed such and such rivers, such and such mountains, such and such a climate, with all the further information about its natural and mineral productions that the compilers of these books could cram into their pages without extra trouble. But nature, unfortunately, was not equally subservient to political divisions. She had herself mapped out the world on a totally different plan. She had created great mountain chains, encircling huge territories, parcelled out amongst the nations in all sorts of ways, but presenting the same features in natural



productions and position. There were kingdoms of nature's own making: great river basins—sometimes two or three in a political territory, sometimes subdivided as often—possessed throughout an immense extent a similar feature for each in particular, and a distinction the most broad and marked amongst one another. All this was forgotten in the common geography. Besides this, there were a thousand philosophical considerations arising out of the physical variations on the earth's surface, which belonged properly to geography, but which were omitted in the common works on the subject. Humboldt, and some other great names, have led the way in founding the science of "physical geography;" but Mrs. Somerville's work is the first attempt to concentrate its facts and to popularize its doctrines. The actual state of our knowledge will not permit this sort of thing to be done perfectly; but Mrs. Somerville has done all that it was possible to do. With some trifling defects, hers is a most capital treatise—readable, instructive, evincing the most complete acquaintance with her subject, and entering into all its details. Nothing, in fact, is omitted; we scarcely know a book in which every thing pertaining to the subject is set down so fully—too fully, perhaps, sometimes; but the neat and elegant way this lady has of handling her topics, makes amends for her occasional diffuseness. Still, considering that young persons ought to be carefully indoctrinated with the science of "physical geography," it is a pity that a shorter work, by a hand equally able, is not to be had. Some selection is requisite amidst so enormous a mass of information.

Jackson's *Minerals and their Uses* is a very useful book. The author is a Russian resident, Professor of Mineralogy at the St. Petersburg Academy, and has had great opportunities of studying his subject. The Russian territories are, as all collectors know, the great store-houses for minerals and mineral information. Jackson's book is, in many respects, a more popular book than those of his predecessors, which were apt to be grievously learned and tiresome. He has mixed a good many anecdotes with his facts; and having, besides, the advantage of the excellent works on classification which have been written within the last few years, he has had great advantages, of which he has not failed to make proper use.

Chambers' *Ancient Sea Margins*, like all Mr. R. Chambers' productions, is an ingenious work. The writer forms a theory, and presses every fact he can meet with into his service. When the facts are for him, nothing can be more philosophical than his way of treating them; but he deals with them somewhat like an advocate when they are against him. The attempt to define the boundaries of the ancient ocean is a bold one, and it is a great merit in any writer to have succeeded even partially in such an attempt. More than this we cannot say of Mr. Chambers' book, which, while we read, we feel to be more clever than convincing—more ingenious than sound.

The *Poetry of Science*, by Robert Hunt, is one of the best ideas possible. To take out of science its striking and picturesque facts—to point out those wonders of actual science which equal, if they do not exceed, the fables and poetic wonder of demigods, wizards, and necromancers—all this has been with Mr. Hunt a noble task.

M. Quetelet's *Theory of Probabilities* is a work to which we will give a passing notice, though a translation. Our business prosperities are so intimately mixed up with this subject, that a good treatise embracing the practical consideration of probabilities is of the greatest importance. Few subjects come more home to the necessities of the provisions of men engaged in the professions than life assurance. Previous works on the subject were very far from satisfactory; and this work of the Belgian astronomer, capably translated by Mr. O. G. Downes, of the Economic, is one likely to be of permanent value. No man among the many connected with insurance offices should be without it.

The *Year-Book of Facts* deserves mention, as almost the only popular collection of the scientific facts and discoveries of the year which we possess. Such a work in a more interesting year would be doubly welcome. As it is, it is a valuable summary, and affords a useful means of reference—not for science only, but for art and manufacture.

The subject of California has called several pens into action, and the public are likely to become very generally mineralogists in consequence.—at all events, as far as gold is concerned. Ansted's *Gold-seeker's Manual* is the best of these works: the author is well known as a practical geologist.

On the subject of Natural History, one of the best books of the year is Mr. Thompson's *Natural History of Ireland*. The author wisely confines himself to the anecdotes and phases of animal existence in his own country; he enters into no general discussion, and has added many valuable facts to the previous stock of knowledge on such subjects. Some useful small works have likewise appeared on the science, which we have noticed among our serials. We must not, however, forget the *Natural History of Godalming*, a successful imitation of White's *Selborne*, written evidently by an ardent lover of nature, field sports, the country, and all that pertains thereto.

Chemical Science has been illustrated in numerous volumes published within the twelvemonth. No very striking feature has, however, presented itself, and the progress of discovery has been limited to the practical adaptation of certain principles already well known, of which the most brilliant is that of the Electric Light. The principal works lately issued supply abstracts of the various branches of chemistry, collected generally from previous publications; but arranged with special reference to the convenience or the instruction of different classes of readers. Mr. Normandy has published an excellent translation from the German of Professor Rose's celebrated *Practical Treatise on Chemical Analysis*, with an introduction of his own, and a multitude of tables calculated with great minuteness, and varied in every way, to save labour and ensure accuracy in performing the delicate operations of analysis. As an introduction to a forthcoming series of chemical works, Mr. Noad has issued a volume on *Chemical Manipulation and Analysis*. His description of the instruments and processes to be employed, and of recipes for a multitude of operations, will be infinitely serviceable to the analytical chemist. The science is now so generally included among the necessary elements of a liberal education, that initiatory works on the subject issue almost beyond counting, as school-books. In the pause of great discoveries, this rapid spread of the study among the non-professional educated public, is the fact of most interest in a literary point of view.

#### ILLUSTRATIVE AND ARTISTIC LITERATURE.

PERHAPS one of the subjects most congenial to modern taste, is the description, by monuments, of the habits and manners of distant climes or remote periods. The indefatigable energy of the British traveller enables him to penetrate everywhere; and he is never so usefully employed as when he is raking up the sites of ancient cities, or delineating the scenery and costume of the wilder portion of civilization.

Few books—even those by the highest names in our literature—have excited more attention than Layard's *Nineveh*. We believe that, at the present time, no work of mere mental power by any writer extant would have been so much talked about. The costumes and manners of the old Assyrians—a nation hallowed by a thousand associations both of our religion and our learning—the cradle of the civilization of the world—the costume and manners of such a people were for the first time actually presented to our eyes in all their authenticity. "Assyria delineated by Assyrians!" Who but would have laughed at such an idea a few years ago? Yet the very thing is before us. Mr. Layard's book forms an epoch in archaeological history. Antiquities were never yet more ably and more fortunately explained: most other works bear about them that heavy antiquarian rust which at once repels the general reader. Layard's volume interests everybody. The illustrations of Assyrian manners, numerous as they are, and comprising most valuable illustrations of their warfare, their polity, their costume, and the natural history of their country, are only a small part of what we may expect hereafter. The book, ably etched and engraved, is about the most desirable acquisition for the drawing-room table that we know of.

We have classed this amongst the illustrative works because its real importance is derived from its illustrations, and because a new field for research and speculation on this head is opened by its appearance. But, as a mere book of travels, it is no ordinary production. The furious scholar or antiquarian might sometimes quarrel with the author, as he interrupts or delays his archaeological researches by descriptions of his own difficulties and adventures amongst the wild fellows who looked on his proceedings with the most unlearned admiration. We can understand the scholar's provocation, but we cannot sympathise with it, for we are glad to find antiquarian research and learned lore made so palatable by the admixture of graphic and amusing matter, which every one can appreciate. We are seldom more disposed to follow any one than when we accompany Mr. Layard through the halls of the old

Nineveh palace, covered with the sepulchres of another race—itself long since passed away. The magnificence of one dynasty concealed by the tombs of another—both belonging to people almost lost in the mist of antiquity—is a grave and curious lesson.

The light already thrown by these illustrations, not merely on Assyrian history, but on that of the whole primeval Eastern world, leads us to hope that these discoveries are only just begun, and that, hereafter, we shall find our ideas upon the first dawn of civilisation—that most interesting of inquiries—enlightened to a degree of which we have at present little conception. There is no period in existence so interesting, so fraught with instruction, or of which we had hitherto so small hopes of information, as that which gave birth to society and civilisation—the period of the old Assyrian Empire. Should any further discoveries enlighten us as to the language of those times, it is impossible to estimate the extent and value of the knowledge which we may acquire.

Two books, of which the chief merit depends on the illustrations, has appeared on the Oriental subject—Curzon's *Monasteries in the Levant*, and *Forty Days in the Desert*. Both contain some capital views of Eastern scenery. The latter, as a book of travel, is not worth much; but some of its plates are exquisite. The former is the work of a gentleman carried by his love of books into the most obscure recesses of the Oriental libraries. The illustrations of the old Greek architecture are excellent in their way; though the specimens are not particularly fine; in fact, the style of monastery building in the East was far inferior to those magnificent abbeys and convents the ruins of which we regret so much as artists and antiquaries, in Western Christendom. Mr. Milman's *Horace*, for classical illustration, is an excellent specimen of modern Art.

The *Dabes in the Wood*, illustrated by Lady Waterford, is a production deserving special notice, for the singular excellence of the illustrations, designed and engraved, it is said, entire by the hands of the accomplished amateur. We can easily understand how amateur genius should attain great excellence in design, which belongs more to conception than anything else; but, in the present work, the manipulation is beautifully finished, and the whole affair has the appearance of the touch of a finished artist.

Mr. Apsley Pellatt's *Curiosities of Glass-Making* is a valuable and comprehensive treatise on a subject full of interest, but which had received little attention from writers. The work is full of instruction and amusement; and the author, as a practical man, exhibits that thorough acquaintance with his subject which long experience only can give. The illustrations are singularly good. The colours are as vivid as if they had been laid on by hand, but they are all printed from stone, as many as nine or ten stones being used for a single plate. It is, perhaps, the greatest effort hitherto of this branch of art.

ILLUSTRATED WORKS ON NATURAL HISTORY are so numerous that it is difficult for criticism to keep pace with them. One work of the year, however, exhibits peculiar talent; we mean the *Episodes of Insect Life*. The quaint dressing up of the little winged creatures is most amusingly done. We have rarely seen more clever and original vignettes than those in this style appended to this book. In some respects they surpass even Bewick, though there is some affectation about them, and they fall infinitely short of that excellent designer in simplicity and quiet humour.

IN ARTISTIC HISTORY, we have two works of some pretension—the *Artists of Spain*, and the *Life of Collins*. In the former book, by Mr. Stirling, the historical part is done better than the artistic. Mr. Stirling traces Spanish art from epoch to epoch—shews the manner in which art was affected by the alteration of manners and politics—gives clever sketches of the lives of the artists, and so far has produced a very praiseworthy book; but for art in particular he has but little feeling. His descriptions of paintings are evidently taken from second-hand authorities; and he criticises coldly, and with little gusto for his subject. We long to introduce a little more enthusiasm into his correct and instructive lucubrations.

The *Life of Collins*, by his son, Mr. Wilkie Collins, has suffered from the necessity which all biographers seem to feel at present—of writing huge biographies. So much is written about unimportant people, that a writer seems to feel that he does injustice to his subject if he does not keep pace with the rest. In consequence, we have in the present case the materials for one moderate volume spun into two. Collins's life was not an eventful one; and the main facts of his life, with such information connected with his contemporaries as those facts bring forward, are here diluted with so much extraneous matter that we lose the spirit and zest of a good biography.

ARCHITECTURAL ART.—The great work of the year on this subject has just issued from the press. Mr. Ruskin is known as one of our best writers on art; and his *Seven Lamps of Architecture* cannot fail to excite attention. The subject is Gothic Architecture, illustrated, not according to any peculiar style, but according to the peculiar spirit which prevailed at the execution of the structure. The author divides his work according to the lamps of "Sacrifice, of Truth, of Power, of Beauty, of Life, of Memory, and of Obedience;" and illustrates them by the architectural designs which belong to the ideas of each. The illustrations are vigorous, somewhat rude, but highly expressive—taken from the most celebrated instances of mediæval architecture.

Barry's *New Palace at Westminster* has been well illustrated in the course of the year; and the first number of a good work on architecture, with illustrations, has just appeared, by Mr. G. Godwin.

#### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THREE books have severally attracted considerable attention by their vehement assaults upon religion generally, or its embodiment in the forms of the Church of England. Singularly enough, two of them are from the pens of clergymen lately or still belonging to that church, while the author of the third has been throughout his life closely linked with the most earnest and highest of the High Church party. The attacks upon religion therefore have come from above instead of below—it is not an enemy that has done it. Christianity and Church-of-Englandism are assailed by the writers because they are not good enough for their ideal of faith and holiness.

First—if not in date of publication, at all events in talent and singularity—is the *Nemesis of Faith*, by Mr. Froude. With a plot of semi-fictional character, the book is evidently an autobiography. Its hero bears, under the title of Markham, the tokens of identity with the author himself, almost painfully apparent. To deal with his peculiar doctrines—or, rather, doubts and denials of all doctrines—is beside our purpose. Enough to say that the book contains the picture of a mind utterly wrecked by its own presumption. Aspiring after a morality purer than that of Christianity, Markham sinks into an abyss of temptation: almost without a struggle, from an extreme of self-confidence, wherein he questions (largely the most unfathomed mysteries of Providence, he passes into its opposite, and places his private judgment blindly in the keeping of a father confessor. There is this moral to the work—that when the supporting influence of faith is withdrawn, the whole moral fabric falls inevitably into ruin. But Mr. Froude has not worked this out. He has dwelt at full length upon the detail of doubt, perplexity, and inconsistency with which faith can be attacked, and has left the insidious arguments unfreighted at the end.

The Rev. Mr. Allies publishes his condemnation of the Protestant Church of England in the shape of a book of travels, entitled a *Journal in France and Italy*. The reverend author visits the cathedrals of Catholic countries, assists at Catholic ceremonies, and is introduced to the poor maniac girl whose body was supposed to bear a miraculous impression of the stigmata, or five wounds of the Saviour. Of all these things Mr. Allies writes long and lovingly, and winds up his narrative with the frequent expression of his desire to see the Church of England once more united with Rome, by an abandonment of all the heresies preached at the Reformation. He keeps, notwithstanding, his preference under the Church he disparages; but, it is said, he saved himself from ejection by a promise not to publish a second edition of the *Journal*. The Rev. Baptist Noel fights with the Establishment openly and honourably. Having quitted its communion, and sacrificed all the personal interests that depended upon his ministry, he publishes the reason for his secession, under the title of *Church and Dissent*. These reasons bore not only against the Established Church of England, but against the very principle of establishments. A connexion with the State Mr. Noel pronounces unadvisable and unsafe. The patronage of the civil power is purchased too dearly, by the inevitable subservience of the ministry and misleading of the congregation. Most of the arguments are of long-standing, and have furnished weapons for many generations of dissenting religionists. They are,

however, forcibly and earnestly re-stated by Mr. Noel, and thrown into wider circulation by the celebrity of his rank and secession.

The Jesuits have, within the year, been made the subject of works which have attracted more than ordinary attention. The first of these, by the Abbot Leoni, and called the *Secret Plan of the Jesuits*, led to the expectation that many of the mysteries of the order would be exposed, and that certain doubts and questions, long agitated, would be set at rest. These expectations were disappointed; the principal part of the book consisted of a long conversation, supposed to be overheard by the author, and held by the leaders of the party for the purpose of restoring their ascendancy in the world. The means proposed were simply those long since known to the world as Jesuitry—mere unscrupulous employment of falsehood and artifice. There was some dramatic power shown in the adaptation of the harangues to the supposed speakers, otherwise the book was of little value.

M. Steinmetz's *History of the Jesuits* is a most laborious work. He is a furious antagonist of the order; and the mass of information he acquires respecting their doings is astonishing—so enormous, in fact, as sometimes to weigh down the author and reader together. His own feelings carry him away without his knowing it; and, with the best intentions, he has produced a partial and party work. Even in the midst of his tirades, we cannot help feeling admiration for a set of men so indomitable in resolution—so earnest in purpose—so resolute in difficulty. So far the author disappoints his own end. As a work of information—especially on the present state of the Jesuits—this book is invaluable; and it is much to be regretted that it should be so utterly disfigured by prejudice and ill-will.

*Loyola and Jesuitism* is the most recent book on the subject: it is a fair analysis of the life, spirit, and plans of the founder of Jesuitism.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles' *Rock of Rome* deserves attention, principally from the oddity of a work on controversial divinity from such an author. The book consists of little but the old and oft-urged objections to Roman Catholic doctrines. *Use and Abuse* is a romance of the ultra-spiritual school. The life and practice of the infidel are contrasted with those of the believer, in a manner somewhat transcendental and high-coloured—but vigorous and effective. Some of the passages exhibit considerable talent.

In Divinity, properly so called, the most important publication is the edition of Chalmers's works, which contain much matter never before published from the pen of that lamented divine.

The *Memoirs of Channing* are more valuable from the extracts inserted in the work from his correspondence and manuscripts than from the details of the life itself. The latter is interesting sometimes, but contains few striking passages. The former exhibits some of the deepest, most truthful, and often original, thought that has been produced even in this thoughtful age. Many a lesson, to his own country, to ours, to humanity in general, is inculcated with profoundest force in these admirable extracts.

We close this part of the subject with the *Testimony to the Truth*. It is the record of a converted Atheist, who, in the wilds of Australia, felt the conviction of religion. The workings of a simple mind are clearly laid open, without any of the violence and affectation which generally make books of this kind repulsive to men of the world.

#### SERIAL LITERATURE.

A SMALL library issues from the press on the 1st of every month. It is a new and increasing fashion in literature to carve out works into slices and serve them up fresh and fresh twelve times in the year. Prose and poetry, original and selected, translations and republications, of every class and character, are now included in the list of serials. The mere enumeration of titles would require more space than we can command; and any attempt to analyse the contents, or to estimate the influence which the class exerts upon the literary taste of the day would expand our remarks into a volume. We must mention, merely as an event, the appearance of the first number of a new story, *David Copperfield*, by Dickens, the chief and founder of the serial novel. His rival humourist, Mr. Thackeray, has finished one and begun another of domestic histories within the twelvemonth. The new story, *Pendennis*, has journeyed seven-twentieths of the way to completion. It bears a strong family likeness to its predecessor, so far as we may judge of an unfinished work, and manifests the same powers of minute observation and delicate delineation of character. Mr. Lever rides double with *Roland Cushee* and *Con Cregan*, making their punctual appearance upon the appointed days. His heroes are Irish, of course, and belong to the class which he himself has created, as much as Cooper created the red men of his novels. The types of both exist; but, happily, the real men, either Irish or Indian, differ widely from their portraits in the romancers' pages. In Mr. Lever's two serials, now running their course, the respective heroes are taken from the extremes of wealth and poverty. They are, nevertheless, much alike in most respects, both possessing the same very peculiar standard of morality, and both spirited, amusing, and inclined to vagabondism. Mr. Albert Smith treats the "slow" and the "dull" as synonymous, and supplies the exact converse of both characters in his *Pottleton Legacy*. Fast and funny his personages move, act, and talk: the story opens with the opening of a railroad, and travels at railroad pace all the way. We speak of the above as things that are, and are to be; and, therefore, with proper reservation for the numbers not yet published. *Clement Lorimer*, by Mr. Angus Reach, has come to the age of binding, and stands complete in its livery of purple and gold. It is a romance of striking interest, where a wild and almost supernatural passion of revenge is exhibited working in the midst of a polished and civilised society. The contrast is effectively contrived between the barbarism of impulse and refinement of manner in the inheritor of the vendetta; and the incidents by which the scheme of vengeance is at first aided and finally frustrated are devised and sustained very artistically. Of another order is Mr. Jerrold's *Man Made of Money*. Incidents are of little consequence to this author, except by way of pegs to hang reflections and conclusions upon. It is not a story that he has to tell, but a theory he wants to establish, which stimulates the production of most of Mr. Jerrold's works, and the *Man Made of Money* among the rest. His theory is tolerably widely known, thanks to the earnestness with which he has propagated it. To sum it up briefly, it is, that riches are evils and the source of evils; and that poverty is good and the opportunity for good. Like very many other theories, it is right in part; and, though Mr. Jerrold may advocate it with too little reserve, there are plenty of counteracting influences at work to restore the equilibrium of opinion on the side of wealth. In the minute touches of descriptive and incidental reflections, the author of the *Man Made of Money* is then, as always, most felicitous.

Passing over the long list of magazines and reviews as belonging to another class of publication, we come to a numerous series of reprints, new editions, &c., issued in monthly parts, and generally in a cheap and compendious form. Shakespeare and Byron among the poets, Bulwer, Dickens, and James among the novelists, appear pretty regularly—the poets being enriched with notes and illustrations. Other writers and miscellaneous novels find republication in the *Parlour Library of Fiction*, with so rigid an application of economy, that for two shillings we may purchase a guinea and a half's worth of the most popular romances at the original price of publication. Besides the works of imagination, and above them in value, stand Knight's series of *Monthly Volumes*, Murray's *Home and Colonial Library*, and the *Scientific and Literary Libraries* of Mr. Bohn. The contents of these collections are very diversified; many volumes are altogether original, and others are new translations of foreign works, or modernised versions of antiquarian authors. A large mass of the most valuable works contained in our literature may be found in Mr. Bohn's *Library*. The class of publications introduced in them all partakes but little of the serial character. It is only the form of their appearance which gives them a place among the periodicals.

#### STATISTICAL LITERATURE.

UNDER this head we class three books which have entered very fully into the greater features of the people they illustrate. *Life in Russia* contains a good deal of this kind of information. But Mr. Thompson's *Austria* and Sir J. Phillips' *Wales* almost exhaust their subjects. About the internal polity of Austria very little was known; and Mr. Thompson gives very complete information in a thoroughly lucid style. Sir J. Phillips is a complete Welshman—eager, impassioned in defence of his countrymen; admitting and defending all their prejudices, which he himself shares in no small degree. His work is that of a partisan, but a temperate one; and his collection of the facts relative to Wales is by far the most complete that has yet appeared.



## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"SHYLOCK REFUSING THrice THE AMOUNT OF HIS BOND."—PAINTED BY C. H. LEAR.

In the first picture—Mr. Lear's "Shylock refusing the amount of his Bond" (No. 699, in the Room with the Drawings and Miniatures), the artist has not painted a theatrical or conventional version of the

amous scene from Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, but he has rendered it according to his own conception of the poet's incident: the treatment is, therefore, perfectly original.

In the second picture—"Cattle Returning," painted by Mr. Lee and Mr. T. S. Cooper" (No. 277, in the Middle Room) there is a kind of contest for superiority, and each artist has done his best.



"CATTLE RETURNING FROM THE MEADOWS."—PAINTED BY F. R. LEE, R.A., AND T. S. COOPER, A. S.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

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## PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

### CHAPTER XII.—GREENWICH PARK, AND RIVER SCENERY.

ALL doubts about the immense population of London would vanish from the mind of a stranger, if he but occupied some commanding position below the bridges and witnessed the many thousands who, on a fine summer day pass along the Thames;—to say nothing of the numerous railways which throw out their iron arms into the country from every corner of the metropolis. He would, on the river alone, see a sight to convince him that the population of London takes the lead of the whole wide world, and sinks into insignificance every other city in the universe. It is, indeed, a grand sight to see the busy steamers darting to and fro, and cleaving the sparkling waters asunder in their rapid course, while the decks are crowded with happy holiday pas-

sengers, some going up towards Richmond or the pleasant meadows of Twickenham, while others are on their way to the Nore, Gravesend, or Woolwich; but the greater number to wander through the beautiful avenues of Greenwich Park, or run down the steep hill sides, or pic-nic on the green slopes, which are everywhere overhung with pleasant trees, just as our artist has pictured them. But, beautiful as Greenwich Park is within itself, with its long aisles of overhanging chesnuts, through whose branches the sunlight streams, and throws upon the velvet turf rich chequered rays of green and gold, it is the vast view which stretches out on every hand that gives such a charm to the spot. What a glorious prospect opens out from the summit of One-Tree Hill. London, mighty and magnificent! piercing the sky with its high-piled towers, spires, and columns, while St. Paul's, like a mighty giant, heaves up his rounded shoulders as if keeping guard over the outstretched city. Far away the broad bright river rolls along until lost to the eye in the dim green of the fading distance while its course is still

pointed out by the spreading sail, which hangs like a fallen cloud upon the landscape. Along this ancient road of the swans do vessels approach from every corner of the habitable globe, to empty their riches into the great reservoir of London, from whence they are again sent through a thousand channels to the remotest homes in her islands.

About June, Greenwich-park may be seen in all its bloom and beauty; the fine old hawthorns are then generally in full blossom, and the hundreds of gigantic elms and chesnuts are hung in their richest array of summer-green, while here and there the antlered herd cross the shady avenues, or crouched amid what is called the Wilderness, lie half buried in the fan-like fern. The hill above and the plain below are crowded with the gay populace of London, all clothed in their holiday attire, the ladies looking in the distance like a bed of tulips, so rich and varied are the colours of the costume and parasols. At every few yards you meet with a new group, while the long avenue which leads up to Blackheath is one continuous stream of people. On



GREENWICH-PARK, DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

the brow of the hill, and at the front of the Observatory, you see the old pensioners with their telescopes and glasses of every colour, which seem to give a golden or a purple hue to the landscape, or sometimes to change the scene to that of a country covered with snow. Some of these old heroes have lost a leg; others an arm, and yet they go stumping about as happy, to all appearance, as the credulous cocknies whom they delight to cram with an improbable yarn, while they shoot cannon-balls to a distance which can be compared with nothing except Warner's "long-range."

Rare fun is there amongst the younger visitors, as they scramble for

the oranges, which are often bountifully rolled down the hills. Off goes the luscious fruit, cantering like a ball of gold along the greensward. It strikes and clears the head of the first youngster who rushes on to catch it; a second misses it and falls; and it vanishes somewhere amongst a round dozen of the competitors, who are all tumbling and struggling hickety-picklety together, like a pack of hounds who are in at the death. Further on you see a little love-making; you can tell by the half-averted head and downcast eyes, that the little lady has not yet made up her mind whether to accept the offered arm or not. But see—her boy-lover has purchased some oranges. She accepts one; he

sends another down the hill. You hear her clear merry voice ringing out like a silver bell with joyous laughter. Ten to one it is a match—at least for the remainder of the day. Old and young are alike happy—the former sit in little groups talking of former times; the latter are tumbling head and heels upon the grass without a care about the coming morrow. Business and pleasure go hand in hand. If you take every card that is offered, you will have a score or two before you cross the Park:—"Tea, eightpence—with a pleasant view of the river." "Tea made with shrimps, ninepence"—a beverage we have no wish to taste; but, poor woman, she is unconscious of the mistake and no doubt



the printer faithfully followed his copy. They are the most accommodating people in the world at Greenwich. You can walk into almost every other house, order tea, and receive thanks at your departure, for only a few pence. Numbers come into the Park ready provided. They eat and drink while on the steam-boat, feel a fresh appetite as soon as they have climbed the hill, are hungry and thirsty again after a donkey-ride on Blackheath, and should anything remain, in either basket or bottle, they finish it as they return by the steam-boat.

Observe the stealthy step of that black-eyed gipsy; this is her harvest, and many a fortune will she tell before moonrise. She has golden promises for all; would that the world could roll on as she prophesies, there would be but little of either sighing or sorrow in it. What though she is an arch impostor, she has by her promises added another pleasure to the day's delight; happiness now and happiness in store may gladden many a future hour, which would otherwise be gloomy but for the hope with which the gipsy has gilded the future. It is a question, after all, whether the sixpence could have been better spent, though it has but purchased a harmless string of pleasing falsehoods, "which give delight but hurt not." The poor gipsy-woman must live, and she is at the worst but an open and honestly-avowed cheat—an holiday evil, that might be worse employed than in telling fortunes. What a burst of laughter! It is just as we expected; the jolly sailor, with the corners of his neckerchief streaming out like the mane of a war-horse, has gone down the hill with a roll, and carried his partner, the dashing lady from Wapping in the pink bonnet, along with him. There will be many similar disasters before night, which end at the worst in a crushed hat or bonnet, or a few harmless bruises.

Much as we have murmured about trespassing, and prosecution, and enclosures, we really feel grateful to the Government for throwing open such a splendid Park as this, over which we can wander at will, without being cautioned to keep on either foot-path or open road, but have liberty to tread on the grassy knolls; and are left as free as the antlered deer that walk and browse wherever they please. Fifteen minutes by the railway, and about three that time by the steamboat, and here we are treading the elastic sward, which on the hill yields to the footsteps like a rich carpet. What beautiful dips and rises lie every way, especially to the left of the Observatory! What mighty revolution of nature throw up that vast hill, sheer and abrupt from the valley we can never know. Those ancient barrows, which lie scattered about the park, are the resting places of the early inhabitants of Britain; beneath them lies the dust of the old Cymri—disturb it not.

I have on a former occasion described Greenwich Park in my "Pictures of Country Life," as it is supposed to have appeared a few centuries ago, in the following passage:—Let us pause on the brow of this hill, and recall a few of the stirring scenes which these aged hawthorns have

overlooked. They are the ancient foresters of the chase, and many of them have stood through the wintry storms of past centuries, and were gnarled, and knotted, and stricken with age, long before Evelyn planned and planted those noble avenues of chestnuts and elms. Below, between the plain at the foot of the hill and the river, stood the old Palace of Greenwich, in which Henry the Eighth held his revels, and where Edward the Sixth, the boy-King, died. The early chroniclers say that his death was caused by poison, which he inhaled while smelling a nosegay. That ancient palace was no doubt rich in the spoils of many a plundered abbey and ruined monastery; in vessels of gold and silver which had once been dedicated to holy purposes, but were then red with the dregs of the wine shed at many a midnight revel by the Defender of the Faith and Woman-Murdering Monarch. Perhaps the walls of that old palace were hung with the portraits of the wives he had caused to be beheaded, while his own likeness in the centre looked like a tiger out of the frame upon its prey.

On this hill Cardinal Wolsey may have meditated with all his "blasting honours thick upon him." Katherine, the broken-hearted Queen, may here have reined in her palfrey; or from this aged hawthorn have torn off a spray, when it was, as now, fragrant and white with May blossoms, and presented it with a smile to the Royal savage who rode beside her. On yonder plain, where so many happy faces are now seen, in former days the tournament was held. There gaudy galleries were erected, over which youth and beauty leant as they waved their embroided scarfs. We can almost fancy that we can see the crowned tiger smile as he closes the visor of his helmet, bowing his plume while he recognises some fair face, which was soon to fall, with its long tresses dabbled in blood, upon the scaffold—the blood which then ran so clear and joyous through the violet-coloured veins which streaked the ivory of that graceful neck. In this park the crafty Cecil mused many an hour as he plotted the return of the Princess Mary, while the ink was scarcely dry with which he had recorded his allegiance to the Lady Jane Grey. The whole scenery teems with the remembrance of old stirring events, and grave historical associations. Hal, the murderer, comes straddling and blowing up the hill; the pale and sickly boy-King rides gently by, and breathes heavily as he inhales the sweet air on the summit; the titter and merry laugh of ill-starred Queens seems to fall upon the ear from behind the trees that conceal them. Then we hear voices of mourning and loud lament from fair attendants—who refuse to be comforted—for those whom they loved and served were there no more. Such are a few, amongst the many scenes which have been enacted on the very spot which is now the favourite resort of the Londoners at Easter and Whitsuntide.

Blackheath, which is only divided from its aristocratic neighbour, the Park, by a wall, pleasantly overlooks a portion of the counties of Kent and Surrey, and affords such extensive views of the distant scenery as

can only be exceeded by climbing Shooter's Hill, or some of the neighbouring heights on the left of the heath. In past times it was planted with gibbets; the bleached bones of men who had dared to ask for an extension of liberty, or who doubted the infallibility of Kings, were here left to dangle in the wind. In the distance, the ancient palace of Eltham heaves up like a large barn, attracting even the eye of a stranger by its bulkiness, for not an architectural ornament from hence is visible. Blackheath at Whitsuntide, and all summer long, is infested with asses, which ever stand, saddled and bridled, in readiness for the first comer. A donkey ride is one of the favourite amusements of our holiday-loving Londoners of both sexes, nor is the day's pleasure considered complete without it. The charges vary from a penny to a shilling, according to either the time or the distance; and a strange, rough, and inharmonious family are the proprietors, who beat and let out these animals. Their chief delight appears to consist in abusing one another, and running down the qualities of the poor long-eared quadrupeds—each applicant, at the same time, extolling the strength and speed of his own donkey. Here they may be found with side-saddles for the ladies, and neat chairs, covered with white drapery, and so secured that the little children can ride with safety.

A countryman who went by water for the first time from London to Greenwich, would be astonished to find that, with the exception of a few yards here and there, the whole five miles, on each side of the Thames, was one continuation of houses, warehouses, docks, and manufactories; that he could not for the life of him tell where London began nor where it ended; that when it ceased to stretch beside the river, it was still continued in a long line behind the marshes and the Isle of Dogs up to the Blackwall pier; and from no height in the neighbourhood could his eye at once glance over this lengthy range of continued streets. Twelve miles would scarcely exceed the almost unbroken link of buildings which extends from Blackwall to far beyond Chelsea, where street still joins to street in apparent endless succession. And all around this vast city lie miles of the most beautiful rural scenery. Highgate and Hornsey and Hampstead on the Middlesex side, hilly, wooded, and watered; and facing these, the vast range called the Hogsbuck, which hem in the Surrey side, from beyond Norwood far away to the left to where we have carried our readers in this article; while the valleys on both sides of the river are filled with pleasant fields, parks, and green winding lanes. Were London to extend five miles further every way, it would still be hemmed in with some of the most beautiful rural scenery in England; and the lowness of fares, with the rapidity of the railways, would soon make up for this extent of streets. We, who care not for travelling in your first-rate carriages, are often tempted on a fine day to take a third-class ticket to Croydon and back, which frees us both ways for the sum of one shilling—a distance of nearly twenty miles.

## THE RIVER THAMES, FROM ETON TO THE NORE.

PENNANT, in his pleasant quarto of "Some Account of London," says:—"I should speak with the prejudices of a true Englishman, were I to dignify the Thames with the title of the chief of rivers." He then qualifies his patriotism with its just claim to that of first of island rivers; adding, "there is no river in any part of Europe which can boast of more utility in bringing farther from the ocean the largest commercial ships; nor is there any which can bring the riches of the universe to their very capital." If these observations were applicable in the last century (when they were written), how much more characteristic must they be of the spectacle of wealth and power which this magnificent river presents in our day to the spectator from either parapet of London Bridge? The "very head" of this renowned stream lies "in a secluded dell, overhung with a luxuriant canopy of foliage;" yet, as if foreboding its greatness, the crystal water gushes from out the rock, whirls, and starts

Off with a sally and a flash of speed,  
As if it scorn'd both resting-place and rest.

Then, as the mind's eye tracks the sinuous stream from its solitary head in its majestic course to the metropolis, we shall not fail to be struck alike with the glowing imagery and truthful beauty of the poet's celebrated lines—

From his oozy bed  
Old Father THAMES advanced his reverend head:  
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream  
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam.  
Graved on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides  
His swelling waters, and alternate tides.  
The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,  
And on his banks Augusta rose in gold.  
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,  
Who swell with tributary urns his flood:  
First, the famed authors of his ancient name,  
The winding Isis and the fruitful Thames;  
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned;  
The Loddon slow, with verdant meads crown'd;  
Coln, whose dark stream his flow'ry islands lave;  
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:  
The blue transparent Vandalia appears;  
And gulphed Lea his sodgy tresses rears;  
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;  
And silent Darent, stain'd with British blood.

Pope's Windsor Forest.

Before, however, we start with the reader upon our descriptive tour, as an accompaniment to the Picture-Map upon the preceding pages, let us glance, in a few lines, at

### THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE RIVER.

The Thames was known by the name of *Temys* or *Thames* at least as early as the seventh century, if not long before—even in the Roman

times; and it was so called, in the upper part of its course, long prior to its junction with the river Tame; where, according to Camden, "the Tame and Isis uniting, do, as it were, join hands in wedlock, and with their streams unite their names." The Thames may properly be said to owe its origin to the confluence of several small streams which issue from the eastern side of the Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, the most remote of which has been, from time immemorial, called the *Thames Head*. This is a copious spring, rising near the village of Tarlton, about three miles to the south-west of Cirencester. In the summer season, however, a long drought renders this spring so nearly dry as to appear little otherwise than a large dell, interspersed with weeds and stones. At about a mile from its source, the stream receives a considerable accession from various springs; and here the Thames river may properly be said to form a constant current; which, according to Ireland, "though not more than nine feet wide in the summer months, becomes in the winter season such a torrent as to overflow the neighbouring meadows for many miles around."

A tourist has thus pleasantly described the Thames Head—which, however, must not be confounded with "the very head" already referred to, and issues from "Seven Springs," about three miles south of Cheltenham:—"After a long ascent (says our tourist), you come to some solitary grassy hills; on the top of these, under the shade of two or three alders, is a little group of plashy springs, which trickle away, forming, as far as the eye can follow them, an insignificant brook. Such is the infant modesty of the proud Thames! I felt a tide of poetry come over my mind as I thought how, but a few hours ago, and a few miles hence, I had seen these same waters covered with a thousand vessels; but this glorious stream, in its short course, bears on its bosom more ships, more treasures, and more human beings than any of its colossal brethren; how the capital of the world lies on its banks, and, by her own omnipotent commerce, may be said almost to rule the four quarters of the globe."

Although the Thames rises in Gloucestershire, it soon enters Wiltshire, and runs eastward to Cricklade, in that county; receiving in its passage the waters of the river Churn; thence it flows on to Lechlade, being joined in its course by the Coln and the Lech. It then pursues a winding direction between the counties of Oxford and Berks, its stream being augmented by the rivers Windrush, Cherwell, and Thame, flowing from the north; and the Ock, the Kennet, and the Loddon, from the south. Passing by Windsor and Eton, its channel divides Middlesex from Surrey, throughout the whole extent of their devious and opposing shores.

After receiving the tributary waters of the Coln, the Thames flows between the towns of Staines and Egham, and passing by Chertsey to Weybridge, is there joined by the river Wey, from the south-west of Surrey; thence it takes its course by Walton-on-Thames to West and East Moulsey, between which place it is joined by the Mole, another river of Surrey. After proceeding eastward to Thames Ditton, it takes a northward course, and passes the towns of Hampton, Kingston, and Richmond. Then flowing between Brentford and Kew, it receives the Braine, or Brent, from the north. It next winds between Chiswick, Ham-

mersmith, Fulham, and Chelsea, on the northern bank; and Barnes, Putney, and Battersea, on the south; the little river Wandle falling into it near Wandsworth. Thence proceeding to the north-east, its broad stream separates the cities of Westminster and London from their long-extended southern suburbs, Lambeth, Southwark, Bermondsey, and Rotherhithe. It next divides the counties of Essex and Kent, from both of which it receives several tributary streams (the Medway being the most important of the whole), and, gradually expanding into an arm of the sea, it unites its waves with the German Ocean about the point called the Nore, between the Isle of Sheppey and Shoebury Ness. From the original spring at Thames Head to the termination of its course, the length of this noble river is about 230 miles; of which nearly 190 miles are navigable. At its source, the stream is computed to be about 280 feet above the level of low-water mark at London Bridge. Between this and Westminster Bridge, the mean velocities of the flood and ebb are—flood, three miles an hour; extreme, three and a half; ebb, three and one-sixth; extreme, three and three-fourths.\*

### A RIVER HOLIDAY.

A pleasant writer has thus sketched the temptation of a bright summer's day to a Londoner:—

"On such a soft, sunny, balmy morning as this, the eye and the mind are athirst for the green fields: a-sure of the country asserts its supremacy like an instinct, and we cannot, do what we will, expel it from our thoughts. We are restless, unsatisfied, and melancholy, like men in love; and so we are—in love with Nature; and it is the memory of her sweet face, and the pleasures we have erewhile enjoyed in her society, that now haunt us like a vision of delight. We cannot get on with our work within doors; and, without, how tantalizing the clear blue sky, transfigured by a thousand staring chimney-pots, and the balmy breeze wafting along city odours and city dust! The sunbeams, gilding puddles that the watering-carts have left, mock our town imprisonment with their glances: we feel as prisoners in a dungeon, when noontide lets a downward ray of sunlight into their miserable cell. We are mewed up; and, while flowers are springing from the grassy turf, the birds singing on every spray, and the little flies warming in the sunny beam, we are here impounded between double files of ugly brick houses, hard flags under our feet, a Babel of discordant sounds around us, and nothing of quiet, beautiful Nature visible but the narrow strip of heaven's azure overhead! 'Tis too much; we can stand it no longer!"

Of all Holidays enjoyed by the Londoner, there is nothing like a ramble on his famous river, east or west of London-bridge. Compared with this, a railway excursion is a very monotonous affair; the iron road, with its sulphurous clouds from the blatant locomotive, must not be placed in comparison with the "silver-winding way" of the Thames. True it is that steam has not yet accomplished such wonders by river as by rail; but what the tourist loses in speed he surely gains in the full enjoyment of the delightful scenery of his river, which is so richly fraught with interest, so laden with poetic association, and so freighted with the golden stores of the past, and the ready wealth of the present, that it were but an act of thankless nature to be whirled through such sweet delights at railway rate. Our Whitsun Holiday Ramble shall, therefore, be by river; and start we

\*Abridged from Brayley's "New History of Surrey."

## FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO ETON AND WINDSOR.

London Bridge itself is unrivalled in the world, in "the perfection of proportion, and the true greatness of simplicity." We shall not look through the vista of eight centuries, during which a bridge or mode of communication has existed between the City and the opposite bank, in this locality, but content ourselves with stating that the new Bridge is at about 100 feet higher up the river than the old one. Of its five arches, the centre one, 152 feet 6 inches span, and 37 feet 6 inches rise; is, perhaps, the largest elliptical arch ever attempted. The piers and abutments stand upon platforms of timber resting upon piles about 20 feet long; and the masonry is from 8 to 10 feet below the bed of the river. The roadway, too, is 52 feet in width. The vast work was begun in 1824; the foundation-stone laid in 1825, in the presence of the late Duke of York; and the bridge was opened, with great state, by King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, in 1831. The cost of the Bridge and approaches nearly reached a million and a half of money. The latter are very fine, especially the roadway leading into the heart of the City, where a statue of King William has been set up to commemorate the "opening" event.

Fishmongers' Hall occupies a granite platform at the south-west angle of the bridge; the river front having an arcade and terrace, above which rises the Grecian Ionic Hall. In delightful situation, elegance of design, and capaciousness and convenience, this edifice equals, if not eclipses, the other City Companies' Halls. Westward are the steam-boat piers, where a fleet of steamers ply throughout the day.

Saint Saviour's Church, on the opposite bank, is here seen to possess much of the grandeur of a cathedral: from its lofty pinnacled tower, 150 feet high, Hollar drew his celebrated view of London. It has a set of 12 bells, the whole of which are not rung, owing to the alleged insecurity of the tower. A great portion of the bank, thence to the Southwark Bridge, is occupied by Barclay and Perkins's brewhouse, including the site of the Globe Theatre. Upon the opposite bank, one of the most interesting features is Queenhithe, anciently a Saxon haven, now a steam-boat depot.

At Queenhithe and Doggate (where stood one of the Roman gates),

customs were paid by ships resting; and near here the ancient Walbrook, or river of wells, runs into the Thames. In the church at Queenhithe (St. Michael's) rest the remains of the good Sir Richard Whittington; and emblematic of the *hithe*, the vane of the church is a gilt ship, the hull of which will hold a bushel of corn. The Three Cranes was the Royal wine-wharf, and the Vintrie the vast wine-house, and vaults in times when the best foreign wine was sold at 12d. a gallon.

From London Bridge to Whitefriars was formerly occupied by the "inns" or town houses of great men, whose names are now affixed to lanes and wharfs. Thus, we have Cold Harbour, a tenement in the reign of Edward II.; Trig, where the Abbot of Chertsey had his City mansion; Baynard's, from Baynard Castle, where Shakespeare has laid scene vii. act iii. of his "Richard III.;" and several others.

Southwark Bridge is a wonder of our iron age. It was cast at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, and its construction was begun in 1814, and completed in 1819. Its solid ribs, segmental pieces, tie-braces, sockets, and wedges, are seen to advantage from the river; the arches, by the way, rise and fall about an inch within the usual range of atmospheric temperature.

Saint Paul's Cathedral, with its proudly swelling dome, and its beautiful clock towers, next arrests our attention: the dome is, however, better seen from Blackfriars Bridge, where it appears in impressive contrast with the less harmonious body of the building. The cross is 300 feet in height from the pavement of the nave of the church, and is level with Jack Straw's Castle Tavern, on Hampstead Heath. The Cross, Ball, and Golden Gallery have lately been re-gilt.

The City Steam Pier, east of Blackfriars Bridge, is the most important accommodation of its class: it has no pretension to ornament; but, as a convenience for the many thousand passengers who embark and land at this point, is of importance.

Blackfriars Bridge is next reached. Its recent repair has been a very costly business, and the love of architecture will sorely forgive the engineer for his removal of the graceful balustrades, and substitution of a solid parapet. It was built 1769-70—of Portland stone, and with too

great a declivity of road, which rendered these alterations indispensable.

The City Gas-Works, just beyond Blackfriars Bridge, nearly occupy the site of the ancient sanctuary of Whitefriars, the Alsatia of James the First's day, re-peopled by Scott, in his "Fortunes of Nigel."

The Temple Gardens lie just above—a green spot in a desert of brick and mortar; they are historically commemorated by Shakespeare, in his "Henry VI.," pt. I.; wherein were plucked the two emblems under which the houses of York and Lancaster depopulated half the country. The Temple, with its beautifully restored round church, and its countless associations with great names, is one of the most famous London localities. East of the garden, a red brick and stone pile of building in the Tudor style is in course of erection, but ill-assorts with the rest of the Temple buildings.

Somerset House is next reached, and its Venetian front is of striking magnificence; whilst its balustraded terrace forms a charming promenade, and affords a most enlivening prospect of the river. Somerset House is Sir William Chambers's noblest work, and cost upwards of half a million sterling.

Waterloo Bridge, pronounced by Canova to be the finest structure of the kind in the world, now claims our notice. It was commenced in 1803, and opened with great ceremony, on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, in 1817, by George IV., then Prince Regent, and the Duke of Wellington. Each of its nine arches is 120 feet span, and its level line of roadway is the perfection of bridge-building; it cost more than a million of money, a larger sum than the expense of building St. Paul's, the Monument, and nine of our finest metropolitan churches.

The Shot-Tower, to the left of Waterloo Bridge, exceeds in architectural beauty many of our public structures, and has been pronounced finer than the Monument of Wren.

The Adelphi Terrace is another instance of what individual taste and liberality have done towards the embellishment of the metropolis; the prospect from this point is indescribably beautiful. We must not pass over the richly ornamented Water-gate on the terrace facing the end of



Buckingham-street; this was the work of Inigo Jones, and is all that remains of the princely mansion of the Duke of Buckingham—telling of the pageant splendour of the Thames in the olden time. In the last house towards the river, on the east side of Buckingham-street, lodged Peter the Great. We now reach

**The Hungerford Suspension Bridge**, communicating with Hungerford Market—a noble provision for public convenience, but ill requited by public patronage: the design is cleverly adapted from a Roman market. At Hungerford is the great focus of the Thames steam navigation; it being calculated that upwards of a million persons embark and land at this point annually. The Suspension-bridge, by Brunel, is a fine specimen of mechanical skill: it consists of two brick piers in the Italian style, over which are carried the chains, forming a triple span, the central one being 676½ feet, or 110 feet wider than the Menai Bridge; the length between the abutments is 1332 feet; weight of the bridge, 700,000 tons; the viaduct being twenty-eight feet above high water, or three feet higher than the crown of the centre arch of Waterloo Bridge. The toll is one halfpenny at either end for foot passengers only. With the exception of the Wire Bridge at Fribourg, this is by far the largest suspension bridge in existence.

We have now little to notice until we reach Westminster-bridge, if we except the extensive pile of Northumberland House, and the mansions in Whitehall Gardens, among which that of Sir Robert B. is hardly fails to attract attention. In this locality was the ancient Palace of Whitehall, a Royal abode from 1550 to 1697, when the whole was burned, except the Banqueting House, now remaining; and which, though used as a chapel, has never been consecrated. In Whitehall Yard, adjoining, is the United-Service Museum, which may be inspected gratuitously every day, by the introduction of an order from a member of the institution.

**Westminster Bridge** has been an expensive job from first to last. Labeyrie, the architect, states the quantity of stone contained in it to be nearly double that employed in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was opened in 1757; and its repair within the last forty years has cost nearly half a million of money! A short time since, Dr. Ryan, in a lecture delivered before the Royal Agricultural Society, gave an odd illustration of this bridge: observing that it is built of magnesian limestone, containing from 21 to 42 percent of carbonate of magnesia, from which Epsom salts are procured; the Doctor adding, that if Westminster Bridge were covered with water and sulphuric acid, it would be converted into Epsom salts! Mr. Barry, by the way, has proposed to substitute for this patched-up stone bridge a five-arched iron structure, in the Gothic style, and of light and graceful design. We now reach

**The New Houses of Parliament**, with their river front, upwards of 800 feet in length, a lofty clock tower, and the Victoria entrance tower, not yet completed. The "New Palace," as it is termed, will eventually be a truly magnificent pile, including ancient Westminster Hall in the plan. To the right is Westminster Abbey, built, by the way, upon a close fine sand, and secured only by its very broad, wide-spreading foundations. The Church and its richly-decorated Chapel of Henry VII. are fine architectural studies; and the monuments of kings, warriors, statesmen, philosophers, and poets, which it enshrines, must ever render it dear to English memories.

**The Penitentiary**, at Millbank, was built some thirty years since, at a cost of half a million, for the industrial reform of prisoners: the prison is octagonal in form, and incloses about eighteen acres. To the right is a healthier indication—a vast extent of buildings which have sprung up almost within the present century upon a site hitherto a waste. Such is, in part, the city of palace-houses, to which has been given the *nom de circonstance* of Belgravia.

**Lambeth Palace**, on the opposite side of the river, is, in many respects, the most interesting antiquarian pile in the suburbs. Its lofty gateway towers are fine specimens of early brickwork, as is also the Prison House of the Lollards, the Hall, &c. This has been for more than six centuries the palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury; and, as each primate has kept the establishment in repair, or added to its appurtenances, it presents a rare aspect of stately grandeur; the well-timbered grounds, too, aid its picturesqueness, as seen from the river. Within its patriarchal shade is the old parish church of Lambeth, with a tower of the time of Edward IV., lately restored.

**Vauxhall Gardens**, higher up, merit passing notice, though rather for their older celebrity than their present fortune: their fame is upwards of a century and a half old; but all recollections of Sir Samuel Moreland, by whom the gardens were originally planted, of Addison and Steele's Vauxhall, and Hogarth and Hayman's pictures, have been swept away by the insatiate demand for novelty.

We are now beginning to escape from the smoke of the great town; but tall chimneys still threaten us occasionally with their blackening clouds. To the left are Steam Boat Piers; and close by a not unpicturesque windmill is the landing-place for passengers by the South-Western and Richmond, Windsor and Staines Railways.

**Chelsea Hospital** is next seen to the right, extending 800 feet in length—a noble monument of national munificence and gratitude. In 1833, its stately gardens, which had long been closed to the public, were re-opened for their gratification. The Hospital and its soldier pensioners should be seen; the chapel and hall, with their war-standards and paintings, are also worth inspection. To the benevolent Sir Stephen Fox is attributed the building of this Hospital:—"No matter," says Faulkner, "with whom the idea may have originated, whether with him, with his master (Charles II.), or with Neil Gwynne, it is certain that but for his exertions the project would have come to nothing." Opposite the Hospital terrace is "the Red House," about 50 yards west of which, Caesar is believed, by some antiquaries, to have forded the Thames.

**Chelsea**, with its river-side walk, is enlivened by the crowds flocking to its steam-boat piers, but its olden celebrity is well nigh forgotten, and the bums are nearly as rare as the china. Sir Thomas More's house was taken down more than a century ago by Sir Hans Sloane; but there is the old church whither the Chancellor went: at one angle of the church-yard is Sloane's mystic egg-and-serpent tomb. Near the Hospital is the famous Botanic Garden of the Apothecaries' Company, founded by Sir Hans, whose statue is in the grounds, as well as a pair of guardian cedars.

**Battersea Bridge** is next reached; it was built of wood, in 1771, and is altogether unworthy of its position across a river spanned by some of the finest bridges in the world. The village of Battersea is chiefly remarkable for its association with Lord Bolingbroke, who was born in the family mansion here, and who lies beneath a stately tomb in the church. In a parlour of the mansion Pope wrote his "Essay on Man." A very picturesque "Decorated" church has just been erected in this parish.

Battersea is noticeable as the first fishing-station: formerly, Blackfriars and Westminster-bridges were favourite places of resort, but various causes have driven the fish further up the river. Good roach and dace-fishing may be had during July, August, September, and October, from a boat fastened to the piles of Battersea-bridge; and the same kind of fishing may also be had at Putney-bridge. Two hours before and one after flood are the best periods for these stations. Among Thames fish, trout are few in number; pike and jack are more numerous; and the following fish are abundant in all parts of the Thames, from Battersea bridge upwards, viz. perch, barbel, chub, eels, lampreys, flounders, roach, dace, gudgeons, bleak, poke, ruffe, and minnows; and, in some places, fine carp and tench are taken. In the rich alluvial soil of Battersea, great quantities of asparagus are grown.

**Cremorne House** lies at a short distance above Battersea Bridge, on the right bank; the mansion was formerly the elegant villa of Lord Cremorne, who had here a fine collection of Italian and Flemish pictures; and adjoining was the residence of Dr. Hoadley (brother of the Bishop), the author of "The Suspicious Husband." Cremorne has been converted into a place of public entertainment, for which the grounds are admirably adapted; and shoals of company are landed here from steam-boats.

**Putney Bridge**, with the twin villages of Fulham and Putney, is next reached. The bridge is of wood, and was erected in 1729, by subscription. Alongside the piles, for about two hours before low water, some large roach may be taken.

**Fulham** parish is the great fruit and kitchen garden, north of the Thames, for the supply of London. The church is of stone, and has a stone tower of the 14th century, which, about three years and a half since, was restored and in part rebuilt, under the able superintendence of Mr. G. Godwin, F.R.S. This church and churchyard have been the burial-place of all the prelates of the See of London since the Restoration, except Bishop Porteus. The manor-house of Fulham has been the

palace of the Bishops of London from the seventh century; the present house is of brick, and was in part built in the reign of Henry VII.; and the grounds are surrounded by a moat. In a small house, near the church and facing the river, lived for many years Theodore Hook, the popular novelist.

**Putney** has an ancient church, with Bishop West's beautiful chapel, in the style of Henry the Seventh's, at Westminster. The Bishop and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, contemporaries, were both natives of Putney; the father of one being a baker, and of the other a blacksmith. Both fell victims to Henry the Eighth: Cromwell was beheaded, and Bishop West died of grief at the loss of his Sovereign's favour. Gibbon, the historian, was also born at Putney, and went to school at Kingston. In the village is the College for Civil Engineers. The river now takes a sharp turn, and we soon reach

**Hammersmith Suspension Bridge**, completed by W. T. Clarke, in 1827, at a cost of about £80,000. Unlike other suspension-bridges, this has part of the roadway supported on, and not hanging from, the main chains. On the Surrey side, a number of elegant villas form New Barnes. The church of the old village is one of the most ancient in the neighbourhood of London; and at the manor-house lived Jacob Tonson, who built here a gallery for the portrait of the celebrated Kit Cat Club. At Barnes-terrace the Richmond and Windsor branch of the South-Western Railway will cross the Thames by an iron bridge of three arches.

**Chiswick**, with its church, tower, and spire, lies next. Here lie all that remains of Kent, the gardener; Lord Macartney and Charden, the travellers; Ralph, the architectural critic; Louthborough, the painter; Hogarth, with an epitaph by Garrick; and Mary, Countess of Faulconberg, daughter of Oliver Cromwell; and here, too, is the Duke of Devonshire's Palladian Villa, where Fox died, in 1806; and Canning, in 1827.

After passing Chiswick, on the Middlesex bank, and Mortlake, on the Surrey side, we reach

**Kew Bridge**, of seven stone arches, completed in 1789, and sold some years since for £22,000. A little higher on the Middlesex bank, is Brentford, the county town, where members of Parliament are elected. Here the Brent falls into the Thames. The town is a long straggling street, which George II. liked from its resemblance to "Xarmany." Kew lies across the bridge. The church stands upon Kew Green: it was greatly enlarged through the munificence of King William IV., after whose decease, in 1838, nearly £5000 were found to have been set aside for the completion of the work. In the churchyard are buried Meyer, Zoffani, and Gainsborough, the distinguished painters. Among the mansions surrounding Kew Green are those of the King of Hanover and the Duke of Cambridge. The old red brick "Palace" was occupied by Queen Charlotte as a nursery for her children; and here she expired in 1818. The Royal pleasure-grounds are open to the public on Thursdays and Sundays, from Midsummer until Michaelmas; the Pagoda was designed in imitation of the Chinese T'aa in 1757; it consists of 10 stories, 163 feet in height. There are several other ornamental buildings in the grounds; besides an observatory, used for some time by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The Botanic Gardens at Kew are open to the public from one till six every day, except Sundays; the entrance being from Kew Green. The new Palm-House, just completed here, is perhaps the finest in Europe; its total length is 362 ft. 6 in.; the ribs and columns are of wrought iron, and the roofs are glazed with sheet glass, slightly tinged with green; the floor is of perforated cast iron, under which are laid the pipes, &c. for warming by hot water; and the smoke is conveyed from the furnaces by a flue, 479 feet, to an ornamental shaft or tower, 80 feet in height. The cost of this magnificent Palm-House has been upwards of £30,000. The Gardens are visited by many thousand persons every season; and, under the judicious curatorship of Sir W. J. Hooker, have been greatly extended and improved:—

So sits enthroned in vegetable pride  
Imperial Kew, by Thames's glistening side:  
Obedient sails from realms unarrow'd bring,  
For her the unnamed progeny of spring.

Among the rarities here, is a weeping willow, raised from that which overshadowed Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena; the Egyptian papyrus; the bread fruit-tree from the South Sea Islands; the cocoa-nut, coffee, and cew trees; the banana and cycas (sago); the gigantic tussack grass, &c. In short, a more delightful addition has not of late been made to the public recreation than in the extension of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew.—(See the "Popular Guide," by the Curator.)

**Sion House** and grounds, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, are seen by retracing our course to the river, which appears to unite with the gardens. The mansion, built on the site of an Augustine monastery, by the Protector Somerset, became the residence of Lady Jane Grey, who was conducted from hence to the Tower. The grounds form a fine lawn, extending from Isleworth to Brentford.

**Isleworth**, with its picturesque ivy-mantled charch tower, is next reached. And now, a few words as to Thames fishing. The salmon has been driven from the river by the gas-works and steam-navigation; though many were taken formerly, of a peculiarly fine quality, at Mortlake, Isleworth, and other places. "Richmond and Kew afford some good swims, in which barbel, roach, dace, &c. are taken. From Richmond to Isleworth there is good perch fishing. Except when the tide is flowing, roach and dace may be taken almost all the way from Richmond Bridge to Kew Bridge, by angling off the towing-path."—(Carpenter's "Angler's Assistant.")

The river is next crossed by a handsome railway bridge, of iron, with three arches, each 100 feet span, on the Richmond, Windsor, and Staines line.

Perhaps, there is not a finer portion of the Thames than that from Kew to

#### RICHMOND.

On a bright summer's day, the beautiful scenery of Richmond and the river reminds one of the olden appellation of the place, *Shene*, or *Shenn*, bright or splendid. Mr. Hoiland has left us an unaffected picture of the peculiar charm of the place:—"The amateur painter may find here abundance of subjects on which to exercise his pencil, or gratify his taste for nature and art; admiration of the former, and knowledge of the latter, being alike called into action by the scenery around him. The placid stream, verifying Denham's description—

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full—

presents on one side, emerald turf, of the finest texture and brightest verdure, lofty elms, interspersed with chestnuts, poplars, acacias, and all the lighter shrubs, shading noble mansions with hanging gardens, and elegant cottages *ornés*; while, on the other, is seen the ancient village of Richmond, rising terrace-wise, and exhibiting every form of stately and of rural dwelling. A peculiar air of cheerfulness every where pervades the scene, which is alike remote from the noise and confusion attendant on the metropolis, and the sequestration which belongs to isolated dwellings in more remote districts. The pleasures of society, the tranquillity of retirement, are nowhere better combined, and completely enjoyed, than in this beautiful village and its vicinity." The bridge connects Richmond with Twickenham; it consists of five stone arches, and was built from Payne and Couse's design, in 1779. The old-nobilities of Richmond are too numerous to be pressed into a column; of its Tudor palace, a gateway remains, on the Green.

Here Thomson sung the Seasons, and their change; and the poet lies buried in the old church; where also rest Mrs. Yates, the tragic actress, and her husband, and Edmund Kean. The Royal Park abounds with fine forest scenery, and the herd of fallow and red deer is very numerous. One of the lodges is the residence of Lord John Russell; and on the hill side the Marquis of Lansdowne has a mansion, embosomed in shrubbery and picturesque wood. These statesmen, by the way, are not by some scores the first who have found relief from the fatigues of office amidst the "pendent woods" and embowering walks of Richmond. The highest point in the Park commands views of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with the Hampstead, Highgate, and Harrow hills; but Windsor Castle has been shut out of the prospect by the new plantation near the terrace. Lord Byron provokingly describes the prospect as all smoke and water; Thomson and Maurice have, however, enshrined its beauties in the amber of their verse; though the former modifies his enthusiasm with the line—

To where the silver Thames first rural grows.

From the hill there is a delightful forest walk to Petersham and Ham House with a fine gallery of portraits by Vandyck and Lely, and tapestry, carvings, &c. At Richmond, the angler will find the first and most extensive deep or preserve on the river. The best station for barbel

is about 200 yards above the bridge, from the middle of August to the end of October: the dace are also here very large. "To make the most of a day at Richmond, the near tide should be chosen, that is, when it is high water at London Bridge at 6 A.M. It will then be high water at Richmond between 8 and 9 in the morning, with but little tide: you may then commence at 9, and continue to fish till 7, when it will be flood, and you will then have the best hour's fishing of the whole day."—(Hoiland's "British Angler.") Of the steamers we need say little. Many boats leave the metropolis in the morning, and reach Richmond in about two hours. The railway affords a much quicker but far less agreeable transit.

**Twickenham** lies in a bend of the river bank. Pope's Villa and Strawberry Hill have been dismantled within these few years; but in Twickenham Church is the medallion monument to Pope erected by Bishop Warburton. The Twickenham bank is adorned with many tasteful mansions, whose grounds boast of luxuriant trees, or slope to the water's edge embellished with clumps of brilliant flowers. Twickenham Ait, on which stands the Elop House, is a little below the deep; and some large chub may be taken under the horse-chestnut trees, on the west end of this island. Among the notabilities must not be forgotten Orleans House, which was for some years tenanted by Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans. In the parish are grown great quantities of strawberries, raspberries, and peas, for the Londoners.

**Teddington**, its church and locks, lie next; and from the village is the famous chestnut road through Bushy-park to Hampton Court—the very Tempé of pic-nic parties. From Teddington Lock to Windsor plenty of pigeons are found from June till August; when roach, dace, and barbel-fishing commences, and continues till Christmas; and Teddington is the first place in the river where trout are taken.

**Kingston** lies on the opposite bank of the Thames, and has been a place of note from "the Saxon times," some of whose monarchs were crowned here. It is a corporate town, and has two churches, and the place has many bits of antiquity: the Town Hall was rebuilt in handsome Italian style in 1840. There has been a bridge here for many centuries; the present bridge, of five arches, was completed in 1828. Kingston has long been noted for its public games, the only relic of which is foot-ball, played in the town on Shrove Tuesday: the custom dates from the head of a Danish general having been thus kicked about the place on a Shrove Tuesday. The South Western Railway passes within a mile of Kingston, where a "railway town" has sprung up.

**Thames Ditton**, with its pleasant river-side inn (the Swan), is well known among anglers: fine barbel and gudgeons may be taken here, as well as roach, perch, dace, and chub, with sometimes a jack and a trout. From Ditton to Kingston Bridge, and thence to Richmond, including Teddington and Twickenham, there is some good fishing, especially in Teddington Meadows; and in the Deepes off Twickenham there is capital roach and dace fishing. At Moulsey, opposite Hampton Bridge, the silent Mole falls into the Thames, and a portion is preserved for subsisting anglers. There are plenty of deep swims, with jack, roach, dace, chub, poke, bream, perch, eels, &c.

The Legislature, for the purpose of preserving the fish in the Thames, has prohibited angling during March, April, and May; and an association of the lovers of the art, known as *The Thames Angling Preservation Society*, has done good service by its exertions to ensure the observance of the law, and to render the waters of the Thames life with sport. Illegal fishing is all but abolished; and the result is, an increase in the quantity and quality of all kinds of fish in the river. The angler, by the way, should provide himself with Nelhercliff's Map of the Thames, which gives a list of the fishing stations, houses of accommodation, punt-men, &c.: or a little shilling-book, entitled "Thames Angling," (See Carpenter's "Angler's Assistant.") We soon reach

#### HAMPTON COURT.

**Hampton Court** has a charm for thousands of pleasure-seekers from the dense and dusty vastness of London; and, thanks to our gentle Queen, one of the first acts of her reign was to throw open this Palace and its artistic treasures to the humbles of her subjects. The right royal road to Hampton Court is, undoubtedly, by the Thames: this was Wolsey's route hither from Whitehall, and his successors so travelled between Hampton and Greenwich, then a Royal residence. For nearly two centuries afterwards, it was the fashion for the rich, under canopied barges, to glide on the smooth river in silence, broken only by the measured music from the oars of their liveried rowers. In our time, this is accomplished for a trifle by steam; and steamers ply from the metropolis as far as Hampton Bridge itself. The residents on the banks of the Thames above Hampton Court need not be reminded what a delightful means of reaching Hampton their clear, lively river offers—rowing up or punting down, and being towed back by an up-country barge.

Truly picturesque objects are these barges, as the reader may recollect one of our accomplished Artists has shown, in a charming picture of the stately Palace in the Second Volume of this Journal. Taking up his sketching station on the Ditton bank of the Thames, just above the *débouchement* of the Mole, our landscape-painter, by aid of a barge and boats, the river and its banks, has presented the regal edifice in a charming point of view—all adapted as are the long and almost unbroken lines of the south and east fronts to aid this effect. It is true, that from this point the older parts of the Palace are not the most prominent; and we have Wren's less picturesque front, built for William III., with a glimpse of the gable line of the Tudor Hall; but the bright river, the old tow-barge, the fore-ground trees, and the private garden terraces, "in which Watteau would have rejoiced, as back-grounds for his satin and brocade dames," all make up a delightful picture. Mr. Howitt, too, has well described the Thames to be here "unmuddled by commerce, but flowing free and pure, amidst the greenest meadows, scattered villas, and trees overhanging its clear waters, and adding to its glad aspect the richness of their beauty."

The Palace stands amid a sea of woodland foliage, like a little town in its extent; and well it may, for it covers eight acres. A glimpse of the west entrance from the Thames, through the old elms, with the river sparkling before them, is very fine. As you approach nearer Hampton Bridge, you see more of the old palace, with its decorated Tudor chimney shafts—"windpipes of good hospitality"—and other quaint little picturesque bits. As we have rather to do with the river views of the Palace than its interior, we must leave its "architecture, tapestries, paintings, gardens, and grounds" to Felix Summerley or Mr. Jesse, whose handbooks even tell us the wages received by the Freemasons for building this stately pile. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to reflect how many thousand persons visit the magnificent old Palace every month in the fine season; how it has been made the daily resort of any and of all of the English people who chose to tread the pavements, and disport themselves in the gardens, and gaze on the works of art which for ages were wont to be only accessible to the few. Altogether, excepting Windsor Castle, Hampton Court Palace is the most attractive and historical show-place in the kingdom. It is open to the public every day of the week, except Friday. Hampton Court has a deep, called the Water Gallery, two hundred yards long, being from the summer-house of the Palace to the eastward: it affords perch and roach, and a few trout. The river then assumes a new character, from being so intersected by islands, that it forms narrow channels only. The verdure is exquisite, and the tall elms are truly majestic.

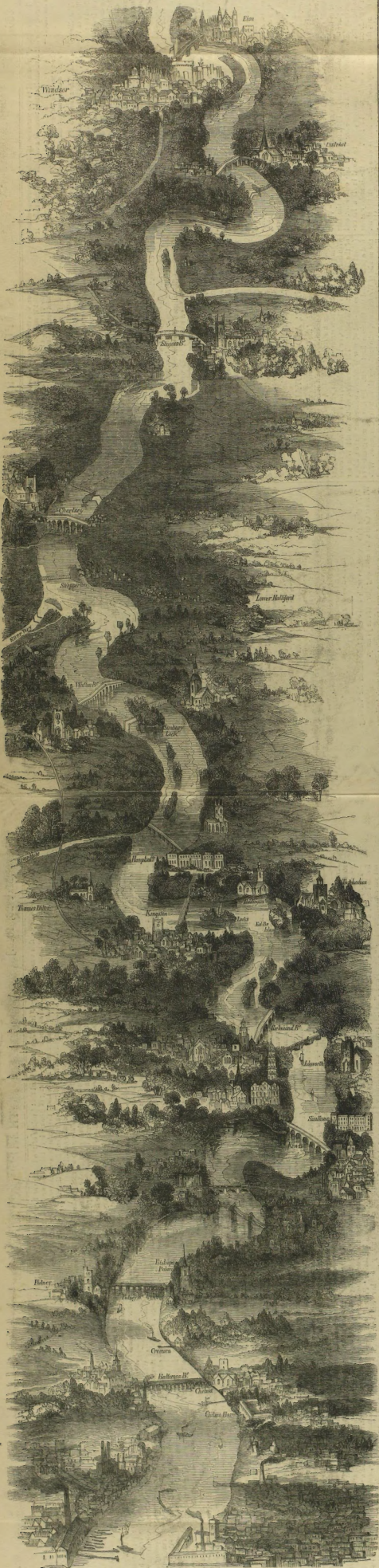
**Hampton Court Bridge** is of wood, and was built about 1778: it stands upon piles, and consists of ten arches. Above the bridge, where the river forms a long curve between East and West Moulsey, is the wide flat, Moulsey Hurst, where Hampton Races are held in June. Opposite, to the right of the bridge, is seen the new church of Hampton. This village has long been the favourite resort of anglers: the deep (for barbel and roach) is opposite the villa formerly occupied by Garrick. The weirs between Hampton Court and Hampton, and at Sunbury, in May and June, contain good trout. A fine collection of tulips in bloom may just now be seen at Hampton, at the Red Lion Inn.

**Sunbury**, with its church, its lock, and weir, is seen on the Middlesex bank; and higher up, on the same side of the river, is Shepperton, with its little church-tower, rising from a group of trees and houses. The stream is here narrowed by thick banks of osiers.

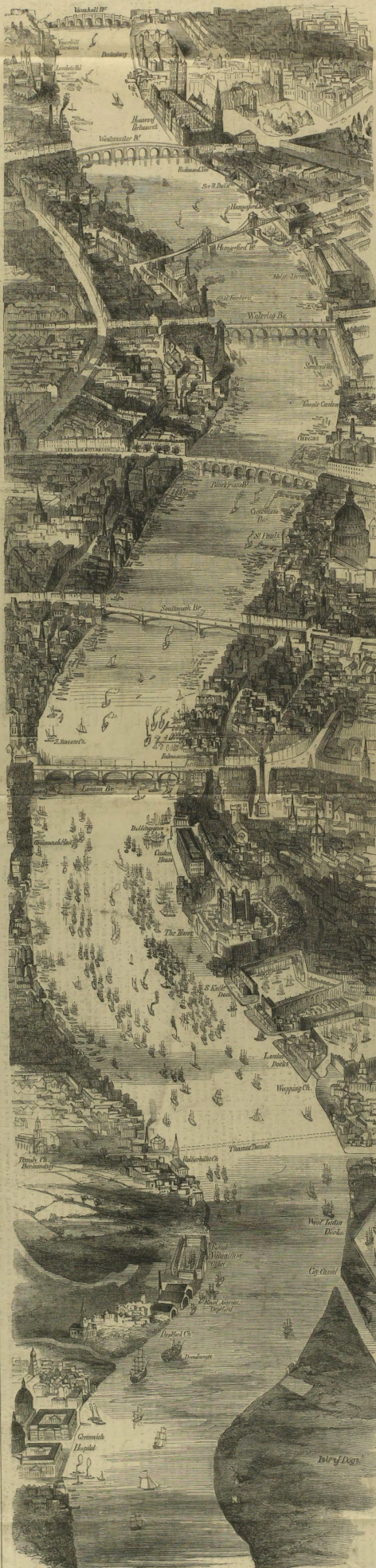
**Walton Bridge** next crosses the river; and a short distance above is Cowey Stakes, where Caesar is believed, by some antiquaries, to have crossed the Thames in pursuit of the Britons; and stakes have been found in the bed of the river, as described by the British chronicler. The village of Walton is seen on the Surrey bank, just below the bridge, with the railway passing near it, from Kingston. The church has some Norman columns, and very curious brasses; and in the vestry is a



ETON TO VAUXHALL.



VAUXHALL TO GREENWICH.



BLACKWALL TO THE NORE.





"Gossip's Bridle," presented to the parish in 1633, by a person named Chester, who lost a valuable estate through a careless woman's talk. It is inscribed:—

Chester presents Walton with a Bridle,  
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle.

The River Wey next debouches into the Thames, and near it is the village of Weybridge, with Outlands, and an elegant campanile lately added to the villa; the picturesque park and pleasure-grounds, and romantic grotto. Above, is Shepperton, on the Middlesex bank, where the deeps are well stored with roach and dace, chub and barbel; and off Outlands Park are jack, perch, &c., especially in the spring.

Chertsey Bridge is 20 miles from London, and is of stone: there are two deeps here. The market-town of Chertsey lies in Surrey, at a short distance from the Thames. The church is one of the best in the county; and the curfew-bell is tolled here from Michaelmas to Lady-day. A few fragments of famous Chertsey Abbey are traceable; and Mr. Holland believed the Abbey Mill River to contain jack, perch, chub, &c., "probably the descendants of those fish which fed the brethren of the noble monastery planted on its banks." In the town is the house wherein

The last accents slow'd from Cowley's tongue.

About a mile above Chertsey Bridge, on the Middlesex bank, lies the rural village of Uxbridge.

Staines Bridge has three flat segmental arches, of granite, with remarkably small piers, from the design of Mr. George Rennie: it was opened by King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, in 1832. Adjoining, on the Middlesex bank, is the town of Staines, whence the bridge extends to Egham, on the opposite bank. A little northward of the bridge is the City Boundary Stone, inscribed, "God preserve the City of London, A.D. 1280." This marks the limit of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction over the Thames, the fish of which, not less than the navigation, are, from here to Yantlet Creek, below Gravesend, under his Conservancy, and are protected by certain laws and regulations. From Staines down to Chertsey deeps, the angler may find some tolerable sport.

The inspection of the river, or, as it is termed, "The Lord Mayor's View of the Thames," is an affair of state and conviviality; when his Lordship and party proceed to Oxford by land, and thence down the river in the gilded state barge, with gay shallops, &c. The last "View" took place on August 5, 6, 7, and 8, 1846, in the mayoralty of the late Alderman John Johnson; and a minute account of this ceremony, and the localities, with several Engravings, will be found in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for August 15, 1846. At the boundary stone at Staines, the civic party disembark, there is wine drunk on the stone, money thrown among the spectators, &c.; and such Sheriffs and Aldermen as are not "Free of the Water," are bumped at the stone.

Nearly opposite Staines, and at a short distance from Egham, is Cooper's Hill, "where the muses sport:—"

On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,  
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow!  
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung.

Just above Staines, the "crystal Coln" separates Middlesex from Bucks, and flows into the Thames. The fishing commences in May, and the former river abounds with roach, dace, chub, perch, and pike.

Adjoining Egham, on the north side, and extending a considerable distance along the borders of the Thames westward, is the celebrated Runnymede, the identical old spot where King John signed Magna Charta, June 15, 1215:—

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,  
Whilst Thames among his willows from thy view  
Retires, O stranger! stay thee, and the scene  
Around contemplate well.

AKENSIDE.

These lines are from an inscription written for a commemorative column to have been set up at Runnymede, in the last century, a design not likely to be executed in ours, when sensible and liberal men look on Magna Charta itself as the result of an uninteresting squabble between the King and the Barons. The name of the meadow, Runnymede, quasi Running-mead, has suggested the use of it as a race-course: races are held here on the last Tuesday and two following days in August; and the late King, William IV., gave a hundred guinea plate to be run for. The Magna Charta celebrity is also claimed for "Charter Island," on the opposite side of the Thames, where a refreshment room has been built for visitors; but this claim is set aside by the Charter itself stating to have been signed "in the meadow called Runnymede, between Windsor and Staines." At Ankenwyke, on the opposite bank, is a yew-tree in full vigour, though held to be older than Magna Charta.

The river now takes a sharp turn, and we soon reach Old Windsor Ferry, and the village of Datchet, where the Richmond, Windsor, and Staines Railway has a station; and a wooden bridge crosses the river. You will, perhaps, look out for Balstaff's Datchet Mead and "the muddy ditch close by the Thames side;" the mead is now inclosed by a wall. Datchet is a favourite resort of anglers; and on the river is an eyot belonging to the Provost and Fellows of Eton College. Sir Henry Wotton and Isaac Walton here enjoyed together the amusement of the rod and line. At Datchet, too, Charles II. was wont to exercise his angling skill, commemorated by Lord Rochester:—

Methods I see our mighty Monarch stand,  
His plant angle trembling in his hand.

But see, he now does up from Datchet come,  
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd gudgeons, home.

We are now fairly beneath the terraced heights of

## WINDSOR, AND ITS ROYAL CASTLE.

In the neighbourhood of the Castle there is excellent gudgeon fishing, and a few trout may be taken. Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy, during his stay at Windsor, was very successful in taking trout in the sharp stream below the old bridge. The name of Windsor is from Windlesofra, or Windlesore, from the winding course of the Thames at this point. This, however, relates to old Windsor (about two miles south-east of new Windsor), where our Saxon kings had a palace, and the Confessor kept court. By him it was granted to the monks of Westminster, who exchanged it with the Conqueror. William soon built a fortress on the site of the present Castle: it was enlarged by Henry I., who removed there from the Saxon palace at old Windsor, and there kept Pentecost, or Whitsuntide, A.D. 1110; so that Windsor Castle has been a Royal residence for 739 years. With both Edward I. and II., it was a frequent and favourite abode. Edward III. was born at Windsor; and he raised the Castle to its present form and magnitude, under the direction of William of Wykeham, at one shilling per day, King's wages! The round tower, the general plan of the Castle, its flanking towers, and heavy gateways, are all manifestly Edwardian. The chapel of St. George was built by Edward IV. and Henry VII. and VIII.; and the tomb-houses by Wolsey. Henry VIII. rebuilt the great gate of the lower ward; and Charles II. lengthened the northern terrace to 1870 feet, thus making it the noblest walk in Europe. The restoration of the entire pile has been the work of the last 20 years, at the cost of more than a million; but no expenditure of the public money has

been more satisfactory. The Round Tower is the grand feature: its entire height above the quadrangle is 148 feet; and, as says the poet Bowles, "most imposing is its distant view, when the broad banner floats or sleeps in the sunshine, amidst the intense blue of the summer skies; whilst its picturesque and ancient architectural vastness harmonises with the decaying and gnarled oaks, coeval with so many departed Monarchs." In short, in Windsor, England's history is presented to the eye: the fancies of a thousand years crowded together into one instant.

A bird's-eye view of the Thames from this point, would show the river

To sweep  
Round Windsor's castled steep  
His waters to the distant deep;  
Now hid behind some rising mound,  
Some swell of intervening ground,  
Or woods, whose waving top betrays  
The distant windings of his maze;  
Now to one sheet of silver spread;  
Now forming in his narrowing bed;  
As though some guardian goddess gave  
Her brightness to the crystal wave.

The north-west view of the Castle from the river is very fine. The Terrace is seen in its full extent, commencing with King John's Tower and Queen Elizabeth's Gallery. The architectural line is next broken by George the Fourth's Tower; the Cornwall Tower; and the Brunswick Tower, 100 feet high; whilst the Keep towers above all, nearly in the centre of the plan. The "slopes," clothed with rich verdure, form a foreground to this magnificent picture.

The iron bridge at Windsor connects that town in Berkshire with Eton in Bucks; in either direction, the breadth and picturesqueness of the Thames is here very striking. Eton, with its ancient chapel and group of venerable buildings comprising the College, is a landscape gem, enshrined in the lyrics of Gray:—

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade:  
And yet that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose dews among,  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver winding way!

We close this excursion with some useful information for viewing Windsor Castle, the crowning glory of the journey.

The following State Rooms are now open to the public:—The Queen's Audience Chamber, the Vandyke Room, the State Ante-room, the Grand Staircase, the Grand Vestibule, the Waterloo Chamber, the Grand Reception Room, St. George's Hall, the Guard Chamber, and the Queen's Presence Chamber. These apartments are shown to the public in the order above given, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. The Lord Chamberlain's tickets may be obtained in London, gratis, of Messrs. Paul and Domico Colnaghi, printsellers, 14, Pall Mall East; Mr. Moon, printseller, 20, Threadneedle-street; Mr. Mitchell, bookseller, 33, Old Bond-street; and Messrs. Ackermann and Co., printsellers, 96, Strand; of whom, also, guide-books may be obtained for one penny each. The tickets are available for one week from the day on which they are issued. They are not transferable; and it is contrary to Her Majesty's command that payment for, or in reference to, them be made to any person whatever. The hours of admission to the State Apartments are—from the 1st of April to the 31st of October, between eleven and four; and from the 1st of November to the 31st of March, between eleven and three. Every facility is afforded to visitors to obtain tickets of admission at Windsor Castle, by applying to Mr. Roberts, at the Winchester Tower.

## FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO THE RIVER MEDWAY.

Looking eastward from the parapet of London Bridge, the prospect gives rise to a train of reflection somewhat different from that which we enjoy in the view above bridge. The full tide of human beings which pours past us well bespeaks the life of the busy town,

Where, with like haste, through several ways they run,  
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

Beneath us runs the river, another emblem of fleeting life; and before us lie fleets of steamers and forests of masts, alike indicative of life's changes and chances. Meditation upon such a spot is, however, like snow in harvest; so descend we to the pier to the left, and enter one of the steamers. As you look upward to the streaming throng upon the bridge—at the distant river through the arches—and the lofty architectural front of the Adelaide Hotel—the scene is very exciting.

The Monument, with its caged gallery, and its cap of flaming gold, soon attracts your attention; and you regret that the re-building of London Bridge should have left below so picturesque a church-tower as that of St. Magnus. There is an interesting anecdote of the gilt-bracket clock of this church: it was the gift of Sir Charles Duncomb, in 1700, and cost £485. Sir Charles, it appears, when a poor boy, had once to wait upon London Bridge a considerable time for his master, whom he missed, through not knowing the hour: he then vowed that if ever he became successful in the world, he would give to St. Magnus church a public clock, that passengers might see the time of day; and the dial proves the fulfilment of this vow.

Billingsgate—which has been a gate, or quay, for eight centuries, but a fish-market for only one and a half—is denoted by a fleet of fishing smacks. The Market, by the way, will shortly be re-built; and a new Coal Exchange hard by is in course of erection: in digging for the foundation, the remains of a fine Roman villa were unearthed. The opposite bank is occupied with lofty piles of warehouses, and the church of Saint Olave; the latter burnt to the walls in 1843, but since restored in handsome style.

The Custom House, immediately above Billingsgate, is next seen, with its noble esplanade, or quay, reminding us how many opportunities have been lost of embanking the river with public walks—from the plans of Wren to those of Sir Frederick Trench, John Martin,\* and Thomas Allom. The Custom House, by the way, is the fifth built near or upon this site within as many centuries: from first to last, the present edifice has cost more money than St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Church with a flying steeple in the rear of the Custom House, is St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, of which Wren, the architect, was very proud, though it is a copy of a church-tower at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Tower of London is next reached: it was used as a Royal palace and a state prison from the reign of Stephen to that of Charles II., who last held his court here; but state prisoners have been confined here in our time. The Tower is a remarkable monument of the past, yet not to its advantage; "for the images of the children of Edward IV., of Anne Boleyn, and Jane Grey, and of the many innocent victims murdered in the times of despotism and tyranny, pass like dark phantoms before the mind." The gateway of the "Bloody Tower," through which these victims were often conveyed, is seen from the river; and the "Tower Guns" are fired from the terrace. An architectural restoration of the Tower is now in progress: its armouries and jewels are very popular as public sights, being visited by more than 50,000 persons annually.

A national holiday, by the way, is very gaily observed in the Pool. The river-side church-towers have their flags hoisted, as have the vessels in the river, many of which are dressed from stem to stern.

St. Katherine's Docks, next to the Tower, occupy 24 acres, and were constructed about twenty years since, employing 2500 men for two years; ships of 700 tons burden can enter at any time of the tide—a desideratum first accomplished in these docks. Baron Dupin says of his visit to the wine vaults here: "Lights are distributed to the travellers who prepare to visit these cellars, as if they were setting out to visit the catacombs of Naples or of Rome."

The London Docks lie next: they cover thirty-four acres. Among their prodigies are the great Tobacco Warehouse, which covers nearly five acres of ground; and the vaults, in which can be stored more than 65,000 pipes of wine and spirits.

On the opposite bank are ranges of wharves and warehouses, factories, &c., and in their rear is Bermondsey, once the site of a rich monastery, but now intersected by railways.

The Thames Tunnel is next reached, and, if you please, you can be landed at the Pier, near the Tunnel, and wait for the next steamer.

\* Mr. John Martin, the distinguished painter, has just re-published his "Thames and Metropolis Improvement Plan," which proposes a connecting railway and railway transit along both banks of the Thames, with an open walk from Hungerford to the Tower, and from Vauxhall to Deptford.

The stupendous Tunnel was opened in 1843, with a demonstration of triumph, and a proud day it was for Brunel, the engineer. Its length is 1140 feet; it cost upwards of £600,000; and, probably, would not have been completed but for the interest of the Duke of Wellington, who regarded the design as practicable from the first. The great invention was the shield apparatus, a series of cells, in which, as the miners worked at one end, the bricklayers built at the other, the top, sides, and bottom of the Tunnel! With all the perils of the engineering, but seven lives were lost in the work, whereas forty men were killed in building the present London Bridge. As an exhibition, the Tunnel has been very profitable; and a fancy fair is held in it yearly. Close by the Surrey shaft of the Tunnel is seen Rotherhithe Church, where lies buried Prince Lee Boo, of the story-books.

The West India Docks extend across the northern extremity of the Isle of Dogs, from Blackwall to Limehouse. A portion of the Docks is shown in the Print, with the City Canal above it.

## DEPTFORD.

Deptford, with the Royal Victualling Office, Arsenal, and Dockyard, lies opposite: here ships have been built since the reign of Henry VIII.; here Raleigh spread his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk upon; hence sailed the fleet which, aided by storm and tempest, destroyed the Spanish Armada; here, too, Peter the Great worked with the ship-builders, and spoiled John Evelyn's garden-hedge, by being wheeled through it in a barrow. Some marvels of machinery are to be seen here, from the building of ships to the making of biscuits. Upon the site of Peter's frolic is "Ozar-street," and the Government Emigration Depot, where emigrants are inspected previous to their embarking in vessels lying in the river. Just above the Dockyard is moored the Dreadnought, a hospital ship for sailors of every country and colour; and in another part of the river we may see the Seaman's Floating Church. The Dreadnought huge old ship-of-war fought at Trafalgar, and captured a Spanish three-decker. But her 98 guns are changed for beds to accommodate 400 suffering sailors; her decks have become wards, her cabins surgeries; and now, like an aged warrior, she rests upon her former exploits and glory, having left battle and carnage for peace and philanthropy.

## GREENWICH.

Greenwich, with her naval Palace-Hospital, next appears—its base washed by the Thames, and its noble domes backed by well-wooded hills, from which rises the Observatory, with its vane cupolas, the town, with its churches, lying sheltered upon the river-bank. The Palace, built by Wren, is very properly named after those Sovereigns in whose reign the several portions were built: the first wing upon the right is Charles II.'s, by whom the Hospital was begun—a redeeming act in his dissolute life. Next is King William the Third's building, with vestibule and cupola; and the Painted Hall, a noble naval gallery, visited by more than 100,000 persons annually: the ceiling was painted by Thornhill, at £3 per yard. Facing the above, with corresponding dome, is Queen Mary's building, containing the chapel; while on the left, and opposite to Charles the Second's, is Queen Anne's; and in the back-ground is the Naval Asylum, and a "Model Frigate," planted in the grass-plot, to familiarize the boys of the Hospital schools with the working of a ship-of-war. Below the Chapel and the Picture Gallery are the Dining Halls, where 1700 pensioners sit down daily to their meals; whilst 1000 more live in the Infirmary and beyond the walls. On Monday and Friday, the Painted Hall and Chapel may be seen without fee; on other days, threepence is charged for admission to each. Greenwich Park is, certainly, the most picturesque domain near London; and if you mount the hill, which has lately lost its "one tree," you have a fine view of the silver river east and west. The Observatory is only to be seen by an Admiralty order. The spire on the eastern turret has a "Time Ball," by which the commanders of vessels in the Thames set their chronometers. At five minutes before one o'clock, the ball is raised half-way up the vane spire; at two minutes before one, the ball rises to the top; and, as the instrument tells to the moment the hour of one, the ball falls. Above the Hospital is the quaint-featured house in which the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, with their brother Edward, are said to have been born:—

On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood,  
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood,  
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth.

Before we leave Greenwich, we must look at its extensive steam-boat piers, and its noble esplanade; a short distance above which is moored the *Iphigenia* frigate, in which lads are trained for the sea-service by the Marine Society.

The Isle of Dogs lies across the river: it was originally the Isle of Ducks, from the great number of wild fowl on it; and it is one of the

richest spots of ground in the kingdom. It is now a vast steam-boat factory.

Blackwall, with its handsome railway terminus, lies next; and just beyond it, the river Lea debouches into the Thames. To the large taverns here, and at Greenwich, epicures flock, from May to August, to eat the delicious little Whitebait, caught in glittering shoals in the Reach, and directly netted out of the river into the frying-pan. A more important thing to be noticed at Blackwall is the vast extent of iron ship-building carried on here—an art of construction but of twenty years' growth: these are mostly steamers of the largest class. Blackwall, in consequence of the winding of the Thames, is nearly eight miles from the City, although less than half that distance by land. Here are the East India Docks, wherein now lies for exhibition a huge Chinese Junk, the first ever brought to this country, and a rare contrast with the beautifully built Indiamen and other vessels in the docks. Here, too, by the way, is a cast-iron wharf, in constructing which more than 900 tons of metal have been used.

The statistics of steamers may be dry matters to some; but what a change has come over their construction since the first steam-boat, the *Thames*, 90 tons, left the river for Margate, in the year 1815, and when persons scarcely dare trust themselves in her for fear of explosions! Then the passage was made in ten or twelve hours; now it occupies half the time, including the passing through the Pool. The old Margate sailing-packets occasionally were thirty and thirty-six hours on the same voyage. In 1815, also, the first steam-boat upon the Gravesend station commenced running; and in the preceding year (1814) a steam-boat had been employed between London and Richmond. Next came the iron steamers, which are superior to wooden boats, being much lighter, not so deep in the water, less expensive, and free from risk of dry-rot. A great portion of Blackwall and the Isle of Dogs is occupied in this building trade—with its clanking boiler-works, and its Cyclopean foundries, and engineering shops, in which steam is the *primum mobile*. Then, what a range of size have these steamers—from the huge war-vessel to the halfpenny "bread and butter boats," which flit about above bridge from the City to Chelsea.

## WOOLWICH.

The North Kent Railway terminus and pier lie just above the river Lea; beyond it, the river Roding, 38 miles long, from Dunmow, flows into the Thames. Opposite this point is Woolwich, with its Dockyard, Arsenal, Rotunda, &c.; its garrison of 3000 men, horse and foot, and its 4000 ship-artisans. The characteristics of Woolwich, as seen from the river, are "the long lines of walls, the close-pressed tide-gates, with the bows of many a noble vessel towering proudly over them from their docks, like sea-monarchs on their thrones, looking down in scorn on the river waves; the high heaps of timber; the huge-coiled cables; the church-tower in the background; the heavy lighters crowded along the shore; the light, raking craft, with pennants long-streaming in the wind; the well-manned boats, pulled hither and thither by sturdy hands, with an occasional portly form and cocked hat in the stern-sheets; the sun glittering with a playful brightness on the many eye-like windows that break the monotony of what otherwise would look like slate-roofed barns belonging to some giant farm-house; the gloomy hulks moored along the shore, with the waters dashing sullenly against the chains that hold them; all telling us that we are sweeping by that ancient dockyard, and those famous ship-building ships, where England stores the lightning and forges the thunder-bolts which have enabled her to acquire and keep the rule of the main." ("Summer Excursions," a cleverly-written guide-book to the Thames and Medway.)

Woolwich, with its cannon foundry, its barracks, its military repository, its rotunda (the great national military curiosity-shop), its dockyard, and giant shears for lifting in or out the masts of the largest vessels, its field of anchors, and its many-ribbed vessels on the slips, conveys a stirring picture of the elements of the power and wealth of "Old England." Among the latest additions to this vast establishment are two dry docks, to contain vessels 300 and 400 feet long.

We must now say a little of the river, the great depth of which insures London vast advantages as a shipping port. Even at ebb-tide there are 12 or 13 feet of water in the fair way of the river above Greenwich; the mean range of the tides at London-bridge is about 17 feet; of the highest spring-tides, about 22 feet. Up to Woolwich, the river is navigable for ships of any burden; to Blackwall, for those of 1400 tons; still the navigation is intricate and difficult; and it is calculated that 500 persons are annually drowned in the Thames, one third of the number being in the Pool. The depth of the river is constantly maintained by steam dredging-engines, consisting of iron frames, with buckets and cutters made to descend into the water; and they cut and throw up clay, gravel, &c. Before the application of steam, from £60,000 to £80,000 were fruitlessly expended in attempts to deepen the



river at Blackwall; and the sediment off Woolwich Dockyard had so accumulated that, by the old method, it would have taken five years and £152,000 to remove it.

The late Sir Anthony Carlisle, the physician, has left us this nice bundle of facts for the "Health of Towns" agitators:—"The ebb and flow of the tides in the river, and the regurgitation of fresh water, deposit on the exposed banks a large portion of the filth produced in the metropolis, and subject to evaporation along the wide spaces of the borders of the river. As the sea-water does not ascend through the town, a large portion of the Thames water charged with filth must pass and re-pass the town at every tide, and deposit its sediments. The shores of the river, as it ebbs through the town, are largely exposed at low water, and exhibit banks of putrescent mud, which, in the summer season, abounds with the larvae of gnats, which live upon, and help to consume the filth; in fact, they are invaluable scavengers." With all the humorous clamour that has been raised against the Thames water, it should be recollected that with filtration—and this is attended to at the London Water Works—the Thames water is even purer than that procured immediately from a spring. The adulterating matters are, also, in some measure, decomposed by the vegetation of the bottom and sides of the Thames, a fact of great importance, first explained by Mr. Brande, the chemist. Little more than a century ago it was believed, upon the authority of a F.R.S., that "the Thames water, taken up about Greenwich, at low water, where it is free from all brackishness of the sea, and has in it all the fat and sillage from the great city of London, makes very strong drink;" and, again, that for sea-stores, "it will of itself alone, being carried to sea, ferment wonderfully; and after its due purgations, and three times stinking (after which it continues sweet), it will be so strong that several sea commanders have told me it would burn, and has often fuddled their mariners."

We are now getting into pleasant country, though the Kentish bank has the advantage of its Essex opposite neighbour. The first bend of the river, known as Gallion's Reach, and distinguished by its buoys, placed by the Corporation of London for the use of Indiamen coming into port, is followed by Barking and Halfway Reaches. Barking Creek, on the left, opens from the Thames, and vessels can ascend it to the Essex town of Barking. At the extremity of Halfway Reach, on the brink of the Kentish shore, is a little white-washed public-house, mid-way between London and Gravesend.

Erith, with its picturesque "ivied spire," and its clustering cottages, is now in sight, backed by the wooded uplands of Belvidere. The newly-erected Pier Hotel promises well for a visitor or sojourner in this rural, river-side retreat. Belvidere, a well-appointed mansion, is open to the public by the courtesy of its noble owner, Lord Saye and Sele. Its splendid gallery of Italian and Flemish pictures, and the grassy slopes and massive foliage of the grounds, with occasional peeps at the shining river, will amply repay the visit. Cherries, the pet-fruit of Kent, are sent to London in great quantities from Erith.

Purfleet lies on the Essex coast, nearly opposite Erith: here Queen Elizabeth planted the standard of England when the Spanish Armada threatened our shores. The low-roofed grey buildings contain many tons of gunpowder, stored there by Government for the army and navy.

Greenhithe, on the Kentish bank, is next reached: it is a picturesque group of red brick cottages, tall chalk cliffs, backed by the dark woods of Swanscombe. From this point, June 19, 1845, sailed Sir John Franklin's Expedition, the *Erebus* and *Terror* steam-ships, for the Polar Seas; and whose absence to this day is a subject of painful public anxiety. There is a landing-pier at Greenhithe, as well as Erith.

Ingress Abbey, Mr. Harmer's fine seat, lies beyond Erith, opposite West Thurrock: it was built from the stone of old London Bridge, a material seasoned by many centuries. The Ingress grounds are very delightful. The chalk-pits here furnish annually many thousand tons of flints, which are shipped at once for Staffordshire, for its pottery, and even to China, for similar purposes.

The *Alms-houses* beyond Ingress, with a handsome Gothic chapel, are a very interesting group; on each side of the church is a range of dwellings, forming a "happy port and haven" for poor residents who have attained the age of sixty.

Northfleet lies next: its valley was once covered with water, and was once used by the Danes as a winter station for their navy. Northfleet presents to the river a precipitous face of chalk, picturesquely variegated with verdure and brushwood, sand and gravel. Here is Pitcher's extensive ship-building yard, whence many very fine merchant and war ships, and steam ships, have been launched; and in 1831 Mr. Pitcher constructed here a landing-jetty, at which more than 40,000 persons were landed in one season for Gravesend, though they had to walk a mile. This success set the Gravesend Corporation to work, though they had long resisted the building of a pier, lest it should injure the watermen. The Gothic tower and pier belong to Rosherville, a fairy compound of Vauxhall and the Zoological Gardens, in which the natural beauties of the spot have been turned to picturesque account for the jaded Londoner: these Gardens will be opened next Monday. Next are the Gravesend baths.

Fantastically set  
With cupola and minaret.

#### GRAVESEND.

Gravesend is now reached, and a strange assemblage of narrow streets and lanes and spick-and-span new houses it presents; yet such as might be expected from its rapid increase—the population rose in ten years (1831 to 1841) from 9455 to 15,655 inhabitants. The traffic with the metropolis is astounding, nearly 400,000 persons having been landed at the two Gravesend piers in June, 1844, a season of low steam-boat fares and fine weather. Of new villas, streets, and terraces, we have little to say; especially as the neighbourhood is thickly dotted with pleasant rural villages, and places to "go to;" whilst from the foremost of them, Windmill Hill, the prospect is very wide. On one side, lies the town and the river—its ships and steamers betokening the anxieties of trade and City life. Turn round, and the eye roams over the fields of Kent, drinking repose and rural peace. *Utrum horum mavis accipe.*

Across the river here, above half a mile wide, lies *Tilbury Fort*, a place of note, from the time of Henry VIII. to that of Sheridan and his "Critic." The ferry fare is but 3d., and visitors are admitted on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The fort originated in an old beacon-tower of Richard II., which Henry VIII. enlarged. Charles II. erected the present fort, the oldest portion of which is the gateway or block-house: its armament consists of 60 dismounted guns, and a garrison of 60 invalided veterans; the effective force being a corporal's guard, and a master-gunner; but, if necessary, Tilbury could be armed and manned in a couple of hours by steamers, with stores and a garrison from Woolwich. A very circumstantial account of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Tilbury in 1588 was printed at the time, and is in existence. And, lastly, a very beautiful picture of this place is Mr. Stanfield's finest contribution to the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy; in the Catalogue, No. 12, "Tilbury Fort—Wind against Tide."

Among the pleasant excursions from Gravesend, is a visit to the villages of *Milton*, *Chalk*, *Cliff*, or *Hoo*, all which are shown in the Print, with the railway leading thereto. But the highest treat is a walk to Cobham, its hall, church, and college. *Cobham Hall*, can be viewed only on Friday, by tickets, to be obtained at Gravesend and Rochester: it is a fine Elizabethan mansion, in plan a half H, though not improved by Inigo Jones's Corinthian pilasters. The Hall is famous for its pictures, including first-rate specimens of Titian, Paul Veronese, Reynolds, Rubens, Vandyck, and Salvator Rosa. The church is hardly less famed for its ancient sepulchral brasses, remaining in numbers, probably unmatched elsewhere.

Another excursion is to *Uppor Castle*, and thence to *Stroud*, *Rochester*, and *Chatham*. The view from the summit of Stroud Hill over the whole district, and the Medway, its shipping, the dockyards and houses, the bridge, cathedral, castle, and distant heights, is full of interest and variety. Stroud has little to detain you, and, says Felix Summerley, "in a long summer's day, you will not cross the bridge before wandering about its wharves, which exhibit most picturesque groupings of the vessels at their moorings, and the castle rising from the cliffs, of which Calcott has painted a descriptive poem. The best views are at the north side of the bridge. The scene of the Medway from the crown of the bridge partakes a good deal of the character of the 'Lake District.' The time to see it to the best advantage is when the river is full, and the sun is setting behind the chalk heights, at the foot of which passed the pilgrim's road to Canterbury." The most important natural feature of the place is the Medway, which flows with great swiftness. The extent of Rochester's old walls may be traced in picturesque ruins, making pleasant flower-gardens and walks for the inha-

bitants. Its natural advantages made the city a great fighting place, giving it the name of the "Kentishman's Castle," under all its masters, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans. Until the time of Edward the Fourth, its castle and walls were constantly in need of repair, all his Royal predecessors besieging or defending the city by turns. The Cathedral is one of the few specimens of church-building left by Gundulph, who built the Castle, and the White Tower of London. The Cathedral is remarkable for its highly-decorated early Norman west front, and its elegant "lancet" choir and transepts: the chancel is, also, good early English, and the crypt is very remarkable. The Castle may be seen any day of the week, even Sunday. The main feature is Gundulph's Keep, built under William Rufus. "Ascending and descending its corkscrew staircases—scrambling through its ruined passages—exploring its dark rooms and cloisters—sketching the remnants of Norman mouldings which are here and there perceivable—reaching the battlements, and taking bird's-eye views of the three places (Stroud, Rochester, and Chatham) below—and all their features of interest, both on land and water, might well fill up a whole summer's day."

A sixpenny guide-book, to be had at Rochester, tells the history of the fortress: its grand features are its twelve-foot thick walls, the ornamented arched gateway, and the columns and arches of the chapel. The whole height of the interior (five stories) is best seen from the basement. The height of the towers, from the foundation, is 112 feet. A broad and deep ditch surrounded three sides, the Medway protecting the fourth. "An ancient castle was a sort of armed town on a small scale, with all kinds of provisions for besieging, residence, fighting, praying; and Rochester still retains enough of its characteristic features to enable us to identify many of its parts." To appreciate all its picturesque points, you should pass all round the castle, both within and without its walls. "Ascend to the summit, and let your eye wander up and down the beautiful valley of the Medway. See, on the one hand, Chatham, with its barracks, dockyard, and extensive fortifications—the naval and military character struggling for pre-eminence—with Frindsbury, Gillingham, and Uppor Castle. As far as the eye can reach, let us track the river's course, as—

In meanders to the neighbouring plain,  
The liquid serpent draws its silver train.

On the other hand, nestled amongst umbrageous trees, one peaceful village succeeds another, dotting a broad expanse of corn-clad fields, till all is lost in the hazy distance." Chatham, with the Dockyard and the Lines, its forts and batteries, is a very interesting sight; and the siege operations, occasionally given for practising the troops in attacking and defending a fortified place, are grand military spectacles, worth the journey from London to witness. The Dockyard may be seen by personal application, at 10 A.M., or 2 P.M. It was commenced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and much enlarged by Charles I. and II. The Lines were first formed in 1758, when the country was threatened with a French invasion.

*Uppor Castle* is a stone fortress, of Elizabeth's reign, nearly opposite Chatham Dockyard: it contains an extensive powder-magazine for the use of the Navy, and is garrisoned with some thirty men. Near the Castle is the *City Stone*, asserting the limit of the conservancy of the Corporation of London; just as the western stone does at Staines.

The *Isle of Grain* separates the mouths of the Thames and the Medway; and we then reach the *Nire Light*. *Sheerness* lies at the north-western extremity of the Isle of Sheppey, and defends the entrance to both the Thames and Medway; and has a fort, docks, fleet, &c.; and on a creek of the Medway lies *Queenborough*, long noted for its lucrative oyster-fishery for the supply of the metropolis.

Here our "below bridge" excursion ends; and we take leave of the reader, wishing him health and fine weather to enjoy the recreations of the River Thames.

#### RIVER SPORTS.

Rowing Matches are foremost among the sports of the Thames, the scene of the contests being mostly from Westminster to Hammersmith Bridges. The oldest is *Doggett's Coat and Badge*, rowed for on the Thames on August 1, and given by one Thomas Doggett, comedian, in commemoration of the accession of the present Royal Family to the

#### PLESIOSAURUS FOUND NEAR WHITBY.

This very interesting relic of a former world was mentioned in our Journal a short time since; and we have now the pleasure of figuring it from an outline obligingly forwarded for that purpose. It is a fine specimen of the *Plesiosaurus macrocephalus*, found in the Kettlewell Alum Works, belonging to the Marquis of Normanby, a few miles north of Whitby, in Yorkshire. It was discovered deeply imbedded in the alum rock, 130 feet below the surface of the ground. Its length is 22 feet 4 inches; and, from point to point of the fore-paddles, 12 feet 9 inches. The ribs are about 3 feet long and very perfect, as also the head, with the blow-holes, eye-sockets, and brain-pan quite distinct; and the jaws are closely set with teeth. It will be observed by the sketch, that the extreme joints of one hind paddle are wanting. These were knocked off by the labourers in working the rock, and wheeled on to the calcined heap before the remains were discovered. Mr. Kerr has the specimen under his care, at Mulgrave Castle. It was explained by Mr. Charlesworth, the geologist, at the meeting of the British Association, in 1844; and at last year's gathering of the Society, the Dean of Westminster (the Rev. Dr. Buckland) read a letter containing its main dimensions. We subjoin a few notes descriptive of the economy of this animal, from Dr. Mantell's clever and beautifully illustrated work, the "Medals of Creation."

"The animal of the genus *Plesiosaurus* present, in their osteological structure, a remarkable deviation from all known and recent fossils; uniting the characters of the head of a lizard, with the teeth of a crocodile, to a neck of inordinate length, with such modifications of the ribs, the pectoral and pelvic arches, and the paddles, as to justify the graphic simile of an eminent Professor, that the *Plesiosaurus* might be compared to a serpent threaded through the shell of a turtle. The character which immediately strikes the observer is the extraordinary length of the neck, and the relative smallness of the head. The neck, which, in most animals, is formed but of five vertebrae, and in the extreme recent example (the swan) does not exceed twenty-four, is in the *Plesiosaurus* composed of from 20 to 40 vertebrae; and, in some species, is four times the length of the head, and equal to the entire length of the body and tail; while the length of the head (in *Plesiosaurus dolichodorus*) is less than one thirteenth of the entire skeleton. The paddles are composed of fewer and more slender bones than in the *Ichthyosaurus*, and must have been of a more elegant form, and possessed greater flexibility."

We add a few details from the same author's "Wonders of Geology." "The remains of numerous specimens of *Plesiosaurus* have been discovered in many places in the country and on the Continent, in the oolite and lias; its range being in all the deposits from the lias to the chalk inclusive. Professor Owen has described nearly twenty British species. The most remarkable circumstance relating to them is the connected state in which all the bones of the skeleton occur. The entire osseous framework, from the extremity of the snout to the last vertebra of the tail, often remains entire, or but very little displaced from its natural position: even the bones of the paddles, with their cartilaginous appendages, are in some instances preserved. The

throne of Great Britain. In former years this match was rowed in working wherries, for which wader-boats are now substituted.

The Thames Wherry is a graceful build: a very handsome one for our young Prince of Wales, was lately built by Messrs. Searle, of Lambeth.

Here we must say a little of the City Barges and Swan-upping. The barges are the aquatic state of the Lord Mayor and certain of the City Companies; but sorry are we to learn that one of the most opulent companies is about to "put down" its barge. A brave sight is the golden flotilla of these barges, with their richly-gilt heads, sterns, and sides, and their grove of embroidered banners rustling in the fresh breeze; their retained rowers in scarlet, and the long oars, reminding one of the ancient triremes on the Tiber. Nor must we forget the City Barge, the *Maria Wood* (named after the popular Alderman's daughter), a sort of huge floating tavern, generally moored between Kew and Hampden Court, for the citizens' banquets.

Swan-upping consists in taking up swans from the river, and marking their upper bills: it is performed by the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies, who have the privilege of keeping swans on the Thames. They have their swan-wardens, swan-herds, and "uppers," who wear swans' feathers in their hats; and the Vintners' Company once possessed 500 birds on the river. These "Swan Voyages" take place in July and August, and are right convivial expeditions.

Fitzstephen calls our river "the fishful Thames," thus denoting its produce, of which salmon was the most highly valued. We read of the Thames-fishermen presenting their title of salmon at the high altar of St. Peter, and claiming, on that occasion, the right to sit at the Prior of Westminster's own table. Again, we read that, in the enclosure of the starling, in front of the Chapel on Old London Bridge, was a fish-preserve, into which the tide carried the fish, and they were secured by an iron grating; a winding staircase led down to this road from the chapel. Pike must have been very rare; for in the reign of Henry VIII. a large one was sold for more than double the price of a house-lamb in February. Pike were then kept in stews upon the river bank; whence the "Pike Garden" of Bankside. Salmon disappeared as the banks of the river were built upon. It is true that, in 1839, an old fisherman recollected salmon being taken at Brentford; but they have long since been lost.

#### THAMES FLOODS.

THE Thames is subject to occasional floods, following long-continued rains, which have swollen its tributary streams, the succession of high winds beating up the tide, and other causes. Thus, in 1236, about fifty years after the building of Westminster Hall, a dreadful overflow of the Thames took place; and, "in the great palace of Westminster, men did row with wherries in the middle of the hall, being forced to ride to their chambers." Again, in 1242, the Thames overflowed the banks about Lambeth, "drowning houses and fields for the space of about six miles, so that, also, in the great hall at Westminster, men took their horses, because the water ran over all."

In Stow's *Annals*, it is recorded that, "on the last of September, 1556, by the occasion of great winds and rain that had fallen, was such floods, that that morning the King's palace at Westminster, and Westminster Hall was overflowed with water unto the staircase, going to the Chancery and Kings Bench, so that when the Lord Mayor of London should come to present the Sheriffs to the Barons of the Exchequer, all Westminster Hall was full of water."

In 1658, the tide ebbed and flowed twice in three hours; and on March 22, 1682, three times in four hours."

On March 24, 1785, the tide ran so high, that the lawyers attending the courts in Westminster Hall were conveyed away in boats.

And, on Feb. 2, 1791, after some severe storms of wind, in Palace-yard the water was nearly two feet deep; and boats were rowed up from the Thames to Westminster Hall gate.

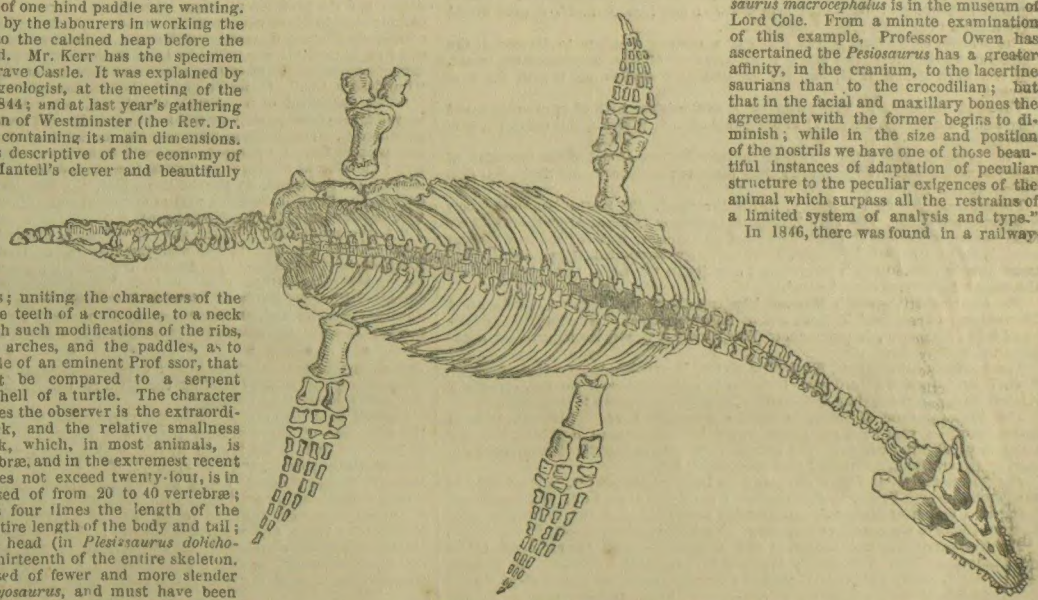
Styrie, in his *Memorials*, thus notices an opposite event—an extraordinary ebb:—"March 4, 1557. Never was so low an ebb, for men might stand in the midst of the Thames, and might have gone from London Bridge to Billingsgate, for the tide kept not his course, the which was never seen afore that time."

Indigestible portion of the food of these carnivorous marine reptiles, as the scales, teeth, and bones of fishes, and their coprolites, are frequently met with in the abdominal cavity. These facts show that the carcasses of these animals were imbedded in the soft mud at the bottom of the sea, without having been exposed to the action of the billows, or to long transport by rivers or currents.

"The collection of Mr. Hawkins, now in the British Museum, contains a skeleton 11 feet long, and so nearly perfect, that the entire form of the original creature may be completely restored. Mr. Conybeare compares the *Plesiosaurus* to a turtle stripped of its shell, and thinks it probable, from its long neck presenting considerable impediment to rapid progress in the water, that it frequented the coast, and lurked among the weeds in shallow water. As it is evident that it must have required frequent respiration, it probably swam on or near the surface, and darted down upon the small fishes on which it preyed."

"A remarkably fine specimen of *Plesiosaurus macrocephalus* is in the museum of Lord Cole. From a minute examination of this example, Professor Owen has ascertained the *Plesiosaurus* has a greater affinity, in the cranium, to the lacertine saurians than to the crocodilian; but that in the facial and maxillary bones the agreement with the former begins to diminish; while in the size and position of the nostrils we have one of those beautiful instances of adaptation of peculiar structure to the peculiar exigencies of the animal which surpass all the restraints of a limited system of analysis and type."

In 1846, there was found in a railway



cutting near Ely another fine example of the above genus. The workmen, in their ignorance of the treasure, broke to pieces and dispersed the head, neck, and trunk; but one of the paddles, and about 10 feet of the tail, were preserved tolerably perfect: the entire length is supposed to have been from 25 to 30 feet.

"In the above year, too, Mr. Stutchbury described a new species of *Plesiosaurus* (*macrocephalus*), from the Bristol lias, and beautifully preserved in the Bristol Museum. Its length is about 16 feet 3 inches, the neck being short in proportion, and only one and a half times the length of the head; while the whole animal appears to have been remarkably compact and massive, and the extremities unusually gigantic."

#### WHITSUNTIDE EXHIBITIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

TRUE it is that we have lost our Whitsun ales, our stool ball and barley-break, our Whitsun suburban fairs at Islington, Highgate, and Holloway, at Tottenham Court and Kentish-Town—

And all those places,  
Up and down;

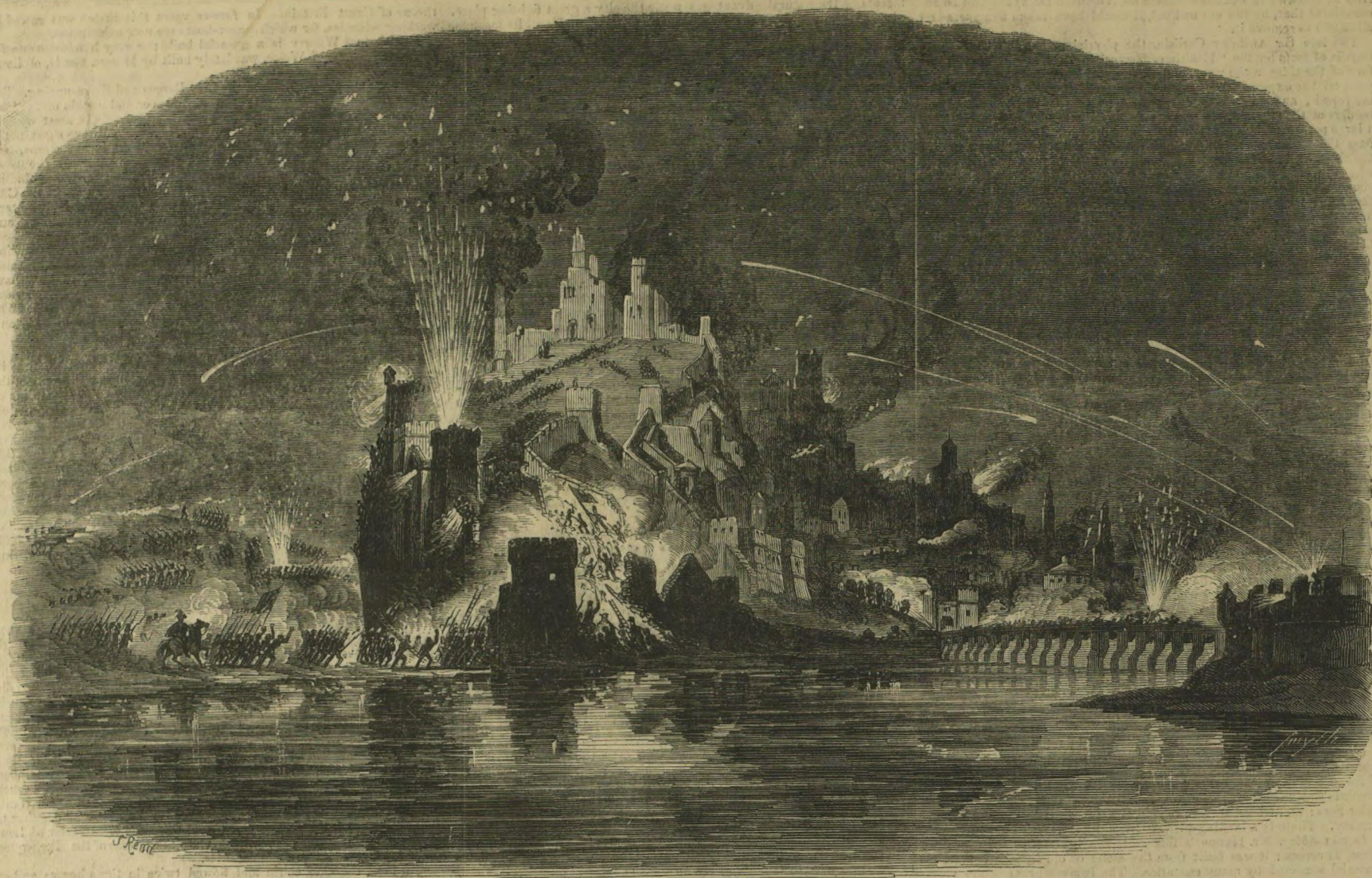
We have lost the Whitsun plays of "antient times;" and even "the Montem of Eton," a Whitsun Tuesday ceremonial, has departed; although the ghost of the Boy-Bishop, perchance, may be seen h-vering about Salt-hill; and May games are attempted to be revived in some parts of our island. Although we have lost all these things, we have got something for Whitsuntide in their places, and are, as to intellectual character, the gainers, in the metropolis and its wide-spread environs, as we proceed to show in the following *précis* of the Amusements for Whitsun Holiday-keepers.

The sixteen Theatres, the five Opera Houses, and the Concert Rooms, we leave to our advertising columns; but we notice that the announcements of burlesques by the old hands are getting "small by degrees, and beautifully less."

The Fine Arts contribute a glorious quota of the Whitsun sights. Thus, we have "the Exhibition," *par excellence*; and a very good one, of old and young talent, as the reader may see by a Supplement, with Engravings of some of the finest Pictures, published with this Number. Then we have the National Gallery, and the Vernon Gallery, the humorous abuse of whose location is becoming a dark joke. Then we have the collections of the two *Water Colour Societies*, in Pall Mall and Pall Mall East; and of the *British Artists*, in Suffolk-street; the Exhibition of the Association for Promoting the Free Exhibition of Modern Art (not admission free), a very meritorious collection, in the Chinese Gallery, at Hyde Park Corner; and an Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by *Amateur Artists*, at 209, Regent street, a novelty of this season, with some pictures worthy of the Royal Academy pale.

The Panoramas, by Mr. Burford, include, foremost, Switzerland. A beautiful





PICTURE-MODEL OF "THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ," AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

painting of Cashmere will be opened in a few days. What a treat for the wearers of the famous fabrics of this fairy land!

The *Diorama*, Regent's Park, has the Valley of Rosenlan, with its Alpine Storm, and the Interior of Santa Croce, at Florence, with its lights and shadows, and Davison and Gray's Grand Machine Organ.

The *Colosseum*, Regent's-park, has its Panorama of Paris, with the Revolution sites; its Modern Sculptures and Classic Ruins, its Conservatories and Swiss Cottage, and Stalactite Caverns. Add to this "the *Cyclorama*, with its moving Picture of Lisbon and the Tagus, and representation of the Earthquake of 1755. The picture has the broad and beautiful character of De Louthembourg; and the catastrophe is a marvel of mechanism. There are both day and evening exhibitions, at one-third the price originally charged by the projector for viewing the imperfect Colosseum.

The *Mississippi Pictures*, Banvard's at the Egyptian-hall, Piccadilly; and Rislley and Smith's, in Leicester-square, are both day and evening sights.

The *Dulwich Picture Gallery* is open every day, except Friday; the admission by free tickets, to be obtained of Colnachi and Puckle, Cockspur-street; Graves and Co., Pall-mall; Ackermann, Strand; Jennings, Cheapside; and Moon, Threadneedle-street; but not to be procured in Dulwich. The collection is strong in the Flemish and Spanish Schools.

The *Cosmorama*, Regent-street, has a new and superior set of pictures. The *Polytechnic Institution* has some Dissolving Views of Van Diemen's Land, besides its Bude, Hydro-oxygen, and Electric Lights, our old friend, the Diving Bell, and the Diver, &c.

*Madame Tussaud* has refreshed (?) her collection from Stanfield Hall. This is the best Exhibition of Wax-work ever known; and Mrs. Salmon's figures would have melted with indignation in the rivalry.

The *Wonder of the Seas* is the name of a strange creature to be seen at the Cosmorama Rooms. It has lately been captured off the Northumbrian coast, and has been shown at Newcastle; the exhibitor associating it with the Sea-Serpent.

*Vauxhall Gardens* will be open under a new régime, both of amusements and refection. A considerable sum has been expended in reviving this olden place of entertainment.

The *Surrey Zoological Gardens* have the new Picture-Model of the Storming of Badajoz, which we have Engraved; then there is the Concert, the Zoological Collection, &c.

The *Museums*, we venture to say, will be thronged. The British Museum is now completed internally. The Great Zoological Gallery is an especial treat for holiday folks; as are also the principal Saloons of Antiquities. Some of the new smaller rooms up-stairs, as the Egyptian, Etruscan, Ethnographical, Coral, &c., are extremely attractive. Do not forget the Portraits in the Long Galleries, perhaps the most interesting ever collected.

The *East India Company's Museum*, Leadenhall-street, is open on Tuesdays and Thursdays, by Directors' Tickets, and on Saturday, free. The contents are Oriental MSS., Sculpture, Implements of War, Oriental Boats, Zoological and Botanical Collections, &c.

The *Missionaries' Museum*, Bloomfield-street, Moorfields, is open free, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It is rich in ethnographical rarities, especially relating to heathen worship, collected by Missionaries during their travels.

The *United Service Museum*, in Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall, is open throughout the year; the admission being by Tickets from Members, who are upwards of 4000 in number. The principal objects are models of implements of war, by sea and land, natural history specimens, &c.

The *Museum of the College of Surgeons*, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, is open daily to the public, except Friday and Saturday, from twelve to four; the admission being by a Fellow or Member's introduction or order. It is rich in specimens of Natural History, Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology.

The *Museum of Economic Geology* is still in Craig's-court, Charing-cross; but the handsome edifice in Piccadilly is nearly ready for the collection. It is open to the public, daily, and free: it contains Mineralogical and Geological Specimens, Models of Mining Machinery, &c.—each specimen fully described; the object being to afford practical information to all who are engaged in manufacturing pursuits connected with Geology.

*Sir John Soane's Museum*, 13, Lincoln's-inn-fields, is open on Thursdays and Fridays. The admission is by free tickets, to be applied for a day or two before. The visit is a rich treat for the lover of architectural antiquities of Egypt, Greece, and Rome; and there are some matchless pictures by Canaletti and Hogarth.

The *Royal Institution Museum*, in Albemarle-street, may be viewed daily, by a Member's free order. The collection consists chiefly of specimens of British Minerals. The Laboratory of the Institution, too, is well worth inspection.

The *Zoological Society's Museum*, in their Gardens in the Regent's-park, may be inspected at the same time with their Living Collection, which now numbers nearly one thousand animals. The public are admitted to the gardens on Mondays, at sixpence each.

The *Society of Arts*, in the Adelphi, open their Establishment daily, except Wednesday, free to strangers; the Model Room is extremely interesting; and Barry's pictures have been cleaned.

The *Thames Tunnel*, though much less frequented than formerly, has its fair quota of visitors.

The *Tower of London* continues a'tractive. The Horse Armoury and the Regalia may be seen, each for a sixpenny fee, daily. To see the other portions, requires a special order: the White Tower is a stupendous specimen of the old fortress.

*Cremorne Gardens*, on the Chelsea bank of the Thames, have their day and evening attractions. A representation of the Siege of Moulton is among the latter.

*Rosherville Gardens*, "The Elysium of England," will be opened on Monday. The *American Bowling Saloon*, 393, Strand, is a novelty, in idea, imported from the "States." It consists of a beautifully embellished apartment, in which the American game of bowls is played. The walls are shaped into panels, inclosing pictures of classic subjects, relieved by looking-glass; the spandril and other segmental portions are in rich taste; the ceiling has some tasteful medallions, bas-reliefs, wreaths of flowers, &c.; and a clever means has been adopted to

convert a portion that would otherwise have spoiled the room, into a sort of side corridor or arcade, enriched with pendants, armorial shields, &c. At the end of the room, before dark crimson draperies, are placed casts of the Graces, Diana, Ceres, &c. The embellishments have been executed by Mr. Horwood, of Hoxton, and they are highly commendable specimens of decorative art.

#### BADAJOZ, AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE great holiday novelty at this Establishment is a Picture-Model of the Town, Castle, Fortification, and out-works of Badajoz, one of the strongest cities of Spain, situate in a vast plain, at the confluence of the River Guadiana with the Rivillas. The model is constructed upon the banks of the lake of the Gardens, which, accordingly, serves for the Guadiana; on the right of the picture is a stone bridge of twenty-eight arches, which communicates with Fort St. Christoval, on the extreme right; on the left flows the Rivillas, which skirts the base of the whole eastern line of fortification, and empties itself into the Guadiana, under the walls of the Castle, which nearly occupies the centre of the picture; the left of which is filled up with the detached forts of San Roque and La Picurina, the Cathedral of St. John, and other public buildings. The picture has been modelled and painted by Messrs. Danson and Sons, and is a remarkably clever and effective work, equalling, if not surpassing, either of the picture-models exhibited upon the same site.

Still-life, however, is not one of the attractions of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and the proprietors have, accordingly, turned Messrs. Southby's pyrotechnic skill to historical account in representing, in conjunction with the picture-model, the celebrated storming of Badajoz, in 1812, which cost General Kellerman eight engineers, yet was taken by Lord Wellington, in the presence of two hostile armies amounting to 80,000 men, and certainly one of the greatest of the Hero's "hundred fights." Its leading incidents have been thus vividly described:—

"The Cathedral of St. John's struck ten, when the storming party silently moved forward—one solitary musket was discharged beside the breach, but none answered it. The divisions were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet; the earth trembled; a mine was fired; an explosion; an infernal hissing from lighted fuzes succeeded; and, like the rising of a curtain on the stage, in the hellish glare, the French lining the ramparts in crowds, the English storming parties descending the ditch, were distinctly visible to each other as if the hour was noontide."

"A tremendous fire from the guns of the place, which had been laid upon the approaches to the breach, followed the explosion. Undauntedly the storming party cheered, and bravely the French answered it; a murderous scene ensued, for the breach was utterly impassable. Notwithstanding the withering fire of musketry from the parapets, light artillery was brought to bear immediately upon the breach; and, amidst the grape from every gun upon the works that could play upon the assailants or supporting columns, the British mounted!

The contest lasted about an hour; fire-balls constantly lighting up the scene; the cheering and bugles sounding the advance being heard above the roar, when the place was carried by storm."

The stances of the great struggle are represented with very dramatic effect—as the approach of the storming party, the instantaneous lighting of the whole fortress, the rush to the breach by real troops, the roar of artillery, the conflagration, the explosion, and the victory. The fearful reality with which these movements are enacted, forms a very impressive spectacle, accompanied by music, and altogether producing a perfect illusion. It would be well for mankind if such scenes were confined to planks and canvas, paint and pyrotechny, to show up the waste and wantonness of war! This by the way, however; and we recommend holiday-makers to see this artistic picture, as well as to witness the evening spectacle of the siege; in addition to the more pacific attractions of the Concert, the refreshing gardens, and their "zoological" tenants.

#### TIMES OF DEPARTURE FOR HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS BY RAILWAY AND STEAM-BOAT.

WE have taken considerable pains to collect, direct from the proper sources, the following information as to the special arrangements for the Whitsun Holidays:—

The *South-Eastern Railway Company* start express excursion trains for Paris (via Calais or Boulogne), from their Station at London Bridge, on Saturday, the 26th inst. at 15 minutes past 7 A.M.; and on Monday, the 28th, at 30 minutes past 9 A.M., arriving in Paris the same day. The return from that capital will be on June 3rd, at 45 minutes past 10 A.M.; reaching London on the 4th, at noon.

Fare, to and from ... 1st Class ... £3 3 0  
Ditto ... 2d ditto ... 2 6 0

From the same station (London Bridge), the *London, Brighton, and South-Eastern Railway Company* start pleasure trains between London, Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Arundel, Chichester, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight; there and back, to either of these places, at single fares, to return any day, up to Wednesday, the 30th instant (inclusive); starting at three o'clock P.M. on Saturday, the 26th; Sunday morning, the 27th, at eight o'clock; and on Monday, the 28th, at the same hour. The *South-Eastern Company* will, also, on Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday run first, second, and third-class trains to all stations on their main line, to go and return on the same day, at single fares, to and fro, starting at 30 minutes past 6 A.M., and returning from Margate at 25 minutes past 6 P.M.; Ramsgate, 45 mi-

nutes past 6; Deal, 25 minutes past 6; and Dover, at 15 minutes past 7 o'clock P.M.

By the *South Western* there will also start for a *Parisian* excursion, from the Waterloo Station, on Saturday morning, the 26th instant, at half-past four A.M., trains under the direction of Mr. Crisp, who conducted the late national visit to Paris. The prices for this Whitsuntide trip are:—

First Class, including bed, breakfast, attendance, &c., at first-rate hotel	£5 0 0
Ditto, ditto, including dinner, wine, &c.	6 6 0
Second Class, bed, breakfast, &c.	3 10 0
Ditto, ditto, including dinner, wine, &c.	4 10 0

#### OR FARES ONLY.

First Class Trains	3 3 0
Second Class Trains	2 2 0

From the same Station will run, also, trains to *Southampton, Portsmouth*, and the *Isle of Wight*, starting on Saturday morning, the 26th instant, at 6 o'clock, with a scope of four days for returning on either of those days; paying for the trip out and home only the amount paid for one passage—that is, in fact, half price. The same company will run excursion trains for Windsor on Monday, the 28th instant, and on Tuesday, the 29th, starting on each day at 10 o'clock in the morning, for 2s. 6d. there and back.

The other great lines, from the answers we received at their offices, appear to have made no extra arrangements for the coming festival. The unpicturesque nature of the country through which they run, probably suggests that they cannot successfully compete in pleasure excursions with their southern neighbours. Birmingham, Sheffield, Nottingham, and Manchester are rarely made the objects of such trips.

The river *Thames*, too, will have its attractions. There will be excursions both up and down the river. The Hampton Court, Richmond, Kew, and Chelsea boats will be all in play on Monday.

The *Hampton Court Boats* start every day at 10 o'clock, from London Bridge, calling at all the stations between there and Hampton Court. Fares, there and back, 2s. 6d.

The *Richmond Steam-boats* also commence running on Sunday next, and start at a quarter before 10, from London Bridge.

The *Citizen and Iron Steam-boats* start every ten minutes from London Bridge to Chelsea, for 2d., and from thence to Kew, 4d., every half-hour. They return up to 6 o'clock, landing passengers at all the piers from thence to London Bridge, on the same terms as the upward fare.

Below bridge, as it is nautically called, there will be plenty of chances for the holiday seekers of River amusement.

The *Prince of Wales* steamer, we see, will start from the City Pier, London Bridge, on Whit Monday, at nine o'clock A.M., for the *Nore Light*, and a trip round her Majesty's Fleet at Sheerness and in the Medway, returning the same day—a distance of more than 120 miles—for 2s. 6d.

*Trip to Margate*, calling at *Herne Bay*. The *Royal William* will start from London Bridge Wharf on Whit Sunday, at eight o'clock A.M., and return the same day. Fares, 6s. and 7s.; and 4s. children.

The *Old Woolwich Company's Boats*, calling at all the Piers between London Bridge and Woolwich, will start, during the Whitsun week, at least twice each hour; viz. quarter before and quarter after each hour, or as often as necessary. Fare, all the way, 6d.

The *Star Company's Boats* also (via Blackwall Railway) leave the Brunswick Wharf, Blackwall, for Gravesend, calling at Erith, Purfleet, Greenhithe, Grays, and Rosherville; the trains for which conveyances leave Fenchurch-street Station, for Blackwall, for the steam-boats, at 9, 10, 11, 12, 20 minutes past 1, 3, 20 minutes past 4, 20 minutes past 5, 6, and 40 minutes past 6 o'clock daily. Fares, to or from London, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

A *Trip to Holland*—to see the sights at Rotterdam, Delft, the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam—will take place on June 9th, to return on the 17th; the expense of which, including all hotel charges, passage there and back, for eight days, will be £6 6s. each traveller!

*Railway Excursion Trains* from Waterloo Station start on Whit-Monday and Tuesday for Hampton Court, at 11 o'clock in the morning, returning from thence at half-past 6 o'clock in the evening, for London. Fares, there and back, 2s. A cheap and pleasant ride. The Vans Omnibuses, and other conveyances will be in abundance.

There will be a *Steam-boat Excursion to Hampton Court*, and all intermediate piers, in addition to those enumerated, by the *Cardinal Wolsey*, on cheap terms—as they call it, for the million. She starts from London Bridge, Old Swan Pier, on Whit Monday, at a quarter-past 9 o'clock. Fare, there and back (on purchasing tickets), only 2s.